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**ADVENTURES**  
**OF**  
**FRANK OGILBY.**

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**BY THE**  
**REV. W. WICKENDEN, B. A.,**  
**THE ANGLO-CIRCASSIAN,**  
**AUTHOR OF**  
**"FELIX GILRAY," "ADVENTURES IN CIRCASSIA," &c., &c., &c.**

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**MDCCCLV.**



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## PREFACE.

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“ANOTHER work by the Bard of the Forest! Well, this does beat cock-fighting!” Such were the exclamations I overheard as I was quietly discussing my mutton chop at a certain coffee-house in the metropolis. They were uttered by a stout, good-humoured looking man,—John Bull, every inch. My obese friend made those observations in relation to the “Triad.” How will he express his admiration when he sees “Frank Ogilby” announced? And most assuredly it is not very often we see four distinct works, averaging four hundred and sixty pages, brought out in the course of a little more than eighteen months: and this is rendered more remarkable, when it is considered that all this was done by my own unassisted energy; that I belong to no clique of writers; that I stand quite isolated and alone; and that for the whole period above recorded

I was racked with the most painful of all diseases, stone, and twice an inmate of one of the metropolitan hospitals, where a very large portion of the books were written, although I had to undergo twelve agonizing operations. I mention plain, simple facts, patent to hundreds. I properly leave comment to others.

I do not think that the golden fields of literature should be disfigured with the turmoil of politics. I have entirely eschewed that science in my present book, and I trust it will be all the better for the omission. Neither have I touched upon Church affairs. I reserve this for a book I shall shortly send to press, entitled "Revelations of a Poor Curate." There clerical, as well as political, matters (for they are so interwoven as to render it impossible to separate them) may be properly discussed, and I shall do it with a bold, uncompromising hand.

THE  
ADVENTURES OF FRANK OGILBY.

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CHAPTER I.

CALEB CAPSTAN.

FROM my earliest years I was fond of adventure. Our domicile, which was a stately old mansion, in the Tudor style of architecture, was full of sly passages and occult recesses, into which, before I could walk, I was continually crawling, seeking after those elves and fairies, whose *outré* qualities were continually dinned into my ears by my aunt Rhys, a tall, bony specimen of humanity, who acted as a kind of *gouvernante* in our household. My father was a large shipowner, and resided in the most salubrious part of Wapping. My mother died in giving birth to me. I was an only child.

B



My father was esteemed well-to-do in the world, nay, even rich, yet was his establishment formed on the most economic principle. His butler, *valet-de-cham*, or man of all-work, was one Caleb Capstan, a rough old salt, who had grown grey in his service. In addition to his other occupations, he occasionally took a voyage on board one of our barques as supercargo. His face was flat and broad, of a dingy red colour, and traversed by innumerable lines or wrinkles, crossing and intersecting one another in every direction. He had but one eye, sunk deep in its socket; and the place where the other ought to have been was occupied by a large black patch. His nose was broken in two by some early mischance, and resembled two smaller noses clumsily soldered together. His mouth was large and wide, with a retiring chin. His body short and squat, and a large oakum pigtail fell down even to his loins.

Our house fronted the Thames, and was washed by its waves. It was built of indestructible brick, turned black by the surrounding fog and smoke. To the right was a small quay, to which access was had through a thick open wicket. Behind the quay was our warehouses, generally filled to repletion with West Indian

and African consignments. Our sitting-room was furnished with an immense bay window, projecting over the waves at high water, and at low water over a rich conglomeration of mud, decayed vegetables, sea drift, and, mayhap, a dead cat or dog, so that our noses were perpetually regaled with odours far from Sabæan. I was very fond of sitting in this unique window, and watching the ships moving to and fro, across and athwart, threading their several ways to their respective destinations. The quarrels and the rough repartees of the sailors likewise delighted me. It was an endless panorama of shifting pictures and changing scenes. I was never tired of gazing upon it. It consequently came to pass, that my mind, from the earliest period, was imbued with nautical impressions. I was an embryo sailor from the very beginning, and I breathed in cabooses, round-tops, cat-heads, lubbers' holes, tough yarns, yoe-heave-ho's, and pig-tails. Old Caleb Capstan was pleased by every means in his power to foster this salt-water tendency, and nothing pleased him more than to see me splashing about in the mud, superintending the movements of a tiny craft which he himself had built for me. He also cockered up by some nautical ingenuity a tarpaulin jacket, coarse blue

trousers, jack boots, and, by way of appendix, a long pigtail, and when decorated in these habiliments, I looked something like a stunted Triton fresh from the subterranean grottoes of the ocean.

Capstan was also very fond of recounting to me the wild legends of the ocean, and on those occasions always introduced his own individual self into the *dramatis personæ*. According to his own account, he had often flirted with mermaids in their ocean recesses, rode on the backs of dolphins, and blew conck shells with innumerable Tritons. His adventures in the regions of Africa, Asia, and the Far West, were no less extraordinary: he had fought with sea pirates, land pirates, negroes, Indians, Esquimaux, Patagonians, Laplanders, and never came off second-best. He was an Amadis in fight, and a Lothario in love-adventure.

Capstan, after the conclusion of his day's work, was very fond of enticing me, nothing loth, into his sitting-room or den. It was a small oblong apartment, stuck upon three strong wooden piles, a little in advance of the seaward warehouse, somewhat resembling a pigeon-house, and at high water was entirely surrounded and isolated by the waves. From this distance the whole

front of the premises could be distinctly seen; and Capstan might be likened to a sentinel on duty, or a watch in the round-top looking out for squalls. The room itself was fitted up exactly in the fashion of a ship's cabin, and the chain tables and other movables were lashed to the berths, as though the occupant expected a rough sea to lay his domicile on its beam ends. After his day's toil was over, it was the delight of Capstan to unleash his rough-hewn gouty arm-chair, seat himself before his blazing sea-coal fire, and place me on a lofty three-legged stool directly opposite, and then he would open to me his budget of sea lore, generally preceded by such a desultory description as the following:—

FRANK.—Well, Cale, what about the pretty mermaid, eh?

CAPSTAN.—Oh, oh! that's the latitude you're in, is it! 'Pon my taffril, but you're a saucy young craft. But, first of all, Master Frank, let me brace up for fear of squalls. [Here Capstan poured out a tumbler of double grog, and swallowed it incontinently.] That'll do (continued he), now for the yarn.

FRANK.—Your pig-tail swags over your right shoulder, old boy,—put it to rights,—that will do; now

hand me that little cockboat (qy. wine-glass?) of grog. Good! Now begin.

CAPSTAN.—'Twor six bells, and we wor in the latitude of the West Ingies. 'Twor my watch, and a fresh breeze wor blowing; the cutwater spanked through the waves with a yap and a snore, and the foam bells danced about like winking. On a suddenty I he-ard a song struck up, banging "Black-eyed Susan," as sung by Sall of Wapping Stairs, all to whitters. I was struck, as it wor, in a doldrum, slewed about to every point of the compass, and spied a maremaid on a rock in the offing.

FRANK.—Oh, my! a pretty one, eh? Do tell me.

CAPSTAN.—Pretty! pretty! did you 'quire? Why, master Frank, she wor beaw-ti-fool; the figer-head of the Wenus schooner wor nowt to her. Oh, what a cathead had that ere maremaid! What rigging! what toplights! I wor struck dumb, sunk ten fadom deep in love, drowneded, yes, drowneded in love. Oh, how sweet! [Here Capstan paid a prolonged visit to his tumbler, so that it was impossible to tell whether the last clause of his speech related to the mermaid or to the grog.]

FRANK.—Had she a comb and glass?

CAPSTAN.—She had a wery spanking tor-tis-shell comb in her weather hand, but the deuce a glass had she; howsomdever, I hailed her, and 'quired if she would have a glass.

FRANK.—A looking-glass, eh?

CAPSTAN.—No, by the Royal George, a glass of grog! A looking-glass! Dowse your jaw there; no, by the hookey, a glass of double grog!

FRANK.—And how did she take your offer?

CAPSTAN.—How did she take it? why like a round top's-man; she put it to her lips, and bolted it ere you could say Jack Robinson, and gave me a salute into the bargain.

FRANK.—A kiss? Oh, how nice!

CAPSTAN.—It wor nice; by my taffril but it wor nice! A rigglar broadside of a kiss.

FRANK.—Rather fishy, I s'pose.

CAPSTAN.—Why, there now! Never he-ard the like of that ere. What a keen cutwater that ere young punt hava. Well, then, Measter Frank, it wor fishy—mostways ticklery so.

FRANK.—What else passed?

CAPSTAN.—Why she invited me to go below and see her grotty, sixty fadom deep in the 'Lantic sea.

FRANK.—And you went, of course?

CAPSTAN.—In course, I did no such thing. Catch me at that. If I had 'cepted her invitation, I should never ha' seed the good ship Billyruffin again. No, no, I wor not such a lubber as that comes to, neither.

FRANK.—Why? Oh, do tell me all about it.

CAPSTAN.—Well, what a keen cutwater that ere young punt has! Well, then, if that ere maremaid had 'ticed me below, she would have battened hatches and lashed me there. That is how they sarve shipshape, handsome coves like me. [Here Capstan surveyed himself in his apology for a mirror, twisting his face about in the most grotesque manner.]

FRANK.—Well, all I have got to say is this, that if a pretty mermaid were to ask me to go with her to her sea grotto, I would go.

CAPSTAN.—Ha! ha! ha! What a wild slip, what a crouse chick! Let Measter Frank alone for any mad prank—he's the boy to dō it. Ha! ha! ha!

Such is a sample of the every-day conversations between Capstan and myself. I will now introduce thee, oh reader, more particularly to my aunt Rhys.

## CHAPTER II.

## MY AUNT RHYS.

My aunt Rhys was as tall, stiff, and upright as a bolt, and as thin as a farthing rushlight. Her nose was long and keen, her lips merely two stripes of shrivelled skin, her mouth wide, her chin projecting, her voice was shrill and sharp, her motion odd and eccentric. She generally dressed in a long-waisted stuff gown and mob-cap, and exactly resembled, in her outward configuration, the children's toy denominated jumping-joan.

As she was thus odd with respect to the outward man (qy. woman?), so was her mind equally eccentric. She was ever bustling about, and prying into every thing. Her temper was violent and irascible. Outwardly, she professed great affection for me; but from the first I was thoroughly convinced she, in her secret mind, hated me, and I often recalled to mind sundry sly pinches and digs she was accustomed to inflict upon me even in my infancy, and when she was apparently caressing me. These reminiscences I cherished



with the greatest pertinacity, and thereby engendered a species of dislike to my aunt, which increased with my growth. This dislike evinced itself in sundry monkey tricks and pliskies I played her. Sometimes I would clip off an ear of her mob-cap; at others, burn a hole in the tail of her gown with a red-hot poker; then, as though accidentally, tread upon her corns. There was a perpetual antagonism between us, and, under the mask of peace and love, we were ever carrying on a war of reprisals.

"This mob-cap," said she to me one day, "cost me three shillings and sixpence."

"And what is that to me?" demanded I.

"Why, the right ear is cut off: it is not worth two shillings; that is what it is to you, young scape-grace!"

"No more scape-grace than yourself, aunty," said I; "and I wish the other ear was cut off."

My aunt sat down, leant her elbow upon her knee, and her chin upon her hand, and surveyed me with a scowl of rage. If a look could have annihilated me, I must have been annihilated! yet, nevertheless, such was the dare-devil character of my mind, that I burst into an outrageous fit of laughter.

"You laugh now," said she, through her clenched teeth, "the time will come when you will cry."

Here I pretended to make a stumble, and trode upon her corn. Uttering a shriek of pain, she arose and flew at me like a tigress. Supple as an eel, however, I eluded her clutches, and ran out of the room.

At the outside of the door I encountered my father. "Hilloa, Frank," said he, "what's the matter? How now?"

"Aunty and I have fallen out," said I.

"You had better keep in her good graces, my boy. She is a queer fish! Beats a torpedo all to sticks. She is a rum un to go!"

Now my father entertained the most exaggerated notions of my aunt's sagacity, mingled with a species of incipient awe. To use a very expressive Scotticism, he evidently thought her not "canny." He was, therefore, perpetually cautioning me against giving her offence. She was my maternal aunt, and lineally descended from the Caradocs of the Principality, her pedigree extending back anterior even to the times of Brute. This mystic origin still further increased my father's respect for her. He himself was the son of a marine store-dealer, and was the child of his own for-

tunes. He was short and obese: his cranium was entirely divested of hair, except a slight fringe above the ears. He was good-humoured and jocular in his way, and, when pleased, had a peculiar mode of giving you a poke in the ribs with his thumb, which poke was sometimes given with too much good-will.

## CHAPTER III.

## A FEW THINGS FIT TO BE KNOWN.

WATER continually dropping will, in the course of time, bore a hole through a granite slab ; so the continual blabbing of my aunt, perpetually dinning things into the ear of my father to my disparagement, began at length to have its intended effect, and he became sharp and curt to me. My yarns with Capstan were curtailed, and the facetious digs-o'-the-ribs were changed to an occasional slap with the rattan. Now this mode of treatment, so far from having its intended effect of curbing my mercurial propensities, acted quite the reverse, and I became more audacious than ever. My aunt and myself were perpetually in hot water ; the 'larum of her tongue was perpetually resounding, waking up the echoes of every occult corner and hole in the time-worn building : and my father was perpetually fuming and fidgeting about, grumbling and growling like a scalded rhinoceros.

When I was about twelve years of age, I was sent

to school to an old pedagogue in Wellclose Square, yclept Gideon Salter. He was an ungainly-built man, wore a brown wig, and exhibited immense grey whiskers. Among the pupils was one Bob Sinclair, a regular wild slip, to whom nothing came amiss. A similarity of idiosyncrasy drew us together, and we soon became sworn brothers. I soon initiated him into the secrets of our household matters.

"So," said Bob to me one day, "old mother Rice is striving to put you and the governor at loggerheads?"

"Sure of it," said I.

"Why then, Frank, my boy, cut the concern."

"In what way, Bobby, eh?"

"Go to sea."

"How is that to be done?" said I, pricking up my ears.

"Ah! ah! You are there, are you?" said Bob, winking; "leave that to me—I know a trick or two worth learning."

No more was said on the subject on the present occasion; but Sinclair had unwittingly laid a spark to a train of ideas which had long been smouldering in my mind. The sea now became the grand arena of my wishes; I was perpetually brooding over its mysteries and its sublimities.

The next time I saw Capstan, of course the favourite subject was started.

FRANK.—Oh! do tell me all about the sea.

CAPSTAN.—Which sea, Measter Frank, 'Lantic, 'Tranean, or Ball-tick?

FRANK.—All of them.

CAPSTAN.—Well, the 'Lantic now be very beaw-tiful; a hundred league wide looking-glass, still and shining, my taffril! but be-ant it! I should say so, a big shark down below in the clear water, veering about and chasing the ship, thinking to grab a loblolly boy for his breakfast; and then we weather a hiland, a green, beautiful hiland, lots of wolvoluses in it, and bowers of Venus, and Ingian gals drest in fig-leaves—mayhap, not even that ere scanty moddity! Oh, Frank, what would you say to that, eh, my boy?

FRANK.—I would be slap in the midst of them before you could say Jack Robinson.

CAPSTAN.—Ha, ha, ha! What a cutwater that ere punt have; by my taffril, but he be a rigglar Barb'ry corsur! Well, and the bowers of them ere Ingy gals be green—oh, be-ant they! I should say so. The king's da'ters sticklary so; and the prin-siss herself, she be a rigglar Medicine Venus.

FRANK.—Oh, do tell me her name.

CAPSTAN.—Hetty-bags-by!

FRANK.—Oh, what a horrible name! enough to give one the tooth-ache; it ought to be something soft, something graceful.

CAPSTAN.—Can't help that ere, what is, be. Them Ingians be strange coves. The queen of the Hetions wer' called Pom-hairy. She could toss a glass of double grog as well as any North Shields skipper what-somdever.

FRANK.—Oh, shouldn't I like to go to that island where the pretty girls with the fig-leaves be! Oh, shouldn't I?

CAPSTAN.—Well, what a keen cutwater that ere punt have; never he-ard the like.

FRANK.—I can only say that I *will* go there. Old Rhys and the governor may say what they please, but I *will* go to sea, and that sooner than they think for. Good bye for the night, Cale. I *will* go to sea. [*Exit. Frank.*]

CAPSTAN (*solus*).—There be something unkimmon like in that ere cove. He'll make a spoon, or spile a horn. He's a good-un to go, and I like him. The old fresh-water galley, Rhys, doesn't like him. She'll

bilge him, if she can. I'll see to that—I'll careen the leak. Look to yourself, old mother Carey, for as sure as my name is Capstan—Caleb Capstan—I'll pour into you a double-shotted broadside, leastways, if you don't leave that ere punt alone.

[*Exit* Capstan.]



## CHAPTER IV.

## MY COUSIN WINIFRED.

SIR Leoline Ap Rhys, my maternal uncle, who resided in Llandrynydod Castle, Caernarvonshire (of which more anon), had an only child, Winifred, and about this period she arrived on a visit to my father. I had never yet seen my cousin, but had heard much about her; and no sooner did I hear of her approaching advent, than I was on the tenterhooks of expectation, and drew various pictures of her in my mind's eye. I, of course, made Bob Sinclair aware of the matter, and many were the conversations we held on the matter.

"I'll bet sixpence," said Bob. "she's a short punchy affair, like the governor."

"I would not advise you to come that kind of lingo too strong," said I, rather nettled.

"Or tall and lank, like the *governante*," continued Bob.

"Much more likely that she is as beautiful as a mermaid, and as graceful as an Indian princess," said I.

Bob burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, which for a long time precluded him from speaking; at length he said—

"Well, old Frank, if Miss Winifred is like a mermaid, or an Indian princess, she is a beauty indeed, and without paint. The one boasts fishy eyes and green hair, the other a complexion the colour of a sweep's soot-bag."

"Well, Mister Sinclair," said I, savagely, "this is too much of a good thing. An ounce of banter is well enough now and then, when applied in the proper quarter—it's out of place here. Good morning, sir."

I entered precipitately our sitting-room, where my father and aunt were sitting cozily on each side of the fire-place.

"How now, Frank," said my father, "what mare's nest are you after? You look as wild as a mad monkey."

"He must curtail his ridiculous propensities when Winifred comes," said my aunt, astutely.

"May be I may, may be I may not," said I, doggedly; "there seems to be a great fuss made in all quarters about this Winifred."

"She is a clever, sensible girl," said my father, "and deserves it."

"And not a harumscarum scape-grace like Frank," chimed in my aunt.

"Or a long, stiff bolt, like aunty," said I.

"Let her be what she may—by St. George, but here she is," said my father, and my cousin Winifred entered.

"Friends all," said she; and as she spoke, her rosy countenance melted into innumerable dimples; "friends, how d'ye do?"

Her blue eyes glanced about merrily, and her teeth shone like polished ivory through her partially-parted lips.

My father and aunt fondly kissed her, and I approached, right willingly, to perform the same feat.

She stepped back, gazed upon me quite demurely, and then said, "Who is this in the rough tarpaulin coat, staring at me so impudently?"

"Oh, you are there, are you?" said I, in high dudgeon; "not at all impudent—coat made by Capstan."

"Then all I have got to say is this," said Winifred, "that Capstan, whoever *he* may be, ought to be soundly whipped for not knowing his trade."

"Winifred, dear," said my father, "that rough slip is nothing more or less than your cousin Frank."

She bent her bright eyes full upon me. "Well," said she, after a small space; "I heard he was an oddity, but he is much more odd than I expected."

"I tell ye what it is, all of ye, you are in a vile confederacy against me! Frank is odd, and Frank is a scape-grace, and Frank is this, and Frank is that: Miss Winn is as bad as the rest. Capstan may be a bad tailor, but he is a good man, worth the whole lot of ye!" So saying, I turned about and left the room.

Such was the first interview I had with my cousin Winifred—she who was destined to have such a marked influence on my future fortunes.

I hastened off to Capstan, my last resource in all my trials and difficulties.

"You look rather blue," said Capstan.

"Winifred is come," said I.

"That ought to make you as sprack as a young dolphin. In the downs kase a pretty gal has cast anchor! Well, I never!"

"She called me odd and impudent, and said you were a bad tailor."

"She was not more than a point out of her reckoning," said Capstan. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is all very fine and very well," said I.

"Now, Frank, my boy, do not let your pipe be put out kase a pretty gal let her tongue lark a bit!"

"She is not pretty," said I, indignantly; "she is freckled, and has red hair." [Now I may as well remark here, that Winifred had auburn hair of the richest dye, and the most minute gaze could only discover three small freckles, which served to set off the marvellous whiteness of her skin.]

"I'll bet a Mexican specie ship to a Dunkirk fisher's smack, that you will be over head and ears in love with that ere gal afore next quarter day."

"Done," said I, striking my hand against the broad horny palm of Capstan, and restored to good-humour by the oddity of the wager; "Done," said I, and with a hop-step-and-jump I left the old salt to his meditations.

## CHAPTER V.

## MATTERS OF NEITHER MOMENT OR WEIGHT.

Now I do not know how it came to pass, but so it was, that on the morrow I had thrown off my tarpaulin dress, and entered the breakfast parlour in a sailor's jacket, waistcoat, and white trousers, a black neckcloth tied jauntily round my throat, and a white straw hat, banded with a broad blue ribbon, stuck knowingly on my head.

"Upon my word," said my father, giving me a poke in the ribs, "Frank is as smart as a scraped carrot."

"Rather like a monkey dressed up for a village fair," said my aunt, with a sneer.

"And you, aunty, like the old harridan with the long whip, who makes the aforesaid monkey perform his antics. Ah, aunty, is the bolt well shot, eh?"

Mrs. Rhys looked as black as a thunder-cloud, but said nothing.

Here Winifred, who had been surveying me with a

serio-comic expression, arose, bade me good morning, and proffered me her hand. All my resentment vanished in an instant. I clasped the fair hand so frankly offered in mine: it was marvellously white and soft. The next moment we were seated side by side on the sofa.

My aunt surveyed us with a scowl, but still remained silent.

"Frank," said my cousin, "are you fond of streams, and mountains, and glens?"

"Very," said I, laconically.

"Then you must come to Llandryndod Castle; my father will be pleased to see you."

"Are there any mermaids in the streams?" inquired I, with much simplicity.

"I never saw any," said Winifred; "but there may be twenty, for all I can tell."

"Then I'll come down there," said I, with energy.

"You seem to have a penchant for mermaids," said Winifred, with one of her comic smiles.

"And why not?" said I.

"I cannot say why you should not," said Winifred, "only I cannot see any very great sense displayed in falling in love with a fish!"

"This is Capstan's doings," said my aunt; "he has made the boy a finished fool!"

"Then there are a brace of finished fools in the house," said I.

"Do you allow this?" said my aunt, with a scowl of rage, addressing my father.

"Frank," said he, "this is too bad: instantly ask pardon for your offence."

"My aunt threw the first stone," said I, and without further altercation I abruptly left the room.

On the quay I ran against Bob Sinclair.

"What a deuce of a hurry you are in," said he; "why your hair stands on end! have you seen a ghost?"

"The old *governante* and myself have been at it hammer and tongs."

"What a fool you must be to stand it!" said Sinclair.

"What can I do?" inquired I.

"What can you do?" said he. "What can you do? What *can* a lad of spirit do, but go to sea!"

"How?" said I.

"Where there is a will there is a way," said Bob; "leave that to me."



“And Capstan?”

“No, no,” said Bob, “not a word to Capstan; that old salt would most certainly mar our plot. No, no, not a word to Capstan.”

Nothing more passed at this time, and we separated. Sinclair was short and thick, with a broad countenance and bull neck. His arms were long and of great strength. His eyes and hair were black, and his demeanour unconstrained and reckless.

## CHAPTER VI.

## SINCLAIR AND MY AUNT.

AFTER Sinclair had departed, my cousin Winifred, with the lightness of a fawn, tripped up to me as I paraded up and down the quay.

"Frank," said she, "you did not behave well at breakfast."

"In what respect, my fair cousin?"

"You called aunt a fool!"

"And did I not speak the truth?"

"The truth is not to be spoken at all times."

"That is at least an old saw, but not a wise one. My name is Frank—my nature ought to be frank too."

"Frank," said Winifred, with much simplicity, "I like you, and would wish to serve you."

"And, Winifred, I like you."

"From this time, then, let us be allies."

"Agreed," said I. We then clenched the treaty by a hearty shaking of hands.

In the rear of the quay, and separated from it by a narrow, ill-paved street, an old-fashioned house lifted its quaint front. The walls were, for the most part, composed of wattle and daub; and the second floor projected at least two feet over the basement. The windows were coeval with the building, and the panes of glass cut diamond fashion. In front and on the second floor was a large window, which commanded a view of our quay, Capstan's look-out, and a large reach of the river. This was the abode of Bob Sinclair and his respected father. At the very moment Winifred and myself had ratified our treaty of alliance, I accidentally cast my eyes upwards, and, to my astonishment, I saw my aunt and Bob peering down upon us with a kind of half-sneering laugh. On seeing me look up they precipitately withdrew.

On more than one occasion I had observed a kind of secret understanding between Sinclair and my aunt. They were most assuredly often in communication with each other, which was carried on furtively. To all appearance Bob was free, open, and rollicking, but I began to suspect he played an assumed part; still I could not prevail upon myself to cut my old friend,

and, in spite of my better self, he still continued to worm himself into all my secrets.

One day I entered the dwelling of Sinclair, and privily ascended the staircase, as was sometimes my custom. I crept stealthily to the door of the sitting apartment and peeped in. Bob was not there, but my aunt and Mr. Sinclair were. They were seated on the window-seat, apparently engaged in serious converse.

Mr. Sinclair might be about sixty years of age. He dressed in rather a dandified style, with a high shirt collar and Hessian boots. He was a complete Cockney, and had seldom been out of the sound of Bow bells. In manner, he was bustling and fidgety. No one knew for a certainty what was his exact occupation: all that transpired was, that he was a constant attendant at mock auctions, and occasionally advertised himself as "Abraham Sinclair, Esq., writer, and disentangler of confused accounts." In manner, he was sleek, and in speech, fawning. He always put me in mind of a cat courting your notice by rubbing against your legs and purring about you.

"I am certain Bob will do his best to aid our plan," said Mr. Sinclair.

"He is an acute lad," replied my aunt, "and leads *him* [here she pointed towards our dwelling with her thumb] by the nose."

"And Capstan, what of him?"

"He is a muddle-headed old fool. He can be managed easily. I know a way to hoodwink him," replied my aunt.

"And the girl?"

"That is a breaker a-head. You see I am getting quite nautical in my phrases. Well, the girl [here my aunt leaned musingly on her hand]; we must proceed to work cautiously in that quarter."

"Bob is a clever lad," said Mr. Sinclair, "and a handsome. We must throw him headlong at the girl, eh?"

I know not how it was, but no sooner had I heard the last words uttered than I felt as though I had been struck a rough and heavy blow. I felt no desire to listen longer, but turned round and crept down stairs.

I hastened to Capstan and related what I had heard. The old veteran, as was his custom in cases of perplexity, shut up his wall eye, and bent his head towards the right shoulder. After remaining in this

position a considerable time, he gave his thigh a hearty smack, and spoke as follows:—

“Well, this beats Banagher by a knot and a half. I can’t come-stumble it—rigglar pirats all o’ ’em. Howsomdever, I’ll let ’em know that they will not come the double over me so easily as they think!”

“And, Capstan, what think ye of throwing Bob at Winifred?”

“Why, it would be a heavy weight, and would give a heavy blow—mayhap, capsize the gal.”

“They meant that he should pay his addresses to her.”

“Oh! aye! said Capstan, “I see it—my head be as thick as a frigate’s binnacle—I see it. But what is that to you, Measter Frank?”

“Why, I should not half like it.”

“Hand over my Dutch fisher’s smack, which I have fairly won; for I see you be in love with the gal Winifred—my wager is won! hand over! quick.”

## CHAPTER VII.

SUNDRY MATTERS WHICH MAY, OR MAY NOT, BE  
WORTH KNOWING.

WINIFRED stayed with us about three weeks, during which time we grew inseparable. My father, as we lounged about together, smiled upon us, and my aunt frowned. Capstan grinned, slapped his thigh, and demanded the Dutch fisher's smack, which, he said, he had fairly won.

I had been paying a visit to my one-eyed crony, and was sauntering along the quay, when I heard a murmuring of voices, apparently proceeding from that side nearest the Thames. Proceeding in that direction, I saw, close to the water's edge, in close confab Bob Sinclair and Winifred. They were too distant for me to overhear what they said, but it was evidently of great interest to the speakers. I was astounded at the circumstance, and my heart felt as though turned to ice. What *could* be the purport of this secret interview? I eagerly listened, but could hear nothing

distinctly, although I most assuredly fancied I heard my own name pronounced. At length, on the approach of a punt with a pair of sculls, they hurriedly separated.

I was still musing on the late occurrence, when Winifred approached me. She seemed not to possess her usual gaiety and lightness of spirit, neither did she greet me with her accustomed warmth. I likewise felt a certain constraint, and a cloud obscured the sunshine of my heart. Each of us appeared labouring under some indefinite mistrust. How many hours of future woe and misery might have been avoided had we on that occasion entered into a free and hearty *eclaircissement*! To our misfortune, however, it did not then take place. A blundering attempt or two was made by each of us to bring it on, which only served to estrange us more and more from each other, and when we separated, we separated in actual dudgeon.

On the morrow Winifred departed. A cold good-bye was all she uttered, but I observed, and I thought much of it afterwards, that she was pale and agitated: the tears trembled in her eyes, and her little hand felt as cold as ice. I myself was not much better, and



for many days I moped about like one who was seeking a lost treasure. Vainly did Bob Sinclair banter me, Capstan laugh at me, my aunt sneer at me, and my father poke me repeatedly in the ribs—I was still sad, and my dolour remained unmitigated.

“Frank,” said Bob to me one day, “what an ass you are making of yourself, moping about like a hen with the pip—folk say you are in love, old chap, eh?”

“And what is that to you?” demanded I (for any allusion of that kind from him was particularly sore to me.)

“Nothing particular,” said he with the utmost *non-chalance*; “but, Lord bless us, how red you look—red as a Turkey-cock—what now? I’ll bet sixpence you *are* in love—eh?”

“I can take much from you, Bob; but I would not advise you to go too far!”

“Well, well,” said Bob, who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in tickling the raw, “there is nothing very *outré* in the matter; love is love, and there is an end of the matter.”

“And people can make love by the water-side,” said I, with a jealous scowl.

"In course they can," said Bob laughing; "can't be a better place."

"What are you laughing at?" said I, getting more and more enraged.

"At anything, and everything," said Bob.

I had evidently placed myself in a false position; I was extremely angry, and yet there was no legitimate object on which to obtrude my anger. I might be compared to a wayward urchin pouting in a corner. Bob was plainly enjoying my perplexity, and laughing at me. There I stood silent, and glaring furiously upon him.

"How now, Frank?" said he. "Why this *outré* look? Are you about to transform me into a petrification like another Gorgon?"

"Who are you calling Gorgon?" said I, rushing furiously forward, glad that I had found some salient point, however minute, on which to hang my pent-up rage, "who are you calling Gorgon?"

"Nobody," said Bob, calm and imperturbable.

"It is false," shouted I—"false as hell!"

"Be quiet, Frank; do not make a fool of thyself."

"I *will* make a fool of myself, if I please," said I.

"Well," said Bob, "I make it a rule never to

interfere with people's tastes; people may chew garlick, or the cud of resentment, from six in the morning till six in the evening, if it like them—it's all one to me. I see now that you *are* angry! Good-bye, Frank; you will be in a better humour to-morrow."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## FRANK LEAVES HOME.

I WAS not in a better humour on the morrow. I was sour, discontented, and out of sorts. I had quarrelled with Winifred—I had quarrelled with Bob—I had quarrelled with my aunt—I had quarrelled with my father—I had quarrelled with all the world, except Capstan. Him I sought, but could not find, he had just sailed on board one of my father's smacks for Ireland. My last prop was thus, as it were, knocked from under me. I was like a ship without a rudder, tossed here and there at the wild will of the wind and waves. If I could have seen him he might have soothed down my rugged temper, and have prevailed upon me to forego the fatal plan I had resolved upon, namely, to quit my home, seek the Welsh mountains, see Winifred once more, and then go to sea. The more I considered this plan, the more feasible it appeared ; the greater hold it took on my adventurous and romantic mind. The naval stories

and legends so assiduously instilled into my mind by Capstan also had no small influence on my determination. I longed to see the green isles of the ocean, the mermaids, and other mystic denizens of the deep sea. Without any misgivings, then, but rather with hope and gladness of heart, I furtively left my home, and sped swiftly onwards.

The morning had just broke as I commenced my adventurous journey, and the streets were thinly peopled. A few mechanics, passing on to their hebdomadal labour—a few houseless wanderers, principally females, pale and bedragelled—and here and there a stray sweep—were all who had yet made their appearance. The sun had not yet surmounted the house-tops, and the fog hung lazily in dank folds around. A few chimneys spouted forth heavy columns of thick, black smoke; and here and there a milkman wended along with his clanking pails. Gradually, however, swarms of people issued forth from every corner, court, blind alley, and street; the shopmen opened the shutters of their respective emporiums; the cabs and omnibusses began to rattle along the streets, crossing and recrossing one another in all directions. A mighty hubbub and roar per-

vaded the vast human ocean around, and finally, up rose the sun and peeped faintly through the dense mass of smoke and fog, resembling a huge globe of red, lurid fire.

Through the newly-awakened mass I wended, tackling and gliding through the interstices of the crowd like an eel. I continued to press forward at the very top of my speed, expecting every minute to see my father or some of his myrmidons at my heels. For many hours I continued thus to speed along: still there was nothing around me but buzzing multitudes and lofty houses. Had I lost my way? I began seriously to fear I had done so. With some trepidation in my manner, I, after some hesitation, asked a demure-looking fellow, lounging against a street corner, if I was going right for Hyde Park Corner? "All right," shouted the fellow, putting his tongue in his cheek, "go down that ere court, then turn to the right, then to the left, then go straight forrard, then to the right again, then to the left, then the second turning on the left, and there you are." I followed to the very letter the directions so volubly given, and found myself in a small paved court without a thoroughfare. I could neither move to the right, or to the left, or go straight-

forwards. I gazed about me in great perplexity, and at length came to the conclusion that I had been made the sport of some merry wag. The inmates of the court now began to issue from their dwellings, or rather wigwams, for they were but little better, and to cluster around me. They were all dirty and ragged, and their uncombed locks started up here and there as though they beheld some uncommon phenomenon. Perceiving I had got into sinister quarters, I took to my heels, and was followed by the whole *posse*, shouting and yelling after me. Two or three overtook me, with whom I was compelled to engage in combat. I was strong and alert, and laid about me like a veritable Trojan. I overturned two, and the third snatching off my hat, ran away with it. I again resumed my flight, and at length emerged into the broad street from which I had diverged, bareheaded and with a bloody nose. My old friend was still leaning against the wall, and when he saw me, he put his tongue in his cheek and leered upon me. Furious with anger, I picked up a decent-sized stone, and hurled it at him with all my might. It took effect about the region of the mouth, and must have dislodged two or three grinders. He gazed wildly about him as the well-

aimed missive rattled against his frontispiece, and I firmly believe he would have toppled down headlong, if it had not have been for his prop, the wall. Taking advantage of his amazed state, I wended onwards, and soon left him far behind. The streets now began to assume a better and more genteel appearance, and I was evidently approaching the far-famed West-End. I did not again venture to inquire my way, but, whether right or wrong, I pressed swiftly onward. My flurried appearance, hatless, and my face smeared with blood, attracted too much notice, and I turned into a hatter's shop, bought me a natty cap, and washed my face at the first pump I came to, and then travelled much more at my ease.

At length, after veering hither and thither, and traversing at least two-thirds of the metropolis, I arrived at Hyde Park Corner, jaded and tired. I entered into the park, and sat down on one of the benches to rest myself for a space, and now, for the first time in my life, I saw the genuine green of nature. It was spring, the trees had just put forth their glossy umbrage, as yet uncontaminated with the smoke of the city. The sight to me was novel and pleasing. Crowds of rosy children, too, sported and rolled about



in the grass, uttering wild shouts of merriment. I gazed with delight on the pleasing scene : my spirits, which had been depressed, rose light and buoyant, and my wearied body, in sympathy, threw off all heaviness and languor, and I again bounded onward.

For several days I passed along without any adventure worth recording happening to me. However, my stock of money, which was not very large when I left home, "grew small by degrees and beautifully less," and when I arrived on the borders of Glamorganshire I had but five shillings in my pocket, and had still many miles to travel ere I arrived at the castle of Sir Leoline, my uncle. I was obliged, therefore, to put myself on short rations, and to take up my lodgings in barns, or any species of outhouse which fell in my way.

## CHAPTER IX.

## AN ADVENTURE.

It was evening when I entered a solitary glen, known by the name of Llarmadoc. It was long and tortuous, and, in some places, not more than eight or ten yards wide, in others, stretching out to forty or fifty. The hills on each side were steep and precipitous, abounding in green knolls of rare beauty; and here and there, irregularly placed, peeped forth cottages, the smoke from which hung in lazy folds on the peaks of the sharp-pointed crags. A brook ran through the glen, sometimes stealing noiselessly along, then meeting with some opposing rock, and eddying around it with noisy brawl. The sun had just declined beneath the brow of the overhanging mountain, and an indistinct haze wrapped all things around and above. It was sultry, and the sheep, in irregular groups, were thirstily lapping the cool waters, or reclining in the hollows of the bank, lazily chewing their cuds.

As I was musingly sauntering along, admiring the great beauty of the surrounding objects, I noticed a thin volume of smoke curling amid the crags to the right, apparently proceeding from some secluded nook below. A spur of the cliff just in front of me shot forward till it nearly touched the stream, leaving only a small narrow slip of rugged rock rather difficult to pass. After some difficulty, however, I scrambled round it, by digging my toes and fingers into every slight indentation and fissure I could see. When I had attained my object, I found myself at the entrance of a very narrow glen, bounded by banks profusely covered with furze in full blossom, intermingled with hollybushes, absolutely loaded with their berries of gold. Here and there eglantines strayed to the summits of the projecting crags, and many of the exposed knolls were covered with heather. The glen itself was irregularly formed, gradually opening into a broad expanse of green sward, starred with dandelions, then contracting, till the boughs of the incumbent trees actually interlaced overhead. The brook, already mentioned, a small space up the valley, formed a moderate sized lake, profusely studded with waterlilies. A little behind this lake, and in an indentation in the bank, a small tent

was pitched, from which issued the merry tones of a harp. Attracted by the music, I approached the spot, and saw a man, apparently about sixty years of age, seated on a pack-saddle, plying, with right good-will, his pleasing instrument. Several deers' antlers, and the implements for making horn spoons, were thrown rather confusedly about, and a tolerably-sized stone pitcher was placed within reaching distance. On seeing me he laid aside his harp, and very courteously invited me into his tent.

Pleased at the adventure, I very willingly accepted his invitation. David Morgan (for that, I afterwards understood, was his name) was a stout, lumbering-built man, with a bottle-nose, pursed-up mouth, and a sly, underhand expression of countenance. His complexion was the colour of a half-dried brick, his voice harsh and grating.

"Hur seems tired," said he; "will hur take a seat?" Here he made room for me on the pack-saddle. I sat down by him, and was right glad so to do, for I was worn out and weary.

"Bound to the mountains, eh?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Glad to hear you say so. Our mountains are of

the right sort—steep and windy—no sham there—all of the right sort; a man may be starved to death there and nobody the wiser.”

I looked at him in amazement, surprised at hearing him make that a subject of congratulation.

“Ever see’d a good mountain?” inquired he.

“Two days ago I passed over the Skirrid.”

“Hur is a coot mountain, but no great shakes—cold and windy in a sort—rather so so.”

“You seem to lay it down as a general rule, that cold and wind are the chief qualifications to be sought for in a mountain.”

“In course I do,” said he, “as far as Welsh mountains are concerned. Mountains, such as the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Andes, may be hot or cold, windy or calm, I care not a straw for it one way or the other. Putting one thing against another, what are either, or any, of those mountains to Plinlimmon, or Snowdon, or Cader Idris? What are they?” continued he, pausing, and looking fiercely at me.

“Nothing,” said I, willing to humour him, “as far as wind is concerned.”

“In course not,” said he, “by St. Tavid, nothing! You are right there, youngster; you shall have a glass

of metheglin! No, no, Andes is nothing to Snowdon! Here, drink, youngster, drink!"

Here he pulled out of his bosom a horn, holding about half a pint, which he filled from the earthen pitcher by his side. He handed it to me, and, being very thirsty, I drank it off at a gulph. It was most racy and delicious.

"Capital stuff!" said I, smacking my lips.

"Let metheglin alone for that. What is port or claret to it?"

"Mere ditch-water!" said I, willing to humour him to the top of his bent.

"Youngster!" exclaimed mine host, "you are a coot un, one of the right stamp—half Welsh, I'll warrant—no foreigner. You like our mountains! You like our metheglin! Oh, Cader Idris! Oh, metheglin, drank out of a horn! What can be set in comparison with ye? Prince Llewellyn drank it, Madoc drank it, Caradog drank it, all the big uns of yore drank it, I drink it (here he tossed off a horn by way of accompaniment), you drink it."

"Shall be most happy," said I, "to oblige you in that respect."

"This horn," said he, viewing and reviewing it, "is

made on the model of the famous hunting horn of Cyfeliog, which held a quart, and the person who put it to his lips was expected to empty it at a draught, and then to blow a blast, to show he had not flinched. Those were the days of Welsh glory! Only think of tossing off a quart of metheglin at a draught! just with the same ease as a youngster of these days tosses off a thimblefull of brandy! Oh, what days!"

"They must have been capital days," said I.

"And then," continued Morgan, "with six quarts of coot metheglin under the belt, how they did jig it and prance it to the music of the harp, gliding here, sailing there, with arms a-kimbo, like kings and queens. Your polkas, and your gallopades, and your quadrilles are nothing to it—oh no, nothing—wishy-washy and unprofitable. Oh, the patter of the Welsh feet on the green sward! Drink another horn of metheglin—that's it, my boy—you are half Welsh!"

"The harp is a merry instrument to dance to!"

"Oh, is n't it!" said Morgan; "oh, but is n't it! Give me the harp before all the rigglar quadrille bands in the world! The merry harp! it beats 'em all out and out, and tenfold out. The harp is meat, drink, and a holiday! A thousand thanks to Prince David, its

inventor; he was the boy for music and metheglin. Oh, Prince David! oh, metheglin drank out of a horn, what can be compared to ye? Why, nothing; by St. Winifred, nothing. It beats all things and everything to whips."

"You speak so highly of the harp, my good host, that I would thank you to give me a tune on it."

"Willingly, youngster; a right sensible request, and I commend you for it. I will give you a pretty bit of stuff, Welsh all over, soft and coot; eh, isn't it? I should say so." Here he grasped his instrument, and after a slight prelude, gave me "Poor Mary Anne," with variations. He played with much vigour, but little sweetness or taste. He seemed to be of opinion, that the essence of music consisted in noise and uproar. After rattling away for some time, he put down his instrument with a look of intense self-approbation, and gazed upon me evidently expecting praise and commendation, which I gave him in full measure and running over.

"Sir," said Morgan, "you are a right good judge of music—up to all its turnings and windings—know when to give meet praise. What music can be compared to Welsh? I say," continued he, looking fiercely,

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"what music can be compared with Welsh? English? Pooh! Italian? Pooh, again! German or Spanish? Pooh, again! and a tenfold pooh!! Marrowbones and cleavers! tin kettles! and broken-backed saucepans! Don't tell me about Mozart or Handel! all squeak and flummery, wishy-washy and cur-whirry. Give me Welsh music! D—— ye, I say, give me Welsh music!"

Here our further colloquy was snapped asunder by the arrival of such a singular personage, that she deserves to be introduced to the reader in a fresh chapter.

## CHAPTER X.

BINNY.

UP the valley and by the banks of the stream, I saw approaching what I at first conceived was a young lad astride on a donkey. A nearer survey, however, convinced me it was a girl. She was dressed in a jacket of plaid, a striped woollen petticoat, and round felt hat. Her legs and feet were bare. Her countenance was broader than it was long, as though it had been squeezed in a blacksmith's vice, her nose flat, and her mouth wide. Her forehead, if she had any, was lost in a thicket of thick, stubby, black hair, through which peeped two large orbed, staring eyes, of a reddish cast, as though she had been engaged in peeling onions. The donkey she bestrode was likewise unique in its way. Its body was short, stumpy, and thick; its mane shaggy and ragged; its legs short and gouty; and its ears, which were of supernatural longitude, branched out horizontally from its mallet-shaped head. The picturesque brute ranged up in front of the tent, and

the maiden sprung from his back with a bound. She then turned round, and gave her steed a smart blow with her riding swish, who, taking the proceeding in dudgeon, lashed out behind, and gave an heroic bray. She then tripped into the tent, but seeing me, stood stock still, as though spell-bound. After staring at me for some considerable time, she turned round to Morgan, and pointed at me with her thumb over her right shoulder, apparently demanding by that mute sign the meaning of such an unusual occurrence.

“Why, Binny, girl, he is a half-caste, fond of mountains, wind, and metheglin, so I treated him to a glass of the right sort, and gave him ‘Poor Mary Anne.’”

“Oh, yes!” said she, in a shrilly, squeaking voice, “’tis all right, may-be. Not knowing, can’t say. Oh, yes!”

“Hope nothing ain’t the matter, Binny?”

“Oh, yes! ’spose not—metheglin not over plentiful—what’s he? Oh, yes!”

“Why, foolish girl, there’s plenty left, and to spare!”

“Oh, yes! ’spose so. Harp strings cost money—no use to play to every monkey. Oh, no! Only sold two spoons—oh, yes!”

“Ah, Binny, your bark is worse than your bite. I

know, right well, you do not begrudge a glass of me-the-glin, and 'Poor Mary Anne' on the harp, though he be a foreigner."

Binny now faced about, and again stared me full in the face. She opened her eyes to their fullest extent, the pupils closing and dilating in the most singular manner. She moved her long, elf-like arms to and fro in the most fantastic mode, strongly reminding me of a gnome working out some necromantic spell.

After reading my face for some time, she advanced a pace or two, and thus spoke:—

"A foreigner? Oh, yes! not so much amiss—not out of the way, oh, no! crank, and so—so. Foreigner, would you like a dance?"

"Very much, indeed," said I.

"That's right, Binny!" said Morgan. "I knew you would come round—what tune will you dance to?"

"Hob-y deri-dando," said Binny.

Morgan immediately struck up, and Binny commenced dancing—and it was dancing with a vengeance! Never did I see such before or since—if a gnome had been dancing, he could not have cut more odd, eccentric, or grotesque capers and gyrations.—

Talk of Grimaldi! why she beat him all to whips. I thought I should have split my sides with laughter. She twirled hither, jigged there, twisted and contorted her body about in all manner of out-of-the-way postures; she was as lithe and active as a monkey, and as slippery as an eel. After whirling and twirling and capering to her heart's content, she suddenly ceased, and, addressing me, said—

“ Well, foreigner, what say ye to that?”

“ Capital!” said I—“ never saw the like before.”

“ Good!” said Binny, “ I thought as much. O, yes! hand over a copper or two—never do nothing for nothing—oh, no!”

Here I placed in her long skinny hand some half-pence.

“ Good,” said she, “ that will do—all right, oh, yes!”

“ Always looking after the main chance, Binny,” said Morgan.

“ In course I am; oh, yes! the main chance won't look after me! oh, no!”

“ Foreigner,” said Morgan, “ you will tarry with us till morning; there is no inn for at least six miles, and the shades of night are closing about us—you will tarry with us for the night.”

"In course he will," chimed in Binny, "oh, yes!"

The fire crackled brightly, and the tent and metheglin smelt so comfortable, that I consented without hesitation.

My pallet was arranged in one corner. It consisted of dried fern, over which was spread a thick drugget. The couch of Morgan and Binny was composed of similar materials, but I observed, with some surprise, that it was placed between mine and the entrance of the tent; apprehending, however, nothing sinister, I made no objection to the arrangement. Before retiring to rest, Binny gave us a Welsh song, the burden of which was "Mantro Gwen." She sang with much comic unction. Her voice was rough and rugged, in fact, a species of scraugh. After the song we drank a round of metheglin—then retired to rest, and I soon sank into a sound sleep.

It might be about midnight, when I was awoke by a sort of fistling noise at the head of my couch. It seemed as though something was scratching and stirring about the fern which formed my pillow. I also heard the pattering of light footsteps on the floor of the tent. Now, for security, I had placed my small stock of money under my head, and the fistling

appeared to draw nearer and nearer to my concealed hoard. When I deposited it in that place, I had observed Binny taking an accurate note of my proceedings. Could it be her now furtively endeavouring to abstract it? I lay still, wishing the affair to develope itself more fully before proceeding to action. Presently a long bony hand forcibly grasped my throat. In an instant I sprung to my feet, and endeavoured with all my might to free myself from my murderous assailant. My efforts were for a long time vain, for the would-be assassin clung to me like a tiger-cat. At length, in self-defence, I grasped the windpipe of my antagonist, and compressed it so forcibly, that, uttering a loud scream, she (it was Binny) fell prone at my feet, gasping for breath. I now essayed to leave the tent, but was intercepted by Morgan, who flourished a large bludgeon in his hand. Rendered desperate at the dangers with which I was menaced, I closed with him, and engaged in a close and desperate struggle. He was by far the most strong and powerful, I the most lithe and active. I gave him two blows for one, but then one of his was as good as three of mine. I was getting weaker and weaker, and to add to my des-

perate strait I heard Binny approaching, and already fancied her long talons again grasping my throat. I then determined to elude what I could not overcome, so slipping down on my knees, I, like an eel, wriggled myself out of the too strenuous embrace of my rather-unready opponent, and springing through the tent-door fled into the darkness of night.



## CHAPTER XI.

## NIGHT ADVENTURES.

I FLEW like a lapwing down the valley. It was pitch dark, and I could not see a yard before me. Sometimes I rushed through the waters—sometimes beat myself against the crags, like a bat driven from his hiding-place before night-fall. Fast, however, as I fled, I heard something rushing after me, and evidently gaining upon me. It was a quick, gliding, supernatural rushing. I knew not what to make of it, it was so strange and so unnatural. There was no star to be seen—no cottage-light—the moon had not risen. The wind rushed by in fitful gusts—all things bore the impress of horror. At length, in my headlong flight, I ran full butt against the gnarled branch of a holly-tree projecting over the pathway and was thrown prone on the ground, and the next moment a congeries of long bony talons griped me tightly round the throat. I was now at no loss to discover who my pursuer was—it was the gnome-like Binny. No sooner had

she grasped my windpipe, than she gave a loud and shrill hallo, which echoed among the crags like the wail of a disembodied spirit. This was doubtless a signal to Morgan, and his close propinquity was announced by the crashing of the branches, as he forced himself through the underwood. Roused to desperation at my imminent danger, I threw gallantry to the winds, and smote Binny a truculent blow, which I followed up by others in rapid succession. I had just cleared myself of her tenacious grasp, and slipped behind the bole of a large oak, when Morgan, puffing like a grampus, arrived. It was so pitch dark that he could not see me. He stumbled, however, over the prostrate body of Binny. He stooped down, and taking her in his arms, spoke to her, but received no reply: in fact, my well-aimed blows had cast her into a dwam. Apparently alarmed at her insensible condition, he lifted her in his arms and bore her in the direction of the tent.

I thought myself exceedingly fortunate in escaping with such little scath; for, though my windpipe was stiff and sore, I felt no serious inconvenience. I now walked on more leisurely, and soon emerged from the narrow valley. At this moment I heard some

distant church clock strike one—a moaning, melancholic sound, like the stifled bell of a half-throttled deer. Soon after, a faint gleam of light, gradually getting brighter, and still brighter, broke over the splintered summit of a lofty hill, or rather mountain, in my front; and presently the moon arose, a “crescent boat” floating in the air. I now advanced with more confidence, and found myself ascending by a narrow pathway, or rather goat-track, a steep and rugged acclivity. Hollybushes and stubborn brambles bent, in many places, over the winding passage, through which I was sometimes obliged to force myself by main strength, to the no small dilapidation of my skin and clothes. At length, after much labour, I attained the summit, and found myself in a kind of bason covered with stony debris, and sprinkled here and there with tall, upright white stones, which glared in the moonlight like so many spectres. I still walked onwards, every now and then stumbling over some loose block of stone in my way. The moon had by this time fully arisen, and poured a flood of light on all surrounding objects, and I now found I was blundering and stumbling amid the rubbish of innumerable stone-quarries which had

been hewn, and still were being hewn, or rather blown, in the surrounding mountains. Several loud reports, like discharges of artillery, now reverberated from every part of the valley, and large fragments of stone, like twenty-four pound shot, whistled past my ears. Scarcely had one discharge ceased, ere another commenced—it was a continual cannonade. I now found that the quarrymen, taking advantage of night, were engaged in blasting with gunpowder the surrounding rocks, and that I had inadvertently placed myself in the most imminent danger. Occasionally the fragments hurtled and clattered around me like showers of hail. I had crouched down behind a large upright stone, and the stony shot beat against it like grape against the ramparts of a besieged castle. I expected nothing less than to get my head smashed to atoms. At length, all at once, the astounding hurlyburly ceased. “They are recharging their mines,” said I, mentally; and, taking advantage of the momentary and fortunate lull, I sped up the bason with the speed of a lapwing. Before, however, I had attained the upper end, the discharge recommenced, and several small fragments rattled against me. On one occasion I had a mira-

culous escape. There was an immense hollow granite stone by the wayside, I should imagine several tons in weight. For a moment I crept into the opening of this colossus. A huge piece of stone hurled from the mine struck against it, rebounding in fragments. It slowly toppled forward—like an harlequin, I sprang onward, and cleared the opening, just as it fell over. One second later, and I should have been crushed to atoms.

Again I rushed forwards, and soon after left the valley of desolation by a narrow gorge, and got out of the reach of danger. My life was never in greater peril than on this occasion, and how I escaped scathless I cannot imagine. The fragments of rock which were hurled past me were, some of them, of monstrous size, and the rush of air caused by their passing along with such rapidity almost threw me down. I could still hear the rattle and crash behind me, growing fainter and fainter as I left them farther and farther behind. I was now involved in steep and abrupt precipices, and I had, for the most part, to scramble upon my hands and knees. Sometimes, on attaining to nearly the top, I slid down again with a heavy thud; other acclivities I surmounted, but found my-

self no nearer the end of my toil than before, for another, and probably a higher one arose before me. At length this endless toil began to take effect even on my vigorous frame, and my sinews grew stiff and rigid. To add to my perplexity, the mists began to arise, and speedily shrouded all things. The moon now afforded me no assistance, as her light was totally obscured. I could not see the surrounding objects, but it seemed to me as though I was on the summit of a stony and exposed peak, for the winds blew full upon me, piercing through my fragile clothing, and making me shiver again. Presently a thick, drizzly rain began to fall, which speedily drenched me to the skin. I still, however, tenaciously held on to my stance; and luckily for me I did so, for when the morning broke, I found myself on the brow of a lofty and perpendicular precipice, and one forward step would have carried me over the edge, and I must have been killed on the spot.

I was now brought to a standstill, and looked eagerly about me, to the right and to the left, in order to discover a track or pathway by which I could descend from my perilous position. The sun had not yet fully risen, and the mist hung in fantastic masses about the sides of the precipice, and the points of the crags only

emerged here and there, like small islands floating in the air. Presently, however, the sun arose above the topmost peak, and his beams slowly stealing down the mountain, a rolling flood of golden light, dispersed the mists in all directions, and slowly unveiled the beauties of the glens and valleys. It was truly a fairy scene, a scene of enchantment. The foot of the cliff on which I, admiring, stood, was now lighted up, and I saw a small narrow glen, and about the middle of this glen arose a small, but picturesque cottage, the smoke from which ascended and curled in fleecy folds amid the superincumbent crags. The glen was well stocked with small, coarse-woolled sheep, which were busily engaged nibbling the short sweet herbage which grew amid the hollows and upon the knolls around. I was still gazing in admiration on the scene of enchantment before me, when who should I see enter the glen but Morgan, his donkey, and the gnome Binny. I somehow or other had imbibed an almost superstitious dread of that strange being, and no sooner did I cast my eyes upon the slowly-moving cavalcade than, heedless of consequences, I precipitately retreated, without sound of trumpet or beat of drum, by the way I had ascended, indeed, the only way which was open to me.

## CHAPTER XII.

## I ARRIVE WITHIN SIGHT OF MY UNCLE'S CASTLE.

IMAGINING that Morgan and the gnome were in pursuit of me, I hurried along over stocks and stones, and did not let the grass grow under my feet. The Welsh herdsmen scowled upon me with the tail of their eyes as I thus sped along, and hurled many an imprecation on the intrusive Sasonage. It was not my policy to take quick offence, so I sped along without turning to my right hand or to my left. It was nightfall by the time I had disentangled myself from the hills and precipices. I had not taken any sustenance since my debauch with Morgan. I was both hungry and weary. I had also discovered, to my great dismay, that the gnome had, in her midnight attack, subtracted all my money. I was absolutely penniless in the midst of strangers. In my life-and-death struggle with my late tenacious assailants my clothes had been torn to ribbons, and I was now an unmistakable walking scarecrow. My shoes were likewise worn from my

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feet, and my toes protruded and squashed upon the ground. In this sad condition I entered a straggling village at the foot of a steep mountain. The houses were built and intermingled in a strange higgledy-piggledy manner, of all shapes and sizes. The street, if it could be called a street, was broken into deep gullies, anon rising into unseemly hummocks, and heaps of garbage were strewn about promiscuously. All betrayed the Celtic slovenliness of the inhabitants. It was the very antipodes of the neat English or Saxon village. I know some of the Cambrian antiquarians will fall foul of me for even stating by implication that the Welsh are descended from the Celts; nevertheless, such is the undoubted fact—a fact which may be disputed, but never overthrown. As I passed up the village, the children pointed and spit at me. They saw I was a Saxon, and the national antipathy broke forth against me. My feet were sore, and I could hardly walk along. I had now reached the *ne plus ultra* of weariness; I could walk no further, and I sunk, rather than leaned, upon the stump of a decayed oak.

Scarcely had I so sunk, when a pretty rosy girl, about sixteen, dressed in a round felt hat, short striped

jacket, her feet devoid of shoes, but perfectly white, bounded from an adjacent cottage, and tripped up to the place where I reclined. She gazed upon me with a pitying expression of countenance. In early youth mutual confidence is speedily established between the opposite sexes. Both are unused to the world and its wiles, both are devoid of guile. A kind word, even a kind look, will then prove effective. So it chanced on the present occasion. A mutual glance, the interchange of a single expression, was sufficient. She invited me into the neighbouring cottage for awhile, and I gladly accepted the invitation. Her mother, a staid matron, neatly dressed, was seated before a mingled wood and peat fire cherishing her knees, and I was speedily ensconced on the opposite side of the fire-place, engaged in the same occupation. The little Hebe who had introduced me to such comfortable quarters now opened a side door, and I saw a small black cow in an adjoining apartment, chewing both her own cud and also the cud of reflection, if I could judge from her demure looks. My entertainer reached down a white wooden bowl from an adjacent shelf, and immediately commenced the to me grateful operation of milking. The white frothing milk gurgled forth; the cow was

likewise pleased, for she uttered a long low, low, and licked the white forehead of the milker. The bowl being now full, she tripped lightly back again, placed the milk before me on a small deal table, flanked with some barley and rye bread. I speedily set to, and never made a more delicious meal in my life; for at least half an hour it was one entire round of good substantial eating, without a flaw or pause. The maid and matron gazed upon me with evident admiration, occasionally looking at one another with arch smiles. At length I finished my never-to-be-forgotten debauch, and, leaning back in my chair, gave a long and profound pech of satisfaction.

"It is delicious milk," said I.

"None better in the Principality," said the matron.

"Because," chimed in the Hebe, "Crumbie, God bless her, won't eat anything but the thyme and white clover of the hills. A dainty hussy is Miss Crumbie."

"Crumbie," continued the matron, "would starve in a Saxon meadow, the coarse herbage would offend her palate, even the white clover would be too rank for her."

"Hard times," said the Hebe, "once compelled us to part with Crumbie, and many a tear I shed at that sad

parting. She was taken away into Sasonage land, and placed in the choicest paddock in the country. One morning on getting up, who should I see but my lost Crumbie. She had broken out of the paddock in which she had been pastured, and over hill and dale had found her way home. We would not part with her any more. We sold our bed, our all, and we retained our Crumbie, and we will never part with her again."

Here Crumbie looked out from her lair, and gazed upon us with her large, melancholic eyes.

"Poor Crumbie knows we are talking about her," said the matron. "She is as wise as a Christian, and knows this from that as well as here and there one."

I still continued to sit before the cheering fire of my kind hostess—I was loath to leave it. The blood now circulated freely in my veins, and an agreeable warmth permeated my whole frame. The winds roared without, and the rain pattered against the window-panes. I cast many an anxious glance at the crib of Crumbie. It was full of soft hay, and would afford a most delicious couch, especially when compared with the flinty quarters of the preceding night. I over and over again made up my mind to solicit

permission to rest in that cozy nook, but after experiencing so many favours, I felt shame in asking for more. At length the little Hebe saw to what quarter my anxious glances were directed, and, with the quickness of female perception, saw what I would be at.

“ You would wish to sleep in that crib, foreigner ? ” said she ; “ a nice crib it is, and Crumbie’s breath is like violets.”

“ I should,” said I, laconically, but heartily.

“ You shall then—eh, mother ? ”

“ Certainly, my dear, and I am sorry I have not better quarters to offer him.”

I returned my thanks, and retired for the night—I was tired out and drowsy. I threw myself headlong into my fragrant couch, and was fast asleep ere my head touched the ground. Morning was far advanced when I awoke, the sun shone in through the crevices of my apartment, and the little Hebe was milking Crumbie, at the same time singing a low but sweetly modulated song. It was like the murmur of an *Æolian* harp. I lay still for some time, listening to the swelling and then dying cadence. At length she finished her task and her song at the same time.

I then arose, and entered the sitting-room. They forced me, however, nothing loath, to partake of a second edition of milk and barley and rye bread, and then, with many and heartfelt thanks, I took my leave of my hospitable entertainers, and sped on my way.

I soon left the village behind, and commenced wending my way up a secluded valley. It was thickly studded with daisies, dandelions, and intermingled with white and red clover; and the cliffs or heights on each side were profusely over-run with wild thyme, which threw an aromatic fragrance all around. The valley now became more abrupt, and soon broke into a steep, precipitous ascent. On reaching the summit, I saw before me a barren, desolate hill in the form of a cone, and on the summit of this hill a wild and quaint-looking castellated building. It was Llandrynydod Castle, the object of my eccentric journey.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MY UNCLE AND HIS CASTLE.

BEFORE, however, arriving at this castle, I had a tortuous ravine to thread, opening here and there into small green paddocks, thickly stocked with coarse-woolled sheep, having long, undocked tails. They were of dwarfish growth, and wild as antelopes. As I ascended higher, and still higher, I saw a tall, robust-looking personage passing in review one of those flocks before him, attended by a rough, shaggy dog. He was dressed in a rough, much-worn brown coat, knee-breeches, and grey, knitted worsted stockings. Notwithstanding, however, his mean dress, he possessed a sort of aristocratic air, and was evidently not one of the *oi polloi*. The dog seemed perfectly to understand every word and every motion of his master, and glanced about like a flash of lightning. The sheep seemed to know master and dog, and gazed quietly upon them as they passed along. With the intention of addressing the stranger, I advanced to-

wards him, but, with a repulsive look and gesture, he motioned me away. I, accordingly, again proceeded onwards, and soon the Castle of Llandryndod arose before me in all its quaint proportions.

At the summit of the steep, stony track I pursued appeared a huge keep and barbican. It was now partially in ruins, through which a narrow pathway was cut, the broken fragments on each side being covered with docks and long rank grass. Advancing along this track, I soon passed under a lofty archway, black with age, and entered a paved quadrangle, the interstices between the blocks of stone affording verge enough for thistles and couch to rear their obnoxious heads. The right wing was in ruins; the left partially entire, but cockered up here and there with modern appliances, causing it to assume a strange motley and piebald appearance. I advanced to the door, which was evidently more modern than the posts and lintel, and, in default of a knocker, banged away upon it with my knuckles as hard as I could. I, however, banged in vain—no one appeared. I then kicked it with increasing vehemence—still no response. I then pushed it—it slowly revolved on its hinges, and revealed to view a long dusky passage. I was naturally of an adventurous spirit, so I boldly ad-



vanced, with a wide-awake glance. At the end of the passage there was another door, the latch of which I boldly lifted, and passed in. An old man, with an absent, dreamy expression of countenance, and long-flowing silvery locks, was seated in a fine old bay window, looking on a wide range of country, picturesquely broken into hill and dale, and in one corner, busily engaged in moulding apple-dumplings, I saw Winifred. I gazed upon the fascinating creature with intense admiration, as her little white hands glanced brightly through the envied dough. Anon she uplifted a mellow stave, her bright eyes shining with merriment. At length, overcome with longing to greet her, I rather precipitately entered the room. She uttered a shriek of surprise, but, in the next moment I had her enfolded in my arms, transferring no small quantity of flour to my nose and waistcoat.

"Well, Frank," said she, "what is all this about?—where did you come from?—what brought you here?" And, without waiting for a reply to either question, she tripped up to the old white-headed man, and exclaimed, "Cadwallader! oh, Cadwallader! here's Frank—cousin Frank."

Cadwallader slowly turned his head, and bent his

eyes upon me. "I am joyed to see thee," said he, in low, mellow accents; "thou art the only prop of the house of Rhys. Thou wilt become the top beam of the hall. Hail, young man, and welcome!"

"That is the last descendant of our household bards," whispered Winifred; "he is a privileged personage here."

She now inquired after my father, aunt, and Capstan. My answers were so confused and evasive, that she at length broke in:

"Ah, Frank, Frank, I am afraid you are up to no good—engaged in some wild-goose chase."

Here our further colloquy was interrupted by the entrance of a bare-footed dowdy girl, with dishevelled locks. She announced the return of Sir Leoline, who commanded the instant presence of Winifred, and accordingly off she tripped.

"Young man!" said Cadwallader, "you gazed long and earnestly upon the fair daughter of the house—do not gaze too much."

"You speak in enigmas," said I.

"It may be so; but I speak good counsel. She is about to be betrothed to another—my words may be bitter, but I speak the truth."

My blood rushed to my heart—I grew pale, and trembled.

“I see,” said the old man, “I have given thee pain: I am sorry for it—the bitterest medicines are often best.”

Here Winifred re-entered the apartment, and requested me to follow her into the presence of her father.

In our way thither I seized the hand of my cousin, and demanded, “whether we were still to consider ourselves as allies?”

“That depends upon yourself,” said she, with her usual open smile. “I may not be the first to break our treaty of alliance.”

Nothing further passed, and we soon arrived in presence of Sir Leoline, in whom I recognised the personage I had seen engaged in the occupation of a shepherd. He was, however, now much more aristocratically dressed, and assumed an air of awkward dignity. The plebeianism of his present occupations and position strangely mingled with the lofty notions derived from his ancestors—to use, I am afraid, a far-fetched simile, he was like a dog-rose grafted on a moss-rose stem. He motioned me to be seated on one of

the old-fashioned high-backed chairs, with which the room was amply replenished, and then placing himself directly opposite to me, thus spoke:—

SIR LEOLINE.—So you are the son of my brother-in-law Ogilby?

FRANK.—I am.

SIR LEOLINE.—A wild slip, rash and headstrong, at least so I understand from my sister Rhys. Your present appearance also confirms this. Sir, you are barefooted; your toes are on the ground. Your coat is ragged, and in tatters—a veritable beggar's coat. How dare you appear in my castle in such a plight?—the hair of the heads of my ancestors—(here he cast a glance at a series of black, grim-looking portraits, which stared forth from the dark-grained oaken paneling of the room)—will erect itself with horror—mine does so already.

(I looked at the head of my uncle as he thus spoke. There was certainly some grounds for the last clause of his speech. His hair stood bolt upright, but for this, I firmly believe, the absence of a good hair-brush was as much to blame as myself.)

FRANK.—I fell among thieves, who thus maltreated my habiliments.

SIR LEOLINE.—Fell among thieves! Fell among thieves!! And what right had you to fall among thieves?

FRANK.—Right, certainly, I had none.

SIR LEOLINE.—Well, I am glad you have a little grace of heart. Sir, I know all about you. A messenger, who arrived here yesterday, has told me all. You are a runaway, sir. Your toes are on the ground, you are out at elbows—you are a disgrace to Llandryndod Castle. You have nearly broken your father's heart! Your aunt Rhys is in sorrow about you. How dare you come here?

FRANK.—I do not believe my aunt sorrows after me.

SIR LEOLINE.—There it is. You are an ungrateful wretch! You abuse the kindness of your good aunt! You tread on her corns, sir; you play her divers tricks, sir; you are dirty and ragged, and yet you come here!

FRANK.—I am now sorry I came.

SIR LEOLINE.—A fig for your sorrow! Will sorrow atone for the insults offered to Llandryndod Castle? Your toes are on the ground, sir. Shame! shame upon you!

FRANK.—Sir! you are carrying the matter too far. Do not beard me too much.

SIR LEOLINE.—Well, I am glad to see that you have a spark of the old ancestral fire left. It is not all oozed out at your toes! You are not altogether a crouching spaniel.

FRANK.—Sir, you have carried your insults far enough—I will brook no more. I will not stay a moment longer in the abode of such a churl! Good bye, sir!

I turned away, and left the apartment and the castle. I saw no one till I arrived at the barbican,—then I became aware that two persons were walking on the ramparts, and I speedily recognised Bob Sinclair and Winifred.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## AN ENCOUNTER.

My feelings, which before were bitter, were increased tenfold in bitterness on seeing them so walking. My heart-strings were turned to gall. I thought of the ominous words of Cadwallader, "she is betrothed to another." Who could that other be but Sinclair? He it was, likewise, who had reported my conduct, doubtless with exaggerations, to my uncle. He it was who, under the guise of friendship, met me at every step, and thwarted all my earthly prospects. Thus, at least, spoke my heart. When I first saw them, their backs were towards me; they were now turned about, and, to escape discovery, I hid myself in an angle of the wall. They separated before they came to my place of concealment.—Winifred entered the castle, and my rival passed under the barbican, and left it. It was exactly what I wished. I determined to call him to a strict account. I dogged him till he arrived at a secluded hollow at some distance from the pathway, and then, with fury flashing from my eyes, I burst upon him.

He heard my approach, and, turning quickly about, gazed, apparently astounded at my unexpected presence. He, however, quickly recovered himself, and, with his usual careless smile, held out his hand.

"Keep your hand to yourself," said I; "I never shake hands with base scoundrels like you."

"Why, Frank, what is the matter?"

"Matter! What is the matter? Who told lies and balderdash to my uncle about me? Who but thee? I also saw thee on the ramparts with Winifred. Scoundrel! I saw thee with my own eyes."

"Winifred is a pretty girl," said he, with a laughing sneer; "I love to walk with pretty girls."

Without further preamble I struck him a violent blow, and to it we went, tooth and nail, hammer and tongs.

We were pretty well matched. If he was shorter and thicker than me, I was the most lengthy in the arms. With respect to science, we were upon a par. Furious with rage, and boiling over with revenge, I struck out to the right and left, careless of consequences. I bored him from one end of the valley to the other with rapid blows. I fought like a madman. Cool and calculating, Sinclair suffered me so to exhaust



myself, merely warding off my vehement assaults. At length, tired out, and breathless with unutterable rage, I stood almost powerless before him, and then he fell to in earnest, and repaid me with compound interest. Not a vulnerable part of my body did he leave unscathed. I soon became an entire mass of bruises. Trenchant swellings garnished my cheeks, so that I could hardly see through the bloated deformity; my ribs were roasted to an almost unparalleled extent, and if my mother had been present, she would not have known her only child.

“Frank,” said Sinclair, “you drew this upon you; you have had enough. Will you be quiet?”

“Dog!” I mumbled out, as though my mouth was filled with plum-pudding, for my lips were swollen to a prodigious size. “Dog, thinkest thou I will cry peccavi to such as thou?” I again commenced the assault, but speedily received a stinger under the left ear, which stretched me senseless on the ground.

When I returned to a state of consciousness, I was stretched out on the same spot on which I had fallen, but Bob was gone. I strove to rise, but I was so stiff and sore that I could not effect my object. I contrived, however, to crawl into an adjoining brake,

where, like a wounded deer, I lay down in the long grass and briars. I was worn out, and sick of heart. I was likewise chagrined at my defeat. I was careless of life, and, in my agony, wished to die.

Scarcely had I concealed myself, ere two or three of the farm servants of my uncle entered the glen. I knew they were such by their discourse. They were evidently sent to search for me. They, however, executed their quest in the most slovenly manner, and merely walked up the valley and down again. They neither looked to the right or to the left, and, of course, did not see me.

I lay *perdu*, and must have either sunk into a dream or fallen asleep, for when I awoke it was night, and the moon had arisen, surrounded with her starry host. I succeeded in arising to my feet; my stiffness had, in a great degree, left me, and I was able to walk. My spirits, likewise, returned, and I resolved to seek the coast, and to put in execution my darling project of going to sea. My whole heart was turned to gall, and my spirit embued with bitterness. I was careless of everything, even of life itself. I wandered onwards, and must have deviated widely from my course, as I at length found myself at Bristol. My bruises were, in

some degree, healed, but I was still weak and attenuated. How I contrived to reach there, or how I lived by the way, is to me a complete mystery. All that portion of my life seems like the changing, indistinct phantasms of a horrible dream—a confused jumble of incongruous images. I must have begged from door to door, and slept under hayricks or in outhouses. All that I know is, that I arrived on the quay of the above-named city barefooted, hatless, and coatless. I wore an apology for a shirt and trousers; all my other habiliments had taken to flight, and left me a miserable three-parts-starved scarecrow.

## CHAPTER XV.

## I SMUGGLE MYSELF ON BOARD THE "L. E. L."

Now it chanced that, at the very moment I arrived on the quay, a Sierre Leone ship was weighing anchor, in order to proceed to sea. All hands were busily employed. At present a biscuit could scarcely slide between her and land, but the distance was increasing every moment. I pondered for a moment on the possibility of getting on board, and concealing myself till the ship was out at sea, and only for a moment. I scrambled on board amidships, and crept on my belly till I came to a neglected hencoop, into which I crept, and coiling myself into a round ball, like a sleeping hedgehog, concealed myself as well as I could. Fortunately, for the success of my exploit, I had chosen the precise moment when all hands were busiest, and I was seen by no one.

Down the Avon we glided, but I was too ill at ease to notice the beautiful scenery that everywhere opened about me. All was merry and joyous around — I

alone was sad and wretched. I was shivering with cold, and almost dying with hunger. One would have thought, from the privations I had experienced, I should have had enough and to spare of my mad-brained *escapade*, and that I should have been willing to have settled down into some soft-headed, namby-pamby cottage, and beheaded crusty-tempered nettles, or uprooted pig-headed docks. Thou mightst have well expected, oh! gentle reader! for the "vexed Bermoothes" to degenerate in a second Lake of Como, or the Falls of Niagara to pine away into the slender liquid thread issuing from my aunt's teapot. Verily and in truth, I am fearful I was not cut out for the Sybaritic quietism of a lady's *boudoir*, or to toy with the ringlets of "Nerea's hair." I must, perforce, grapple with dragons, and ride on the snorting war-horse of peril. A fight with a second West-Indian Blackbeard, or an encounter with another Three-fingered Jack, had more charms for me (especially now I had lost for ever, as I then thought I had, my cousin Winifred) than buckling myself to some amorous Phillis for life, even though she could boast the beauties of a Helen or Cleopatra. But when, perchance, she might be as frail as the one, and as cock-nosed as the other, and,

in addition, possess the amiable disposition of a Lapland bear or dinnerless crocodile, growling and jabbering from morning till night, and from night till morning, dinning into my ears eternal tirades about broken crockery, scalded lapdogs, or amorous cats, my aversion to matrimony was worked up into a perfect furor. The needle of my mind had long pointed to Africa as its grand pole of attraction, and that comparatively *terra incognita* possessed for me inexpressible charms, my teeming imagination filling it with wonder upon wonder. Sometimes auriferous mountains, with veins of diamonds as plentiful as blackberries, and valleys of pearls richer than Sindbad ever explored, then oceans of shifting sands, vexed with hurricanes and blasting simooms, and perpetual rolling thunder. To this land of enchantment I was now hastening, and this thought saved my mind from utter annihilation.

We soon glided down the Avon, entered the Bristol Channel, and stood out to sea with a favouring gale. The "L. E. L." (the name of the ship) snored through the water "like a thing of life," tossing her feathers, and looking as smart as snowy sails, gossamer rigging, fresh painted spars, and a bran new Union Jack could

make her. Like her fair namesake, she was a little beauty, and poetry was stamped in legible characters on her glittering prow. Thousands of stately ships glided hither and thither, crossing and intersecting one another in all directions; the greater portion were, however, bound for the shores of the majestic Queen of the Ocean; all nations were sending her their tribute and their treasures, and all were proud to render her homage, and every description of craft, from the mighty three-decker down to the collier or fishing-smack, spread their sails to the awakening breeze. As far as eye could reach, nothing could be seen but one immense forest of masts, and one wide undulating sea of glittering streamers.

I still lay *perdu* in my hencoop, shivering with cold and ravenous with hunger. I verily believe I should have attempted to masticate a deal board, if one had been thrown in my way. I had something else to do than to admire the gorgeous scene around me, and the thoughts recorded in the sentences preceding this were after-thoughts. Nothing is more fatal to poetic imaginings than the absence of meat and drink, and the outpourings of a half-starved poet must necessarily be flatulent. I still lay, therefore, *perdu*, in my hen-

coop. Many a burly sailor passed by me, but as yet no one had seen me. My intention was not to make my presence known till we were well out at sea, when they must necessarily take me on with them. Night soon came on, and with it a strong breeze and a rough sea. The waves dashed against the ship and soon saturated me with spray. This added, of course, materially to my discomfort. The hencoop likewise rolled about, sometimes turning on one side, sometimes on the other; so that I was sometimes on my head, anon on my heels. I shall never, though I lived to the age of Methuselah, forget the horrors of that unique night of misery. My body in every part was still tender and sore from the well-directed poundings of Sinclair. I was numbed with cold, wet to the skin, I may say saturated to the very marrow with sea spray, hungry as ten hunters; yet, in this wretched state, I could not rest for a moment. I was banged about, and hurled from one side of the hencoop to another—here a bang, there a bang—then a dash of cold skirry water slap in my face, trickling from thence down my bosom, and from thence diverging in twenty streams to every part of my body. I had truly and unmistakably arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of misery.



At length the day broke, but the sun was hidden in a shroud of watery clouds, a dense bank of fog and spray. The breeze also freshened and rattled through the cordage of the ship, a regular unceasing hurly-burly. My hencoop was regularly capsized and jammed against the binnacle, and, unfortunately for me, in such an *outré* position, that I actually stood on my head. However amusing this gymnastic feat might appear to a by-stander, to me it was uncomfortable enough—a measure full and running over. The storm, the rattling, and the hubbub manifestly was on the increase—the wind blew great guns, and the ship pitched heavily. Never before, I verily believe, did any individual encounter a storm standing on his head. It was a veritable intermingling of the sublime and the ridiculous. Vainly did I repeatedly strive to cut a summerset and regain my feet. The coop was so narrow, that I could not effect my purpose; an eel or cobra-capello might have done so, but I could not. On a sudden the trampling around me increased tenfold, as well as the swearing. The word was given to cast anchor. The sailors rushed tumultuously to the binnacle. “Toss that blasted hencoop overboard,” said a hoarse, rough voice. Several hands immediately

seized upon it and bore it along. I now found it *was* high time to make my presence known, so I gave a loud whoop and jumped out. "By the powers," shouted a voice, "but here be Old Davy, sure enough!" The sailors threw their burden down with a thud, which rolled it into the sea, they then gazed with wondering eyes upon me, and suddenly took to flight.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## INCIDENTS.

"LUBBERS!" said the skipper, (who was a short, weather-beaten, rough old salt,) "what the devil are yon running after—sprung a leak, eh?"

"The Devil be on board, sir, abaft the binnacle!" said a slim young fellow, apparently a fresh-water sailor.

"Go back to the Minories, you loblolly sea-louse! I wish old Capstan had been pitched head foremost into Maelstrom, ere he had sent a caterwauling tailor here! —the Devil, indeed!"

"Oh, massa," said a stout negro, "Billy Spinks ben't much far out. There he be, massa: he worra in de coop of de hen!"

Here I crawled forward, and made a polite bow to the skipper.

"I'm blowed if this a'n't a polite devil at any rate," said the skipper. "I did not know they were so infernally civil! Who the devil are you?"

"Frank Ogilby," said I; "much at your service."

"And what the devil brought Frank Ogilby in the hencoop?"

"Wanted to see a little sea life," said I, again bowing; "got in for a frolic."

"And a rum frolic it was very near proving; you were within an ace of being made sharks' meat of! How d—n—bly polite we are!"

"Thanks, however, to my stars and garters," said I, a little of my old humour returning, in spite of my miserable plight, "here I am—safe, but not sound."

"Oh, d—n your wit! Jupiter, clap the darbies on him, and pitch him into the black-hole! He's a White-chapel thief—I'll scuttle him!"

I was immediately seized upon by the gigantic negro above-mentioned, in whose arms I was as an infant. I was speedily ironed, and stowed in a miserable dirty apartment, about six feet square, dimly illumined by a skylight encrusted with dirt, and boarded off from the forecastle. A kind of berth, with a little dirty straw strewed along the bottom, was the only thing that relieved the black-scored bare walls, I should, with more propriety, say bare boards.

I must say that Jupiter executed his task with the

greatest delicacy and forbearance. "Be not berry moch down," said he; "massa be moch gooder dan him seems." Here he looked carefully around him, and then pulled furtively from his pocket a biscuit. "Eat dis," continued he, "but do not let any of de hands see dis." Here the good-natured fellow left the apartment, locking the door after him.

Never at any period of my life did any meal seem half so delicious as the hard, worm-eaten biscuit given me by Jupiter. I had been without food for two days, and was ravenous with hunger; yet I did not eat quick or voraciously: I would break off a small modicum, and masticate and turn it about in my mouth for a considerable time before swallowing it, thus protracting my pleasurable repast. At length, however, with all my tooth evasions, I made an end of my savoury morsel, thus exemplifying the trite aphorism, "that all earthly pleasures must have an end."

When I had ended my meal, (breakfast, dinner, and supper all in one,) I tumbled into my berth, and began ruminating on my ultra miserable condition. However, I was so worn out and exhausted, that I soon fell into a troubled sleep. Strange and fantastic images passed in rapid succession before my mental vision—

sometimes I was flying on a thunder cloud, anon floating on the very top of a hissing wave. At length, with a wild shout, I fancied myself tumbling from the top of St. Paul's, and, without dispute, I tumbled with a loud thwack on the ground, for the ship had given a violent lurch, and toppled me out of my berth. I was a long time ere I returned to a state of consciousness, and thought myself rolling and tumbling about in St. Paul's Church-yard. I now saw, by the light struggling through my skylight, that it was broad day, and, from the steadier movement of the ship, that the storm was abating. Troubled also as my sleep had been, I found myself much refreshed. The trampling and hubbub on deck also continued, accompanied with much swearing and sea slang. Now, from the position I occupied, I could see a large portion of the main-mast of the ship, though in an oblique point of view. I could also hear a great burst of laughter, jeers, and shoutings, and I soon perceived that this wordy artillery were directed against a pale-faced urchin, who, having been sent aloft more for initiation than any other purpose, was about to creep through lubber's-hole, instead of going the proper way. On his attempting this, however, a shout of execration arose from

below, accompanied with mowings and bitter gibings. The poor fellow, pale as death, and trembling in every limb, looked despairingly at the slanting ascent, then below, and implored for mercy. Again the gibings and laughter recommenced, and the boy, urged on by a sense of shame, and clinging to the shrouds with convulsive clutch, at length began to move on. Ere, however, he had accomplished half his task, fear seemed to paralyse all his faculties, he lost his hold and his footing, and fell with a loud thud on the deck. So fearful was the height from which he had fallen, that his skull must have been crushed like an egg-shell.

About an hour after the sad catastrophe recorded above, Jupiter entered my prison-hole. "Massa Vrank," said he, "dere be a great big axedint on de deck up dere—(here he pointed with his chin at the skylight)—my 'sistant be killed; tumble down up dere—(here he again pointed with his chin)—a bacancy be in the 'sistant's place; if massa be willing, will you fill it?"

"I shall be most happy, and most willing, if I am competent."

You see, Massa Vrank, you bill have to bile

tators, and to cook de lobs-couse, I bill show de de way."

I returned my thanks to the good-natured fellow.

He then left me, but soon returned with a message from the captain, demanding my attendance.

He conducted me to the quarter-deck, where the skipper was parading up and down, with his hands behind him, rolling from side to side, in true nautical style. He was, at the same time, giving his orders. "Furl the mainsail," said he; "scrub the decks, and cant that loblolly boy into the sea. What a precious fool he must be to tumble down in that fashion—a blasted fool!"

"Who must read de good speaks out of de big book, massa?" inquired Jupiter; "de mate be bery moch sick down dere"—(pointing with his chin.)

"Malingering, I s'pose, Jupy; can't not thou give us a few words, and lift up a stave?"

"No, no, massa; me be no schollard," replied Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear.

"Then cant him overboard without; prayers and psalms will be of little use now—infernally little." Then turning to me, he continued: "See Jupiter tells me you are not a Whitechapel thief, or a tailor; I



s'pose you can scrub a deck, and clean knives, forks, and a caboose?"

"Please you, sir, I will try."

"Lay hold, then, of that long stick with the scrubbing stone at the end. Very well, sir. Now rub it up and down, stem and stern; d—— ye, sir, no flinching."

Several pails of water had been previously thrown over the deck. The stone was heavy, and it tried my rather stiff sinews to move it about. The object of the operation was to scour and clean the planking. For a full half-hour I continued to move my apparatus about here and there and everywhere, and at the end of that time the skipper again addressed me: "Youngster," said he, "I see you are no tailor; you have done your work well. Jupy, take him to the forecastle, and give him a bason of lobscouse."

## CHAPTER XVII.

MORE ANENT JUPITER, &amp;c.

BEHOLD me, then, installed into my new office—a boy-of-all-work, on board a merchantman. My day-dreams were merged into realities, and I was at sea. My initiation was most certainly disagreeable enough, yet I looked forward with hopefulness to better times. Up to the present I had seen no beautiful mermaid—not even a beautiful island. “They will come in due course,” said I, mentally; “in the meantime I must content myself with hard berth, knocks, and indifferent lobsouse.” I then cut a caper, and snapped my fingers at fortune.

From the very first Jupiter took a liking to, and was kind to me. He saw that I was stiff, and sore, and weak, (caused principally by the merciless poundings of Sinclair,) and he assisted me in all my tasks. He likewise often shared his meals with me. I was surprised, and greatly so, at all this. I had been taught to believe that a negro was a species of beast,

devoid of humanity as of intellect; that he was obtuse and selfish; a liar and a thief. Here, then, I had found one who was the reverse of all this—one who was as gentle and humane as a lamb. It is true that his features and the shape of his limbs were not the perfection of beauty and grace in the eyes of a European, but they were so in the eyes of the African, and who is to determine which is the real standard? For my part, I think the point knotty and hard to unloose. The colour of the white race is to the black a badge of sickness and disease. To descend to particulars, every nation has its peculiar notions on the mooted point. 'The Chinese like their females to have feet about as shapely as the understandings of an old-fashioned Gothic table, and which compels them to waddle along like broken-legged ducks. The Dutch like to see their ladies round and obese, and to resemble walking kilderkins. Our own fair countrywomen are much too fond of the evanescent waist, which causes them to assume the appearance of extravagant hour-glasses. I am well aware that many a blue, black, and hazel eye will flash with anger at this ungallant assertion. I am sorry to incur the displeasure of the lovely dears,

but, on the present occasion, I cannot help it—the truth must be told. The Tonga ladies are fond of drawing their noses down to their chins with massive nose-rings. The Ashantee belles, of elongating their ears by polished ivories, plucked from the sundered jaws of some hapless Fingo. The punctured representations of unknown animals, and out-of-the-way monsters, on the persons of the South Sea Phillises have also their strenuous admirers. But why prolong the catalogue? It would reach from Lapland to the Southern Cross, viâ both the Americas, and back again, by the route of India and the Antipodes. I say, then, it is an utter impossibility to determine the standard of beauty.

As far, however, as regards Jupiter, whether he was beauty, or ugliness personified, he most assuredly had a good heart. There was a tall, lanky American on board, one Bill Simms, a coarse, unpolished specimen of the land of stars and stripes, redolent of the slave-scourge and the bowie-knife. This liberty-boy naturally took an intense dislike to Jupiter, and, consequently, to me, as his amigo, and he was perpetually seeking occasion to display his dislike. One day, as I was scouring the deck, I accidentally struck

his foot with the stone. He immediately turned fiercely upon me, and exclaimed,

“ You tarnation nigger’s brat, what’s that for?”

“ It was purely accidental,” said I, “ and I am sorry for it.”

“ You are a great, big liar,” said he, “ and for a screw of baccy I’d knock thy bittle yead hoff.”

“ We mnst look to Kentucky for great big liars,” said I.

Here he put himself in a fighting attitude, and advanced towards me. Jupiter, however, interposed between us.

“ You be berry sore, and not fit for de fight,” said he ; “ stand dere.”

“ You almighty black hudmandud, what right has a dirty beast like you to hinterfere?” said Simms ; “ take that—” and he kicked Jupiter on the shins with his great hobnailed shoes.

Now, no part of the negro is more sensitive than the shins. You may batter away at his skull with a sledge-hammer, without making the slightest impression, but a slight blow from a slender rattan on the shins will cause him to cut a perfect fandango of capers. So it chanced on the present occasion,

for no sooner did Jupiter receive the shin blow than he hopped about like mad, holding the offended limb in one hand, grimacing with his mouth, and shouting, "Oh, lorra, lorra, me!" Presently, however, the pain being assuaged, he put down his foot, and confronted Simms. "Me vight," said he—"darn me, but me vight." He then placed himself in an attitude of defiance. The attitude, was, however, not at all artistic, and excited the risible faculties of all present. Simms, taking advantage of his loose guard, knocked him about at his pleasure, and, at length, capsized him into the lee-scupper. Jupiter got up, frantic with rage, and rushed on his antagonist, with levelled head, like a fighting-ram. The blows of Simms fell on his head, but made no more impression than though they had fallen on a round ball of iron. With catapultic force he butted on—overthrew his antagonist with terrific force, who was hurled to the ground, where he lay without sense or motion.

"Dat is how we do it in Congo," grinned Jupiter—"dat worra good blow!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A SHARK—A CALM—AND A CONVERSATION.

AFTER the fight recorded in the last chapter, Bill Simms (or Lanky Kentuck, as he was generally called) was more shy of offending Jupiter. I also grew plump and strong, and the want-wrinkles in my physog were soon ironed out, and gave place to good solid flesh. I got as strong as a bull, and as nimble as a race-horse. From the very first, I scorned lubber's-hole, and soon grew a first-rate top-mast man. I was a very devil in daring, and second to none in hare-brain exploits. I soon worked myself into the good graces of the skipper, and was disliked by none of the crew except Lanky Kentuck.

I often thought of home, my grey-headed old father, and Capstan. The words of Sir Leoline, likewise, "that I had broken my father's heart," often recurred to my remembrance. To ease my father's sorrow, I had already written a long letter, and I now wrote another, detailing my improved situation. I would

have written to Winifred, but whenever I conjured up her laughing beauty to my mind's eye, the dour visage of Bob Sinclair was sure to appear scowling by her side. I now hated that worthy as much as I once admired him, and determined, the first time I crossed his path, 'to avenge my late defeat.

On we glided over the broad bosom of the Atlantic. The waters were smooth and shining as a mirror, of a deep cerulean blue—clear and bright. The cut-water divided the tiny waves with a gentle murmur, and the foam-bells glanced by like polished diamonds. The sails were all unfurled to catch the gentle gale, and the sea-birds flew around with quiet winnowy motion, and sometimes even alighted on the yard-arms. Ships of all shapes and sizes moved hither and thither, like stately swans, from the decks of many of which stole merry strains of delicious music. It was a thorough holiday on board the L.E.L. We had nothing to do but to lounge on our backs, like great bashaws, and gaze on the cloudless sky, or to look babies in the eyes of Old Ocean. I was so engaged one day, when I saw a huge shark treading in the wake of the ship. He was a veritable



monster of prodigious size, and glided along, like a column of polished silver. He was, doubtless, on the look out for his morning's meal, and woe to that "salt," however tough he might be, who chanced to come within reaching distance of those long rows of keen-pointed grinders; his bones would soon be crushed to a jelly, and his sharkship would make no bones of swallowing him, bones and all. Now, it so chanced that one of our hands, a mere lad, who was earnestly looking at the sea-monster, by some accident over-balanced himself, and tumbled over-board. Like a flash of lightning, the sea-monster darted forward, and laid hold of one of his legs. At the same moment, I, who had been let down for that purpose, grasped one of his arms. Then ensued a regular game at see-saw, the shark pulling one way, I the other; the boy all the time screaming at the top of his lungs. It was a regular hurlyburly—the water flashing about us like mad. At length, watching my opportunity, I struck my opponent a full swinging blow on the snout. He did not half like this, but gave a sudden crunch with his jaws, and, doubtless, thinking a quarter of a meal better than

none at all, bit off the poor lad's leg with as much ease as I could divide an asparagus sprout, and then dived down into the depths of the ocean.

We had passed the sunny shores of Madeira; it was a dead calm, and the sails hung down heavily and motionless. The sun shone with almost blistering intensity, and the whole of the crew, with the exception of Jupiter, were absolutely panting for breath, like over-driven cattle. Not a breeze ruffled the wide expanse of ocean, which shone like a polished mirror. The sky, from zenith to horizon, was of the colour of a copper kettle, and the sea-birds were cruising lazily about, anon diving for coolness, which was denied them, for the waters were absolutely lukewarm. Their wings were spread droopingly on the surface, and they kept a gasping noise, like children afflicted with the croup. Jupiter and myself were crouched down at the foot of the mainmast—I was absolutely roasting with the intolerable heat.

“If this continues long,” said I, “my flesh will be all fried from my bones.”

“Chew! chew!” replied Jupiter, “this be moch little—only de flea-bite.”

“Why, if it was half a degree hotter, it would

make your blood simmer in your veins, and calcine your bones."

"Me know noting about dat dere; de simmer may be moch bad, so may de calcine be worra good; me know noting to de contrare; but dis me do know, that I have been in hot—moch hotter."

"When, and where, old Ju-pee?"

"Now, don't be so worra de fun," said Jupiter, giving me a poke in the ribs; "you be ticklar fun sometimes. Well, den, I worra in de Ashantee army, and we did marsh against de Fingoes. De sun worra up 'igh—de grass worra burnt brown—de leaves of de trees burnt browner, and de rivers dried up—de wells dried up. By my fetisch, never did I see so moch dry; not a drop of water to be got—not a drop so big as de pea. My droat wor burnt up too; I did have a big moch dry in my droat—praps de simmer and de calcine as you talkee about. Oh, dear-ee me! never worra in soch a state of de dry afore or since. Worree my skin, worree my flesh, worree my bones, were in de calcine and simmer as you did talkee about. Oh, by my fetisch! but I could drink de horse-puddle, or de lion-puddle, or de tiger-puddle, or de monkey-puddle! mocha! mocha!"

mocha! Well, in dis condition we had to walka, walka, walka moch miles, to vight de Fingoes. De ground was as hot as de oven, and if de soles of our feet had not been so hard as de brick, dey would ha been burnt to de bone, de calcine, and de simmer, as you talkee about. The sun did burn a moch big blister on my back, and worra near burnt a big hole in the top of my yead. Well-a, never worra de like seen, or willa be seen. Presently we came in sight of de Fingoes in de jungle, some here, some dere, some everywhere. We did drow our spears, den did fire away; den dey did drow *their* spears, and fire away too! Den we did fire away, and vight away, like mad bulls of Basin, as de pason did talkee about. We did drive dem, den dey did drive us—here back, there forward, like a de see and de saw. Dat dere worra vighting, to be sure. We did vight mocha better den de Fingoes, and dey did run away. Many of them were killed dat dere day, and dere skulls cut out-ta to be taken to Ashantee vor bricks vor de king's big house—palis, as you do talkee it."

"Well, Ju-pee, that was a grand battle—but what became of your thirst?"

"Chew! chew! you be dere be e? Well, I did

vight like de best of dem, and killed one old Fingo great man, who had slung, under him's waist-cloth, a calabash of what I thought worra de white wine from Serry Lone; so, while all de rest worra vighting, and worra busy, I slipped down behind a moch big bush, and did drinke, drinke, drinke, till the calabash worra empty—good, warn't it? moch good." And here Jupiter grinned like an ogre.

"And it quenched your thirst, of course?"

"Not so worra fast, Massa Vrank. Now, what worra you s'pose worra in dat dere calabash?"

"Wine, didn't you say?"

"Ha! ha! he! he!" grinned Jupiter. "Dat dere d—d old Fingo had de reumatic moch bad, and one of the Inglese fetisch-men (missionaries) had given him what dey call de liniment to rubbee, rubbee. He had put dat dere in de calabash, and I drinke, drinke."

Here I burst into an uproarious fit of laughter.

"Oh, Massa Vrank, do not grinnee, grinnee like dat dere; it made me cry moch bad; I got worra sickee, sickee, sickee. Oh, it was moch bad; my bellee did yomack and womble about here-away, dere-away, moch awful; my yentrals com-mee, com-mee up to

my mouth; nearly chokee, chokee. Oh, dear-ee me, dear-ee me, me thought I should have die did."

"You got over it, however," said I, still holding my sides with laughter.

"Moch sure of dat, but worra a long time moch doubt wheder dat would not got over me." Here all hands were piped on deck, and our conversation snapped in the middle.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## A BRUSH WITH AN UGLY-LOOKING CUSTOMER.

ON emerging from below, we found all in a profound bustle. The deck was being cleared, the sails unfurled, and everything denoted that something important was in the wind; and such was literally the case, for we saw a suspicious-looking sail to windward, evidently bearing down upon us. Now, in those days many of the South American pirates often reached the latitude in which we were, on the lookout for stray merchantmen. Our skipper evidently suspected her to be one of those daring rovers, and took his measures accordingly. The "L.E.L." mounted six carronades of a long range, which could be moved in any direction. They were in prime fighting condition, and double-shotted. We had about twenty hands on board, stout, hardy men, Lanky Kentuck acting as mate. We soon got all things in apple-pie order, ready and determined to fight stoutly, and, if necessary, to die hard.

By this time our antagonist had spanked on at such a fierce rate that we could distinguish her port-holes, and found she was pierced for twelve guns. Compared with our own, she was, however, but a tub of a craft, and, if we could not beat her by fair fighting, we could, at least, out-manceuvre her, and give her the slip; so, with the utmost *sang-froid* we walked leisurely on our course, as unconcernedly as though nothing extraordinary was going on.

By this time the stranger had arrived within range. Up to this moment she had shown American colours; these she now hauled down, and substituted the black flag. At the same moment she fired a shot across our stern, and ordered us to come on board. Upon our taking no notice of this summons, she slowly swung round, evidently with the intention of giving us a broadside. To meet this, we executed a counter-movement, and with such superior quickness to the sluggish motions of our adversary, that, ere she had accomplished her purpose, we had poured in our broadside with startling effect. She returned our fire with right good-will; and then we peppered away at each other like a brace of hammer-men. Bang, bang—rattle and clash. The roaring of the waters—the



rushing of the freshened breeze—the whistling of the balls as they crashed through the spars—the shouts, intermingled with the groans, of the combatants, had a most exciting effect on me, and I fought away like a tiger. The heavier weight of the metal of our antagonist soon, however, began to tell on us; our rigging was much cut up, our main-top shot away, and our mainmast badly wounded. In the midst of the *mêlée*, our skipper, who, to do him justice, was both a skilful as well as a daring seaman, executed successfully a most brilliant manœuvre, and placed the little “L.E.L.” under the stern of her gigantic opponent in such a position that, almost entirely scathless, she could rake her effectively. Our first broadside in this position did wonders, knocked over half a dozen men, and so shattered the foremast that it staggered about from side to side, and only required a little stronger breeze to send it overboard. The enemy now began to find she had caught a Tartar, and endeavoured to cut our acquaintance. We, too, had had enough, and to spare; so, after exchanging a few more shots, we amicably parted.

This was the first engagement I had ever been in, and I must confess there was nothing so very terrible

in it. I know not what the feelings of others may be, but this I know, that, as far as concerns myself, I enjoyed it rather than otherwise. The raw-head and bloody-bones stories we often hear detailed by superannuated old maids and toothless octogenarians, are gross exaggerations. Men pepper away at one another, and sometimes get a stray ball in the midriff, or a leg or a wing shot off, but what of that? Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers; besides, it is nothing when we get used to it. The jolliest fellow I ever knew in my life was a man who had lost both his legs, one of his wings, one eye, and half of his jaw. He was always laughing and joking, and, in the condition above described, ran a race, and beat his man. A fico, then, for a stray ball or two, say I.

In the above-mentioned fight, Lanky Kentuck did not exhibit much fighting aptness. When he could do so, he slank behind the binnacle, or mast, or anything which could afford shelter. I began to suspect that he was merely a warrior in words. Jupiter, on the other hand, was as brave as a lion, was one of the foremost in every danger, and seemed to court it as his mistress. Let us not, therefore, estimate the fighting qualities of a man by black or white. The white may

have the harder shin and the nimbler fist, but then the black can counterpoise that by bringing to bear the more impenetrable cuticle, and the thicker skull. Let us, then, establish a kind of see-saw between the races—"here we go up, up, up," and "there we go down, down, down." And, that this is the proper, philosophic way of treating the matter, I shall have abundant opportunities of proving as I proceed with this veritable history.

## CHAPTER XX.

## A LEAK.

WE were lying-to repairing our damages, when Lanky Kentuck, with his already-long physog prodigiously elongated, rushed upon deck, uttering in his hoarsest timber tones, "Maties all, if this ere tarnation ship ha'n't sprung an almighty leak, I'm not a 'Merican."

"You are dreaming or drunk, Lanky," said the skipper.

"Blow me tight if I be thow—the water be a-coming in that ere spank, that it minds me of the Falls of Nagara."

The skipper immediately dived below, and in a short space of time returned on deck, with consternation written on his countenance. "Boys," says he, "it is too true! All hands to the pump! work away, boys, like Sin and Satan!—We shall have our work to do to keep it under."

The crew, after being divided into relays of six each, set to work. The leak was caused by a shot

between wind and water, and it was already four feet deep in the hold. There was no time to lose, so we fell to like Trojans. Jupiter, myself, and Lanky Kentuck were in the first relay; we strained our sinews to the very utmost—all of us, except Lanky, who made a prodigious great show, puffing and blowing like a grampus, but evidently did little work. For an hour we continued to ply our noisy avocation, when the leak was sounded, and was, to our general alarm, increased a foot. In the mean time, the carpenter had been endeavouring to plug the shot-hole, but without effect. It was a splintered wound, and the water rushed in with too strong a current. Night set in dark and gloomy, with a strong wind and rough sea, which added to the perils of our situation. The leak increased fast upon us, and the ship pitched heavily in the water. The uneasiness of the skipper, which is generally the index of danger to the crew, evidently increased. We still worked away with energy and determination. Everything was dark and gloomy around; we could not see one another's faces. A thick, drizzly rain, intermingled with Scotch mist and sea-spray, scudded past us. Ever and anon we shipped a heavy sea; we could hardly breathe, and

seemed working and treading in an undiluted mass of water. The leak still gained upon us, although all hands were at the pump. At length the ship pitched so heavily that we expected every moment she would go down head-foremost. In order to be prepared for such an emergency, the word was now given to unlash and clear the boats. We also threw the guns and every portable article into the sea; the masts were cut by the board, and so strong was the wind, that spars and all were carried off clear, without loss of life. We now lay a perfect wreck on the waters, rolling and pitching about whithersoever the wind and tide chose to hurry us. The sea was likewise on the increase. The skipper seemed evidently determined to stick to the ship, and I verily believe had made up his mind to go down with her; he was as pale as death, but his brow was fixed and corrugated. Be that as it may, the "L.E.L." after encountering a larger than ordinary sea, pitched head-foremost, and went down. The skipper went down with her. A portion of the crew got into the long-boat, and got clear of the wreck, but afterwards sank. Myself, Lanky Kentuck, and Jupiter escaped in the gig; but a sorry escape it was, as we were in a small,

open boat, in the midst of a raging sea, threatening every moment to devour us with insatiable jaws. We were tossed about like a feather, and ever and anon a rough sea broke right over us. Two of us were constantly engaged in baling out the water, and the other had the greatest difficulty in keeping her before the wind, for, if she had missed stays, if I may so express it, we should inevitably have been swamped. In this dreadful emergency, I must say, Lanky Kentuck behaved with unexpected mettle; it should, however, be observed that he was compelled so to behave: he was tied to the stake, and *could* not flinch.

Day dawned heavily upon us, and still found us struggling in the midst of the illimitable ocean, nothing to be seen but one wide expanse of troubled waves. The wind had abated, and the mist had, in some measure, cleared away; in other respects, our prospects were not improved. We were tired, worn out, and hungry, yet we were still obliged to labour on, and our task in baling out the water seemed almost as endless as the task imposed by Kent on Satan, that of emptying the ocean with a sieve. We had no compass, so that we knew not to what point of

the horizon we were drifting. We could give a shrewd guess at the time of day by the position of the sun in the heavens, and that was all we *could* tell. We were wandering blindfold, at the wild will of the winds and waves. Death stared and hissed at us over every wave, and as we descended from the summit of some watery mountain into the trough of the sea, we fully expected we were going down into our graves. Every moment, too, we expected that we should be swamped, for ever and anon a wave broke over us, and we were for a moment or two completely engulfed. About mid-day the sea grew more calm, and it was high time, for our bodies were thoroughly worn out and exhausted by our privations and unintermitting exertions. We now lay to, and allowed our boat to drift on at her leisure. Night again overtook us in the midst of the boundless waste. The moon and stars shone brightly in a cloudless sky, and the gentle waves sparkled and glittered like diamonds and pearls. We now took the watch in turn, during which the others slept, if they could. For my part, when it came to my turn to rest, I threw myself at my full length at the bottom of the boat, and, notwithstanding that my body was half covered with water, I slept as sound as a top. I



awoke, however, as hungry as a hunter; I verily believe I should at that ravenous epoch have made no bones of the sirloin of a donkey. We had, however, nothing to eat, not even a stray biscuit. Lanky Kentuck seemed ready to devour the iron bolts, and he often eyed me with a particular ogre-like expression of physiognomy; and I verily believe, at that meagre gullet-pinching epoch, he would no more have minded taking a slice out of my midriff, than he of would bolting a Severn shrimp. "Blood" was written in legible characters on his forehead, and he champed his teeth, and foamed at the mouth, like a mad dog. Jupiter bore his misfortunes like a hero, I may say like his namesake, the god. "Massa Vrank" said he, "dis be berry stiff work, no biscates, no salt pork, no grog, no no-think! Berry hard dis, Massa Vrank; but neber mind dat, what be, must be, no help vor dat!" Then he would fold his arms on his breast, and sit down in the bottom of the boat, and look as grave as a judge or a philosopher.

Day again broke, passed onwards, and night once more shrouded us and our agonies in her not unwelcome gloom. I say agonies, for our throats seemed on fire, and our whole bodies racked with intolerable

pains. Vainly did we shift our position continually, lye first on the right side, then on the left, stand up and sit down alternately, and try all sorts of expedients to obtain a moment's ease. We could not alleviate our misery a jot, nay, it was obviously on the increase every minute. What was to be the end of all this, madness or death?

We survived the night, and day found us more dead than alive. Our boat scudded along with increased velocity. We were obviously slid into a strong current, but where it would carry us we knew not. We were quite powerless in its hands—a mere toy in the hands of a giant. It might carry us out still farther into the ocean, or it might bear us to some barren uninhabited land, or dash us to atoms on some spear-armed coral reef. Wherever it might urge us, we must of necessity go. We had no other alternative: so we resigned ourselves, like philosophers, to the inevitable coming event.

Several circumstances passed under our notice, which induced us to believe that we were approaching land. Birds, never seen far at sea, flew past us with vigorous wing, and pieces of drift wood knocked repeatedly against the sides of our tiny craft. We also heard a

roaring, as of breakers ~~in~~ the distance. The current, too, obviously increased in velocity. We now glided on swift, and as uncurbed as a runaway Childers; nay, so exceedingly rapid did we fly along, that, whatever we struck against, must either be dashed, or dash us to pieces. It was rather a cataract than a current in which we were involved. It was useless for us to ship our oars, or to attempt to work our craft; she kicked up her heels, and laughed us to scorn at every abortive trial. We then sat down and resigned ourselves to our approaching fate, whatever that might be, whether of deliverance or destruction. We were still flying onwards, when Jupiter suddenly erected his ears, and, pointing with his chin, exclaimed, "By gorra! Massa Vrank, what that dere?"

I looked in the direction so pointed out, and saw a long line of breakers a-head, splashing, flashing, and thundering a continued peal of terrific thunder. To this terrible vortex we were hastening, as it were, on the wings of the lightning. The uproar every moment increased; we were absolutely deafened with the wild commotion. The mad waters dashed against the iron barrier with madder clangour, wheeling and seething about in a thousand eddies, and sending upwards a

dense cloud of mist and vapour, through which the sunbeams vainly attempted to penetrate: it was as thick and as dense, and rolled about in huge volumes, like the smoke of a bombarded city. On we sped into the very heart of this tabernacle of thunderings, this pillar of impervious gloom. Our slender bark, like a feather, was whirled about, sometimes here, sometimes there, but yet miraculously, as it were, escaped swamping. Her very lightness carried her over dangers which would have dashed a three-decker to atoms. Whirling, prancing, and cutting divers curious caprioles and harlequinades, our mettlesome sea-steed bore us onwards, and at length shaking her feathers, like a wild swan after a dive, bore us through the three-piled danger into calm water beyond.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## PROCEEDINGS ON SHORE.

WE landed on a low, swampy tongue of land, entirely devoid of vegetation, with the exception of a few straggling gigantic rushes. Nothing was to be seen but a wide expanse of level country, apparently an unreclaimed bog. No hut or living creature was to be seen; all was unbroken desolation. We were now absolutely dying with hunger, yet we could see nothing eatable. It is true we attempted, in our indiscriminating extremity, to masticate even the rushes, but they were so bitter and tough, that we were obliged to give up the hopeless attempt in despair. Again I thought Lanky Kentuck eyed me as though he longed for a bite out of my shoulder, and I most certainly kept a wary watch upon him, lest he should carry his good intentions into effect. In fact, we were all of us got into such a furor of hunger, that I verily believe we should have made no bones of an Hottentot of a hundred years old, and should, moreover, have

thanked our stars for throwing such a pungent morsel in our way. We kept crossing about here and there among the rushes and mud in search of something which might stand the masticatory process, and not without partial success, for we found what was literally a "stinking dog-fish;" however, those were days not to be over-nice in our prandial operations, so we hauled the venerable sea boatswain on board, and sat down to discuss him with right good will.

Before, however, we commenced, Jupiter arose to his feet, and delivered himself of the following pregnant proposition:—

["Massa Vrank and Massa Lanty Kentuck, the goodness of Him up dere (pointing to the sky with his chin) have drown afore us dat dere vish; if we eatee dat dere vish as mocha as we could, we should get into one big fever and die; let us, derefore, cast lots, and choose one captain, to which the oders must submit; den dat dere captain must partee de fish here-away, there-away, mocha littel pieces, so dat it may last, and so dat it may not killee."

We saw the wisdom of this proposal, and willingly assented to it, and, on casting lots, the office of captain fell to me. Now Jupiter had a flaming crimson hand-

kerchief, speckled with large yellow spots: this he fastened turban shape, and put upon my head. "Dat dere hankisher," said he, "be de token or de badgee of your ausority; now, Massa Vrank, cottee de vish."

Old Capstan would have laughed, and my father would most probably have cried, if either of them could have seen me gravely seated on a large rugged stone apportioning our savoury meal. I cut out three not over large slices, handed two to my companions, and reserved the other for myself. Lanky Kentuck fell to like a starved hound, and gobbled up his allowance instantaneously. Jupiter and myself, however, were more wise. We tore off very little bits, and chewed it, and twisted it about in our mouths, and made as much fuss as if they had been choke full of the most savoury hunches of venison. In fact, we were as long in finishing our ounce of fish, as though a pound of the choicest edibles had been undergoing the progress of deglutition.

"Is that there all we be a-guain to ha'?" inquired Kentuck, sulkily.

"It is," said I, laconically, but decidedly.

"Then, all I have got to say is, that it is tarnation hard!"

"You have placed me in authority," said I, haughtily ;  
"I shall do what I conceive best for the common good ;  
I shall allow no grumbling."

Here Jupiter sidled up to me, evidently to back me up. Lanky saw it was useless to be obstreperous, so he gave in at once, but with a very ill grace.

Up to the present time we had seen no human being, or the vestige of one, on the inhospitable shore on which we had been so unceremoniously thrown, neither did we know whether we were on a continent or an island. The climate was, however, as hot as a furnace, and the sun shone down upon us with blistering intensity. His beams likewise acting on the swamps and bogs amid which we were thrown, caused large clouds of steam and vapour to arise, which overspread the heavens with a black, mephitic curtain. We might almost be said to be in a cauldron nearly at boiling heat, and we experienced great difficulty in breathing. At night, on the other hand, it was cold and chilly, and we were glad to crouch closely together under a stunted mango bush to keep ourselves warm. It was plain we were in the very focus of fever, and we determined to leave the pestiferous spot. We were now tolerably refreshed, and the dog-fish meals,



however scanty and unsavoury, had obviously agreed with us. We determined, therefore, to paddle along the shore, and, if possible, find better quarters.

Luckily, for us, we had preserved a pair of oars, and the waters inside the reef being calm and placid, we found no difficulty in moving our tiny craft along. She was a beautiful little punt, slender and graceful, and cut through the waters like an arrow. It is perfectly inconceivable, except to those who have been similarly situated, how dear that little gliding beauty became, and she was deservedly so, for without her what could we do? must we not miserably perish? She was our hope, our only stay, our all in all.

For several days we paddled along the shore. Sometimes the waters were so shallow that we were obliged to propel our punt through the slime and mud. Our labours were excessive, and, in addition, our dog-fish began to grow "small by degrees;" but, alas! not to us "beautifully less." Up to the present time, I had apportioned about half a pound to each man per diem, but now I saw that we must no longer indulge in such extravagance, and at one fell swoop diminished our ration one-half. Jupiter willingly and cheerfully acquiesced in the alteration, but Lanky Kentuck did

not. He grumbled and growled like a flayed rhinoceros, and looked as sulky as a starved bear. I also observed that he eyed our reserve of fish with a peculiar greedy, goul-like expression of countenance, and I determined to keep a watchful eye upon his proceedings, and luckily it was I did so, for as soon as my back was turned, and Jupiter otherwise engaged, he stole gently to our store, and was in the act of appropriating a treble allowance, when I sprang upon him as he was in the very act, and pinioned his arms tightly to his side. Jupiter, at my summons, now came to the scene of action, and, after a brief consultation, we determined to inflict the bastinado on the culprit, so, tripping up his heels, we gave him one hundred blows on the soles of his feet, notwithstanding his curses and vociferations.

After this summary punishment, Lanky stood more on his good behaviour. He never, however, acted sociably with us, but generally sat sulking in some corner apart. He would willingly have tried conclusions, but, as I said before, he was a bit of a craven, and obviously mounted the white feather; but if he had been as brave as a lion and as strong as a horse, we should have quickly repressed any attempt

at mutiny, for Jupiter was equalled by few in bone and muscle, and myself in quickness and skill.

We still paddled onwards without improved prospects. I was again obliged to diminish our daily ration to about an ounce and a half. We were growing momentarily weaker and more attenuated: we could hardly crawl along; a dysentery likewise tore us to pieces; our eyes sunk in our heads, and our faces turned to a sickly yellow. We were nothing but skin and bone. Our legs began to swell, our voices turned harsh and guttural, our throats parched and dry, our blood smarted in our veins as though turned to nettles, our feet seemed huge lumps of heavy ice, our minds began to get confused, we seemed wandering in a dream, we had, in fact, reached the *ne plus ultra* of suffering.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## AN AGREEABLE CHANGE.

ONE day, about twelve o'clock, we sat down to our last meal of dog-fish. We had arrived at the end of our tether; henceforth we must turn cameleons and live on air. What to do we could not tell. We had built up a wall of despair around us, whose frowning battlements we could not overleap.

I distributed, with a tremulous hand, the last dregs of our store. "Comrades," said I, "that is the last morsel, not an atom left!"

"Our fate be tarnation hard," said Kentuck; "and I think it almighty hard to be starved like this here! Cuss it all!"

"Cuss not at all, Massa Lantee," said Jupiter; "put your trust up dere," pointing to the sky with his chin.

"And what use is that ere," said Kentuck, "when he up there never takes heed at all? you may bawl to him from morning till night, but not a tarnal good comes o' it!"

"Ah, Massa Kentuck, you be mocha bad, very mocha. Look dere."

I looked in the direction pointed out, and saw a brilliant gleam of sunshine break through a bank of thick, heavy, black clouds. The clouds on each side were like embattled walls brilliantly illuminated. It shone for a moment and then vanished.

"Dere," said Jupiter, "what think ee of dat dere? Worra not dat the eye of Him up dere? worra it not, I say? Who will say to the contrar'? Eh?"

I know not why, but the gleam of sunshine and the remark of Jupiter had an instantaneous and favourable effect on my mind. I looked on things with a more confident eye, and a gleam of hope, that we might yet emerge from all our difficulties, shot across my mind. I also noticed that our little punt was moving forward, by some mysterious means, very rapidly and of her own accord. I was a long time ere I could account for this singular phenomenon. At length I noticed that the swampy lagoons were giving place to deep clear water, and that a current flowed out right a-head. Into this current we had slid, and were now borne along by it. We still had sufficient strength left to enable us to steer our tiny craft, and we rattled

on with increasing velocity. The flat, monotonous, level shore, now broke into abrupt hills, intersected by deep ravines, overran with gigantic mango bushes and coarse, long grass. We now saw directly before us a lofty iron-bound cliff, about a mile in extent, broken into an abrupt precipice. To the very centre of this precipice our punt was urged with irresistible force. We could see no opening, and it seemed as though the current was impelling us against the face of the rocks, and that with such impetuosity, that we must inevitably be dashed to pieces. Presently, however, we saw a narrow opening or chasm, through which the waters flowed with much noise and uproar. Our utmost efforts were now directed to keep our punt in the middle of the current, for if we swerved in the slightest degree to the right or the left we must be dashed to pieces. Nearer and nearer we were urged, and it was extremely doubtful whether we could weather the lee side of the opening, which was a huge rock, ragged and splintered, and would stave in our sides like an egg-shell, if we were unlucky enough to be impelled against it. With the energy of despair, we strove to urge our punt into the centre of the current, and, like a little beauty as she was, she shook her feathers, and seconded

our efforts with right good-will. Still we were so weak that we could scarcely gain a point, and apparently we were being driven right on the menacing rock. And now came the inevitable moment: it seemed to us as though we were lost, and all hands gave a final and last pull; and, oh joy! it was successful. We cleared the jagged point, but so very narrowly, that the side of our little punt rasped against it with an audible noise.

For at least half a mile we were swept rapidly onwards, the straits sometimes widening, sometimes contracting, the cliffs still towering to a considerable height on our right hand and on our left. We then entered a spacious bay, the waters placid and smooth as a mirror. We cast our tiny anchor in a beautiful little cove. Mango bushes stole down close to the edge of the waters, intermingled with large yellow roses, and entwined with clematis and gigantic convulvi. It was a perfect wilderness of aromatic flowers of the choicest beauty. In the waters of the bay shoals of fishes glided about hither and thither, and; compared with our late place of location, it was an absolute paradise.

We drew up our punt on land, and fastened it to

what seemed a large rough log of wood. We were greatly surprised to see the heavy-looking object slowly uncoil itself and arise a veritable unweeping crocodile. It was an unmistakable monster of almost immeasurable length, and prodigious thickness, incased in large plates of impenetrable armour. Its jaws, which it opened and shut with loud and reiterated claps, were as wide as moderate-sized barn-doors, and garnished with teeth, long and strong as the teeth of harrows. This unmistakable beauty, angry at being disturbed in his nap, made at us with trenchant strides. It was useless to show fight to such an invulnerable opponent, so we took to our heels, helter-skelter, with blind precipitancy. As long as we fled in a straight line the monster gained upon us; we consequently adopted the doubling system, and so distanced him, but very barely. He was one time so near me in particular, that I had serious thoughts of mounting on his back, in imitation of the renowned Waterton on the cayman, and was only deterred by the ridicule I should incur by performing such a ludicrous feat. We at length escaped out of his clutches, out of breath, and fairly exhausted.



"If this ere be-ant a rum go," said Kentuck, "I am almighty much out in my reckoning."

"Who, Massa Vrank," observed Jupiter, "would ha' sought dat dat big tree would ha' runnee ater us like dat? It be sartain sure very hodd dat dere."

"We must mind our p's and our q's for the future," said I.

"Berry sure of dat," said Jupiter. "Sould not like to be eatee, eatee by a big tree like dat dere."

"Talking about eating," said Kentuck, "I be tarnation hungry; there be fishes in that ere creek; we can catch them by dozens."

The suggestion of Lanky was so reasonable that we set-to to serious fishing, and speedily caught a good substantial dinner. We then sat down under a mango bush, and entered upon our primitive repast—raw fish and water. Jupiter and myself eat in moderation, but Lanky bolted it wholesale. The consequence was that he was seized with intolerable pains. He threw himself on the ground, roaring like a mad bull, and twisted his long visage into such grotesque combinations, that Jupiter and myself

could not help bursting into reiterated peals of laughter.

We abode in this agreeable nook for about a fortnight, feasting on fish without limit. We again grew agile and strong, and Jupiter and myself plump and fat. We were, however, astonished to see that, although Kentuck eat as much as both of us put together, he still continued thin and cadaverous. Good feeding seemed not to take the least effect upon him ; he still remained a long ruckle of bone and sinews. "It is berry hodd," observed Jupiter, "dat dat dere Lanty eatee, eatee, eatee, eatee all day long, yet him neber det fat ; berry hodd, Massa Vrank. Him can't masticate—him can't didest—him hab no yentrals, dat is berry plain, berry plain indeed dat dere."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A STRAY DAMSEL.

AFTER completely re-establishing ourselves and careening our little punt, we one fine morning left our pleasant nook, and rowed leisurely along the shore. The breeze swept by us with a gentle murmur, the placid waves stole gently to the shore, and our cut-water clove the yielding waters, which swept by in a long line of sparkling foam-bells. Our bellies were full of food, our minds full of pleasant fancies, and we lolled and sang to our hearts' content. The fishes, too, below seemed full of frolic, and gambolled and sported about like mad things; nor were the birds in the mango bushes silent, or those on the wing idle—the one were crotcheting and quavering in a universal descant, and the others wheeling and galloping about in a thousand complicated evolutions.

“This be berry nice, Massa Vrank—berry nice, be-ant it?” said Jupiter.

"Glorious!" said I—"unique!"

"Do-ant exacerly know what de uneat may be, but not mocha doubt it be that ere."

"Tarnation me!" said Kentuck, "if I see any great shakes to brag on; if, now, we had a gallon of Ohio whiskey, it *would* be an almighty brag!"

"Never contented, Lanky," said I: "if you had the whiskey you would crave for something more."

"In course I should," said Lanky. "Keep moving, be the motto of a Kentucky lad; we should be fools to stand still. If the Nation had not kept moving, we should never have gained Texas, and California, and the far West. No, no, give me a gallon of Ohio whiskey, and then a rosy-cheeked Ohio gal. Yes, to be sure, that be the way to go it—keep moving."

All the time Lanky was making this speech he was lying flat on his back in the bottom of the boat, with his legs thrown over one of the thwarts, and, of course, his heels much higher than his head.

"Now," continued Lanky, "you Englishers think yourselves somebody, and so you particklary be when pared with other nations, but nobody when pared with us."

"You forget, Lanky," said I, "the raid of Ross and the sack of Washington."

"And New Orleans, I s'pose," said Lanky, squirting a jet of saliva in the air.

My reply was prevented by our little punt gliding athwart the mouth of a magnificent river, the waters of which were so still that we could with little difficulty make way against it. The shores were literally covered with intermingled flowers and flowering shrubs, which swept down, and even dipped into the current. Those flowers were of the most gorgeous beauty, grown to a size inconceivable to a European, and of every imaginable species. The country was broken into gentle hills and secluded dells, absolutely choked and overwhelmed with the most beautiful flowers. Never did I even dream of seeing such a paradise of sweets. Milton himself could not have imagined such an Eden; it was far beyond the reach even of his almost-boundless imagination. And what amazed beyond measure was this, that every species of flowers were in blossom at the same time. It was a perpetual spring ever blending into summer. The rose, the violet, the eglantine, the lily, mingled with the more gorgeous flowers of Africa and the antipodes,

and all united to form one perennial—one eternal garland. Birds, too, of every species, and belonging to every region, hopped and carolled in the branches of the spicy shrubs, from the gaudy flamingo to the homely-apparelled nightingale, and the breezes swept by, loaded with a profusion of odours, ever breathing forth an *Æolian* melody.

“This *is* beautiful!” exclaimed I.

“Pretty much considerably so,” said Kentuck, “but you should see the Ohio banks—that there be the part for my money.”

“Beat dis, Massa Lanty?” demanded Jupiter.

“Beat this! beat this! pretty much, I should calculate,” replied Kentuck.

“Can’t swallow dat dere,” said Jupiter.

Kentuck was about to reply, when a beautiful girl peeped timidly forth from a bower of moss roses. She might be about eighteen years of age, and exquisitely formed. Her beauty, too, was unique. Her cheeks were overspread with a universal blush, delicate as the bloom of the wild rose, and her bosom as white as the lily. She gazed upon us with a startled look as we approached her. Her eyes were blue as the purest summer skies, and her light-brown

locks fell in natural curls on her Hebe-like forehead; one or two even lovingly embraced her beautifully-chiselled shoulders. On her head she wore a species of coronal, formed of intermingled roses of every colour, and a girdle of violets and eglantine clasped her waist. She wore armlets and bracelets of prim-roses and snowdrops interlaced alternately, and a necklace of myrtle and jasmine, which fell around her in graceful festoons. A garment formed of the blossoms of every species of flower, worked into a succession of rosettes, a proper regard being displayed to the due effect of light and shade, fell from the waist to the knee, so that she moved and breathed in sweets, she herself being the sweetest flower of all. I said before that when we first saw her she was in a brake of moss roses. From this brake there emerged three passages, cut in devious windings through the rose-trees. The pathways were profusely gemmed with myriads of daisies and dandelions. Our object was to intercept the maiden, and for this purpose each of us stationed himself in the entrance of an outlet. We then gradually closed up. The damsel, who at first appeared startled and inclined to fly, now calmly surveyed each of us in

succession, and then slowly and majestically walked towards me. She came close to me, placed her hand upon her forehead, then on mine, three times in succession, repeating the following words, "Kia se lola leta mi Lilia." When she repeated the word "Lilia," she invariably pointed to herself; from which we concluded her name to be "Lilia," which we afterwards found to be the case. In order to assure her of our amity, I took her fair hand in mine, kissed it, and then placed my own on her forehead, and on my own, three times in succession. Jupiter and Kentuck approached to go through the same ceremony, but she would only accord one forehead touch to each. We afterwards found she had given me the salutation due to a chieftain; to my comrades, those generally bestowed on dependents.

After the ceremony of introduction was concluded, she invited me by signs to accompany her farther up the dell. I accordingly walked by her side, she placing the tips of her fingers on my shoulder as I walked along. Jupiter and Lanky followed behind, keeping at a most respectful distance. I could hold no converse with my charming companion except by signs. She was, however, continually pointing out to me some



beautiful bower, some delightful recess, in this wilderness of sweets. The glens, the hills, the valleys, were perfectly overspread with them—nothing but one wide, undulating ocean of unfading flowers. We seemed to have dropped suddenly into a land of glamour, and our fair conductress might be taken for the wonder-working enchantress who had conjured up all those astonishing creations to view.

I still walked on by the side of Lilia, the tips of her rosy fingers resting on my shoulder. I could not, for the life of me, help now and then furtively gazing upon her; neither could I sufficiently admire her, she was so elastic and perfectly graceful in all her movements. I could have gazed for ever on that beautiful girl, neither could I have wished for a worthier occupation. At length we arrived at a narrower passage, formed of eglantine, interlaced at top, and drooping down in wild, natural festoons: anon we entered a somewhat wider avenue, formed of jasmine, and then one wider still of mingled sweetbriar and clematis; then we emerged into a wide area, overspread with dwarf roses, china-asters, mignonette, and heather; and at the farther extremity of this area we saw what appeared at first a gigantic harbour, but which we

afterwards found to be the dwelling of Lilia and her parents.

How shall I describe this flower dwelling, I, who was ever a prose plodder from my youth? Moore might describe it, but I confess I shall boggle sadly; but yet I must try. In the first place, then, an arcade, formed of myrtle, passed through it from north to south, but not in a straight line, and from this arcade divers apartments or arbours opened. Each apartment was formed of a different species of flower or shrub: there was the rose, the lilac, the eglantine, the arbutus, the syringa, and, in fact, apartments of every species of flower or shrub known to man. But the grand central chamber was the great object of attraction. Its walls were composed of every known species of flowers or shrubs, formed either in separate layers or panels, each layer or panel being formed of one species. It was a truly gorgeous chamber, surpassing even the fabled splendour of the Arabian Nights in its unique magnificence. In its centre, a grand fountain threw crystal jets high in air, and the sunbeams admitted aslant, through orifices purposely left, the raptured eye viewed, as through a magnificent prism, an infinity of resplendent rainbows, ever varying, ever graceful,

like the images of a kaleidoscope. I could not help laughing at the grotesque manner in which Lanky and Jupiter showed their admiration. Jupiter opened his eyes to their fullest extent, so that they shone through the black casket in which they were incased like a brace of fire-balls ; and Kentuck twisted his long visage into a thousand absurd contortions, ever and anon squirting out a jet of saliva. After passing through this chamber of chambers, Lilia conducted us through a long laburnam arcade, and entered a sober, though stately, apartment, formed of intermingled myrtle and ivy ; and in this apartment, seated on a natural divan of thyme and heather, we saw two personages, a male and female, far advanced in life, whom we afterwards found to be the father and mother of our fair conductress.

They were dressed precisely in the same style as Lilia, the only difference being that their waistcloth was formed of flowers of more sombre hue. We soon ascertained that Ivias was the name of the father, Jasminis the name of the mother. Ivias wore long hair, white as the driven snow, descending even to his girdle ; Jasminis had her locks braided, and almost hidden in a circlet of dark purple jasmine flowers.

Lilia tripped up to her parents, and placed her hand six times alternately to her own and the forehead of each of her parents, and this ceremony they reciprocated. She then, in clear musical accents, addressed a short speech to them, which, as she occasionally pointed in our direction, we concluded to relate to us. When she had finished, they all three arose, and beckoned us to follow them, which we did into a room obviously set out for refreshment.

This chamber was formed of dwarf palm-trees, and a shrub which we may call the "bread-and-butter shrub." It was profusely covered with balls, about the size of a racket-ball, of a bright golden colour, which balls were the flower blossoms of the shrub. At the upper end of the chamber a gentle cascade of clear crystal water fell into a basin formed of green turf, gemmed with daisies and white violets. A little in advance of this fountain several rose-leave plates and platters were laid out on the emerald turf; the platters filled with water from the adjacent fountain, the plates with the blossoms of the "bread-and-butter shrub." Our host motioned us to sit down, and then invited us to eat and drink. I could not help admiring the grotesque, though would-be solemn, looks of Ken-

tuck and Jupiter. "A rum go this," whispered Kentucky. "A berry moche queer dinner dis," replied Jupiter, "dem flowers and dis water." "I wish I wor in old Kentucky again," sighed Lanky, with a ludicrous longitude of countenance; "who could have thought it would ever have come to this?—flowers and water !| tarnation seize sich aitable! almighty much worser nor dog-fish!"

While my companions were thus grumbling, I had tasted one of the flower-balls, and found it absolutely delicious. I eat another, and another, and yet another.

"By the hookey," said Lanky, "if the governor be-ant almighty strong on that ere flower grub—I'll try and mastercate some myself;" so saying, he fell to, and, like me, liked it exceedingly. Jupiter then chimed in, and we most assuredly made a hearty dinner.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE FLOWER ISLANDERS.

I COULD not but admire the novel singularities of the people among whom I had been so suddenly cast. Their houses were formed of flowers, their dresses of the same beautiful materials, and they lived upon flowers. Everything they did took its hues from those graceful ideals of beauty, those gems of the universe. Mild, joyous, and innocent, they dwelt amid the bright scenes of their lovely land in sweet repose and unbridled happiness. The fabled legends of Arcadia were realised in their ever-blooming hills and valleys.

They worshipped one Supreme Being, and they worshipped him in the woods and groves, not in temples wrought by human hands. The blue vault of heaven was their canopy, the songs of the birds and the melodious breezes their choral accompaniments. They had groves expressly set apart for the worship of the Deity, trained into wide and majestic avenues, solemn and

stately as the aisles of a Gothic cathedral. All those aisles terminated in a large oblong area, open to the sky, in the very centre of the grove. The lofty palm, oak, beech, and cedar, here intermingled their branches, which were hung with votive offerings of flowers of every known kind. The effect was grand and stately, nay, even magnificent; and when thousands of assembled worshippers pealed forth the hymn of praise or thanksgiving, it was sublime. If ever the notes of adoration or supplication ascended to the throne of the Deity, it must have been from such a temple as this. I often heard such universal hymn ascend in after days, and I never heard anything human comparable to it. It was a majestic harmony, perfectly heavenly.

The island was divided into districts, and the oldest inhabitant in each district acted as priest. He bound the votive offerings to the branches of the trees, and offered prayers and supplications for the people. Flowers were the only offerings made to the Deity, and such offerings formed the staple of their religious ceremonies. Marriages were celebrated by the simple interchange of myrtle sprigs, and on such occasions the priest bound a myrtle garland, intermingled with roses, to a pendent branch of a strawberry or haw-

thorn-tree, and uttered a short prayer for the happiness of the bride and bridegroom. The whole assembly then accompanied them home, chanting and singing an epithalamium, at the end of every strophe waving garlands of flowers in the air. The sight was pleasing in the extreme, and the dying falls and gradual swellings of the choral chant sweetly melodious. I could have viewed the delightful scene and listened to the entrancing chant for ever. Not so that confounded old marplot, Lanky; he, on this, as on every other subject, was continually making odious comparisons with Kentucky. "That ere splicing, and that ere salm-singing be right slick away; but you should hear bluff Bill and his da-ter Margery; that be singing. Oh, my! yes! slap-bang, and beyond." Thus would the crusty mule keep maundering, till I was sometimes tempted to crack his skull like an eggshell. Jupiter, on the contrary, would get into absolute ecstasies. He would grin till his mouth was elongated from ear to ear, roll his eyes about, clap his hands, and cut such a variety of out-of-the-way capers that I, on more than one occasion, absolutely thought his wits were gone wool-gathering.

The Flower islanders did not believe in a future



state of existence. They believed that the universe was one great and incomprehensible Being, composed of matter and spirit, and that every animated thing was a portion of this great First Cause, and that when death occurred, the component parts were restored to their original state—matter to matter, and spirit to spirit, and that individual identity was thus thoroughly eradicated. Neither old Kentuck or Jupiter could make head or tail of this curious doctrine. “It may be tarnation good,” Lanky would say, “but I’m blowed if I can make head or tail of it: old Joe Smith and his Mormon logic was far away better.” “All dis be mocha, mocha berry hodd,” chimed in Jupiter: “every ting one live big ting, eatee, eatee us hup when we die do; my head be berry thick, can’t see dat—no, no, can’t see dat.”

We had been in the island scarcely a week ere a marked improvement displayed itself in our personal appearance. We grew fresh and plump, and the water and flower diet, notwithstanding the antagonism of Kentuck, evidently agreed with us. The islanders, too, were unbounded in their kindness and hospitality; they could never do enough for us, and we began to think we had dropped into a complete Elysium.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## MORE ANENT LILIA.

OH, Winifred, Winifred! why did you act such an equivocal part in the matter of Bob Sinclair? If you had not thrown so much dust in my eyes, and swayed to and fro, like a restless pendulum as you were, the deplorable tale I shall have at no distant space to recount would never have been recorded in the annals of woe. Pique, and perhaps, in the end, a slice of a warmer feeling induced me to toy and flirt with Lilia, till she, poor girl, was so enveloped and entangled in the meshes of Cupid, that nothing but that grim, old murderous felon Death could release her from thralldom.

I was extremely fond of roaming alone and pondering on matters at home, and, of course, Winifred and Bob Sinclair were generally in the foreground, though sometimes old Capstan occupied that not-to-be-envied position. I often recalled to mind the old veteran's descriptions of the solitary islands and

mermaids of the ocean, and how my mind, from the earliest period, had been imbued and saturated, as it were, with the legends relating thereto. What had previously been only the phantasies of the imagination were now converted into realities. The Flower Island and Lilia equalled, if not surpassed, the most romantic pictures ever drawn by my teeming fancy. My mind had, by its previous training, been disposed to admit the wondrous sequences with facility, and the ideal graces of the visionary mermaiden had at once been transferred to the real Lilia. I, from the first, felt a kind of poetic love for her, a love cousin-german to the Platonic; but yet not Platonic, because the beauty of the person entered as much into my ardent conception as the beauty of the mind. She was to me as one of those lovely phantoms conjured up to the mind in early youth, just at the precise moment when the influence of female beauty first begins to exert its natural influence. It was, however, powerful enough to induce me, whether or no, to throw a certain unrestrained tenderness into my manner, and undisguised admiration into my looks, which Lilia, with true female tact and quickness, soon perceived. Deceived by those appear-

ances, she, from the first, abandoned her young, innocent heart to its new and delicious impulses.

It came to pass that Lilia and myself, whether designedly or not I will not say, met once or twice, even thrice, every day. We wandered in the glens, the dells and valleys, amid the trees and the flowers. Those walks were to me delicious—delicious, too, to my sweet companion. We could not as yet converse, but by signs made one another understand much, and we every day got greater adepts in this species of conversation; and I must here record that we seemed mutually to contrive that those signs should become more and more indicative of affection: the island custom of forehead touching was often repeated, and I introduced the English method of walking with interlaced arms, but she would only adopt this method when we were alone. There was a beautiful and secluded dell about a quarter of a mile from the Flower Palace; it was reached by a devious pathway wandering between bowers of jasmine. It was surrounded by sloping banks, on three sides covered with syringa, arbutus, and laburnam trees; the fourth side, forming the entrance, being much contracted. At the top of this dell there bubbled a

crystal fountain, which, welling over its emerald border, strayed in a mazy line a-down the centre, amid green cresses and water-lilies. A little to the right, on the eastern side of this delicious retreat, was a small plantation of bread-and-butter trees interspersed with their picturesque balls. Close to the fountain were two turf seats, overrun with primroses and violets. This lovely dell Lilia called her woodland parlour—her own sanctum, where no one dare to intrude without her express invitation. It, however, came to pass that scarcely a day passed but what I was her guest—her only guest. With interlaced arms we would leisurely walk up the jasmine pathway, stopping ever and anon to examine the opening buds of the flowers, or to listen to the merry carols of the birds. When we reached the dell we would gather in our baskets a few full-grown balls from the bread-and-butter trees, and fill our cups from the crystal fountain, and, sitting down on the turf seats, would enjoy with well-tempered rapture our rural banquet, chatting as well as we could, and sometimes uplifting our voices in song. It was, likewise, on those never-to-be-forgotten occasions that we taught one another our respective languages, amid much merriment at the

awkward blunders we were continually making. The first verb I taught her to conjugate was the verb "To love." It was too wicked of me to do this, but I wished to hear that sweet silver voice of hers to murmur forth "I love." I did hear it, and it fell like manna into the very core of my heart.

Poor Lilia! evanescent days of long-past happiness! Why do I now conjure you up? Why shatter my heart to fragments by opening up the vistas of memories which ought to be consigned to the waves of oblivion?

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## A LIAISON OF OLD KENTUCK.

IN a flower dwelling a little to the eastward of that of Lilia there abode the Princess Orchidia. She was about fifty years of age, short and obese, with a flat, broad face, and round, bullet head ; and, as far as personal proportions went, quite the reverse of Lanky ; yet from the first time those personages met a kind of sneaking kindness sprung up between them. Orchidia practised the forehead ceremony not less than six several times—a mark of distinction which Kentuck had by this time learned to appreciate, and, in consequence, he squirted out a huge jet of saliva, uttering at the same time, “almighty slick right there away.” The spitting and words Orchidia considered to be highly complimentary, and, in consequence, most graciously invited him into her sanctum. This invitation he accepted, and was escorted therein by his fair hostess having, according to custom, placed the tips of her right-hand fingers on his shoulder. Lanky,

in order, I presume, to cut a figure, strutted in in the most *outré* manner, throwing his head back, tossing his nostrils high in air, and splaying out his toes in such an extravagant manner that he more than once kicked the shins of the hapless princess. "Tarnation sorry," he would exclaim on such occasions, ducking his head ; "hopes you won't take that ere matter awry." The princess took those kickings in good part ; nay, I verily believe she considered them as marks of affection showered on her according to the custom of his country, and thus old Kentuck was unwittingly making love with his toes. On, therefore, they sped till they arrived at the upper end of the apartment, where a grand collation was spread, and many domestics assembled to do honour to the distinguished guest. Lanky was placed on the right hand of, and in close contiguity to, the princess ; and scarcely was he seated, ere he made an instantaneous and rapid attack on the viands before him, smacking his lips, and chewing away like a cayman. He neither looked to the right or to the left, but dashed away *con-amore*, heedless of all things, but making the most of the good things so profusely set before him. The princess looked on his masticatory process with ad-



miring eyes ; she doubtless thought he was displaying his gastronomic capabilities to do her honour, and thus had Kentuck, unawares to himself, wormed himself still further into the affections of Orchidia, and before he had finished his never-to-be-forgotten meal he had completely won her heart, and was the undoubted lord of her fortunes.

When he ceased to eat, he threw himself back in his seat, patted his stomach, and uttered a loud pech. "Blow'd," said he, "if that ere a'nt a good tuck out, I'm no Kentuckian." He then, in a hoarse, uproarious voice, sung "Yankee Doodle," at the end of every stave squirting out a jet of saliva. The Princess seemed in raptures with her boisterous inamorato, and expressed herself to that effect in her own language, of which Lanky knew not a word, but, nevertheless, kept nodding and winking in the most knowing manner all the time she was speaking. It chanced, however, that one sentence in her address very much resembled "cro-co-dil al-mi tic." "Madam," replied he, "if you are after bouncing about a big crocodile, Kentucky can beat you all to sticks in that there harticle. I was once chased by a tarnation big un sixty yards long; he ran full butt at me with open

mouth; I was fairly inside his jaws—how did I get out, madam? Ah! you be there, be you? Well, then, ma'am, I had in my right hand an almighty strong hickory staff six feet long; what should I do, ma'am, but puts that there staff perpendicular right slick away on his lower jaw, so that when that there big hanimal tried to shut his mouth he couldn't do it, but went plop, plop, plop! so I took that ere hopportunity, jumped out, and, turning round, sent a tarnation big bullet into his midriff." The princess, who understood not a single word that Kentuck had uttered, evidently, however, took it as highly complimentary to herself, and was so delighted, that she ordered her attendants to decorate him with a robe of honour, one of the highest distinctions she could confer, short of matrimony itself. A brace of pretty girls approached him and motioned him to rise, which he had no sooner done, than they enveloped him in a waistcloth of the most fantastic and gorgeous flowers. "Capital!" shouted Lanky; "if that ere aint main fine, blow me tight." He then sent forth a prodigious jet of saliva. The princess now gave another signal, and the maidens placed on his head a circlet of flowers. This, however, did not seem to please Lanky at all; he looked sheep-

ish, and fidgeted about, first on one leg then on the other. "Madam," said he, "this be too much of a muchness; I didn't bargain for this here fool's-cap; 'spose next you will spank me out in bells! much bleegeed for your wittles and all that ere, but not for this ere fool's-cap. Good bwye t'ye, ma'am!" So saying, Lanky, in high dudgeon, shambled out of the sanctum.

It will be seen from this and other passages in this veritable history, that Lanky Kentuck was a prodigious romancist, in that respect a star of the first magnitude. The story of the crocodile, in particular, was redolent of Gulliverian appendages, and, as a first-rate liar, he might, undoubtedly, be considered as unique.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## MORE ANENT LILIA.

THE progress of Lilia in learning the English language was very great, and she, doubtless, had a great talent for acquiring languages. Living continually among flowers, and birds, and trees, her mind was beauty and grace personified, and stole its hues from the innocent and delightful things around her. If there was any deficiency in her mental configuration it was its want of strength. Like the odour-breathing eglantine, the support of extraneous objects was necessary to her very existence ; but then she clung around those props so closely, that to tear her away from them was annihilation. Her whole heart and soul was set upon one cast ; if that failed, the world and all its allurements were empty toys, nay, gloom and thick darkness. Alas ! I soon perceived that poor Lilia loved me too well. It is true, nothing could be more shy and delicate than her behaviour to me ; yet, whether or not, and doubtlessly unknown to herself, that love was perpetually

oozing out in a thousand little ways. Thus one day we were walking together, our conversation happened by some chance to relate to my far-distant home, and I had signified my intention at no distant date to return thither. Scarcely had I so expressed myself when I felt her arm, which was interlaced in mine, tremble convulsively, and, on looking at her, I saw that her face was as pale as death. On stopping and expressing my concern at her obvious illness, "Do not be alarmed," said she, "it is only a trifling spasm; I shall soon be better." Sweet Lilia! it was, indeed, a spasm, but a spasm which had fixed its roots in her heart, never, never to be eradicated.

I now began seriously to examine my own heart, and I found the image of my cousin Winifred enshrined there—there was no permanent place for Lilia. Honour, then, bade me absent myself from Lilia, and I did so, but the poor stricken deer could not forget me. She repaired to our old haunts, but she found me not. She wept, and she grew pale. What was I to do? What could I do? In civilized countries a thousand objects are perpetually in view, weaning the soul from the bitterest sorrow; not so in the Isle of Flowers—there were only the birds, the flowers, the trees, the

hills, the valleys; and all those things were inseparably connected with me; she had enjoyed them with me, and my companionship was wound up with them all. To say I felt sorrow for her, would be but a weak exposition of my feelings: my heart literally bled for her. I often saw her concealed behind the rose or eglantines looking after me when I wandered forth. She knew not that I saw her. On those occasions her eyes would be suffused with tears. She literally haunted my paths. I am well aware that such conduct in ladies would seem strange and sadly out of keeping in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, but poor Lilia knew nothing of the conventionalities of civilized life; she was the unsophisticated child of nature, and knew not how to conceal any feeling or passion implanted by that universal mother; and though her innate sense of delicacy would have taught her not to display her affection officiously or out of place, yet, as I said before, she knew not I was aware of her love-hidings, and her love oozed out in a thousand different ways. One day I unwittingly stumbled upon her as she was reclining on a bank of violets behind a rose-bush. I could not, without rudeness, avoid her. She looked at me with love-lighted, yet

sorrowfully reproachful, eyes I could not refrain from telling her how grief-struck she looked, and at the same time attempted the vain office of consolation. She uttered not a word, but resting her head on my shoulder, so as to conceal her countenance, sobbed convulsively, and then wept bitterly.

Would to God we had never met! There lay the head of that beautiful girl on my shoulder. Her tears fell fast, and I knew those tears fell on account of my unkindness. My spirit was sore tried: if I now gave way, I must make up my mind to stay in the Isle of Flowers, and to marry Lilia. It would be worse than cruelty not to do so under such circumstances; I therefore placed her gently on the violet seat, and, with tears streaming down my cheeks, abruptly left her presence.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## WE QUIT THE ISLE OF FLOWERS.

OUR punt was anchored in a little cove near the spot where we landed, and scarcely a day passed but during some period of which I went not down to pay her a visit. Scarcely knowing what I did when I left Lilia, I ran down to the boat, and, launching her, jumped in and paddled from shore. Jupiter was asleep in the bottom, and hardly had I rowed a boat's length from the shore ere Lanky Kentuck appeared in sight, making signs for me to stay and take him on board, which I very willingly did. He appeared much flurried and in great haste. "It be tarnation unkind of you," said he, "to shove off like this here, and take French leave like that there." These words recalled me to my senses. What I had hitherto done had been done mechanically. I certainly had no design to leave the island so very abruptly, but I found we had unwittingly got into an impetuous current which swept us seaward. Vainly did we strive to regain the shore ;



we were swept onward with irresistible fury. I cast a last look at the Isle of Flowers. Poor Lilia was on a rock by the seaside, gazing after us. Her elbows were resting on her knees, and her long, beautiful hair fell dishevelled around, and almost hid her countenance. She was thus gazing, when a turn of the coast hid her from view.

"If that aint a rum consarn, I'm a blessed sinner," said Kentuck.

"Mocha, mocha," said Jupiter, who had just awoke from his nap, and was sitting up in the boat, rubbing his eyes.

"That there princess," said Lanky, "wot wor in love wi' me will have the shine taken out of her when she knows I'm off."

"Worra is massa up to?" said Jupiter—"a-leaving that mocha perty gin behind him? Not like dat."

"Ask the current," said I, "for, whether we are willing or not, we must go."

"Almighty hard in the current," said Lanky.

"Berry mocha too bad," rejoined Jupiter.

The current carried us on with the greatest fury and impetuosity; we were as a foam-bell on its flake-covered mane. Sometimes we got into furious eddies

or whirlpools, which tossed and whirled us about in a thousand odd gyrations. Our little barque cut all kinds of curious capers, yet still bore us onward scathless. She was a prime little beauty, and skimmed over the dancing waves like a dolphin, and the Isle of Flowers, its picturesque hills and beautiful valleys were soon lost to view.

"The current," said I, "is manifestly bearing us out into the ocean."

"Tarnation ungenteel in the current!" exclaimed Lanky.

"Berry mocha so," chimed in Jupiter.

Ungenteel or not, we were carried with resistless force. We might as well attempt to bridle the whirlwind as to wear ship, or row out of the vortex. The day declined, and the night overshadowed all things, and yet our gallopade continued unabated. Lucky it was for us the winds slept quiescent; for, if they had bestirred themselves, and lashed the waves into fury, we must inevitably have been lost. At length, a little after midnight, our velocity diminished, and continued so to do till dawn, when our runaway steed stood motionless in the midst of an unmeasurable expanse of ocean.

Yes, this unaccountable and eccentric current had borne us in its mad arms, and placed us in a waste of waters, where, unless from the sun's position, we could not tell east from west, or north from south. We had no provisions—not an ounce of eatables, or a cruse of drinkables. We had to thank the precious current for the unenviable predicament in which we were placed. This was not the first time I had been played odd tricks by currents. One time a current of men, hastening onward to see a balloon ascent of Mrs. Graham, carried me, willy-nilly, and threw me headlong, like a piece of sea-tangle, into a water-butt, where I was within an ace of being drowned; another time, a current of Irish women, hastening with loud whoops and female clangour to take part in a skirmish between the Church-lane factions of O'Brallaghan and Shaughnessy, cast me, like a bundle of dirty linen, into an immense washing-tub, wherein I was soused repeatedly by the yelling washerwomen till half-drowned. But why conjure up all the mishaps I have sustained from currents? it will be amply sufficient, at least, for the present, to deal with that monster one which has hurried me so unceremoniously into the midst of the ocean.

When the sun arose, and his rays fell aslant on the waters, they glittered and shone like a golden mirror: the whole expanse of sky was a deep cerulean without a single cloud. The fire-chariot, unlike the often-dull leaden orb of our own variable climate, was an immense orb of fire, blazing forth with unmitigated lustre. About mid-day he was nearly vertical, and the zenith was red and ruddy, like the reflection thrown back by an immense conflagration. A few light, fleecy clouds also now, like careering birds, began to arise and float hither and thither above the horizon. The sea-birds too, with not unmusical clamour, wheeled around in the air, and the fishes played all sorts of merry antics in the waters. The scene was altogether enlivening and glorious, and, despite our precarious position, we could not help gazing upon it with admiration.

Night came, and the moon and the stars arose magnificently beautiful. The moon shone forth, a beautiful silver crescent floating in the sky amid a flood of light gossamer clouds, which added lustre to, instead of diminishing one tittle from, her softened beauty. The clouds, too, tinged more or less by her rays, resembled an infinity of floating rainbows.

Every star, likewise, as compared with our stars, was an absolute sun in magnitude and brilliancy—such a gorgeous sight I had never before seen.

“Bery perty dat dere,” said Jupiter, pointing to the sky with his chin.

“Grand, and beautifully sublime,” said I.

“A pot of Ohio beer and a leg of Susquehannah velvet-backed duck would be tarnation much finer, blow me,” growled Lanky.

“Him make him’s belly a fetisch,” chimed in Jupiter, “and den falls down and worships it.”

“You might as well say, Jupy, that he turned his back upon himself.”

“Him do dat dere for eatee and drinkee, massa.”

We then arranged that we should sleep and watch by turns, and thus passed the night.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## STILL AT SEA.

AT dawn a fresh breeze sprung up, yet not so as to lash the sea into fury. It was a gentle refreshing gale, just undulating the surface of the ocean, so that we rocked and swayed to and fro, as though in a cradle. The clouds, however, loomed heavily in the distance, but still we saw the sun at intervals; and luckily it was we did so, as it was the only means by which we knew how to steer our little punt. I invariably steered eastward, at least as far as I could do so with the imperfect means at my disposal; and this I could only guess at by noting the position of the sun in the heavens. By steering due east I thought we might reach the coast of Southern Africa. For another day and night we were tossed to and fro on the illimitable waste of waters, and we began to get ravenous with hunger as well as thirst. We looked knives and forks at the fishes which played beneath us and the wild fowl which flew over head,

but they played and flew on, and evidently laughed at us. The fowl knew we had no powder—the dolphins knew we had no fish-trap. It is true, old Kentuck leant over the sides of our punt now and then, and darted his immeasurable longitude of arm into the waters, thinking to grapple one of the finny multitude, but they jilted him with the greatest ease, and on one occasion Kentuck was very near being made food for fishes, instead of making food of fish ; for, making an extra lounge after a fat twait, he cap-siezd heels over head into the water, and went down to pay a visit to the coral caves of the ocean. The Lord knows how far he went down, but after a no-inconsiderable space he arose, blowing and sputtering like a grampus, and, ere we could lay hold of him, down he went to pay a second visit, as though some first-rate spread had thoroughly fascinated him. Again he rose, and, by good luck, Jupiter grasped hastily the hair of his caput and dragged him incontinently on board. For a long time he lay blowing and snorting in the bottom of the boat, uttering at intervals such exclamations as the following: “A tarnation go this”—“Right slick away”—“A puncheon of water in my yentrails”—“Oh! by the living jingo,

but this here bangs Ohio sprat-wallopping to an almighty nothink." He finished his objurgations by angrily demanding of Jupiter, "why he wor so mighty ungenteel as to drag him into that ere punt by the hair of the head?"

"Bleeged to do dat dere," said Jupiter, "oder-wis Massa Lanty would have drinkee too mocha wata; but as him seem to be so berry fond of dat dere drinkee, next time him gets in de wata him may drinkee, drinkee him bellee full,—Jupiter will not pull him's hair any more."

I could not help laughing at the impudence and *sangfroid* of Lanky, and the droll reply of Jupiter: both speeches were quite characteristic of the men.

A short time after this incident, I heard a tremendous clamour over-head, and, looking up to ascertain the cause, saw a large flock of petrels wheeling and careering about like mad. So confused and heterogeneous was the *malée*, that I was a long time ere I ascertained they were engaged in a battle-royal; and so intent were they on their amusement, that they apparently did not notice us till I had actually caught one of them in my right hand. They then flew away, whirring and screaming.



This bird proved a most seasonable relief to us, for we had tasted no food for upwards of forty-eight hours. Now old Kentuck was a famous hand at chance or hazard, and generally successful. No sooner did he see the petrel in my grasp than his eyes shone with greed, and he evidently wished to appropriate the prize to himself. "So ho!" said he, "that ere petrole will yield an almighty small lowance if flabbergastered in three parts; let us, then, cast lots, the winning oss to have the body, legs, and wings; the second-best, the yentrails; the last, the claws. Now in making this proposal Lanky had assured himself of success, so indoctrinated was he with his good star in those kind of matters. To this proposal, after some consideration, I agreed, Jupiter willingly coming into the plan. The matter was to be decided by the toss of a penny-piece: he who won the first three tosses to be the victor. Lanky won the first toss, and was proportionably elated thereby; the second toss was won by Jupiter, who opened his eyes, and grinned all over his face: the third toss was won by old Kentuck; the fourth by myself. The matter now became very exciting; one more successful toss and the "Merican" would be successful, and

I shall never forget how eagerly his eyes glistened and how his whole frame shook with greed; if the Bank of England had been the prize, he could not have evinced greater anxiety. I again whirled the penny-piece in air, it came down with a clink—Jupiter was successful; he now grinned more than ever, and the fidgets of Lanky were on the increase. Again I threw up the coin; this time I was the winner. Each of us now scored two, and the next toss *must* decide the matter. I, who had hitherto been quiescent, now began to feel an interest in the matter. We all now formed a circle—the penny is in the air—our heads are thrust forward as it whirls round—our eyes are opened to the fullest extent—down, down it goes. Hurra! hurra! I am the victor. Lanky, on this announcement, sat down malcontent in the bottom of the boat, looking as dour and sulky as a scalded bear. There was yet another toss to determine which of the unsuccessful candidates should possess the entrails, which was won by Jupiter. I now pulled my knife out of my pocket, and with the most deliberate and grave manner cut off the claws and threw them to Lanky; then drew the entrails, and cast them to Jupiter. “There, my brave fellows,” said I, “there is your

breakfast, dinner, and supper—all in one; eat, be merry, and especially be thankful.”

I soon plucked my bird, and quickly devoured a leg and a wing. I experienced the truth of the old adage, “That hunger is the best sauce,” for it tasted absolutely delicious. I then paused for a moment, to gaze upon the masticatory proceedings of my companions. Lanky took possession of his claws and tried to chew them, but they were so tough that they defied his utmost efforts. He strove to the uttermost to grind them, and twisted his odd visage about into a thousand grotesque combinations, but still it would not do. He then placed them in the bottom of the boat, and taking up a large stone, pounded them to a jelly, then mixed them up with a due proportion of water, moulded them into little balls, and bolted them whole. Jupiter made no bones of his gizzard and other condiments, and looked round for more. Lanky, too, devoured my provender with the tail of his eye. I plainly saw that the appetites of the twain were only sharpened by the small modicums they had eaten, and as I was never (I must say that of myself) of a selfish disposition, I threw to Jupiter the other leg, and to Kentuck the

other wing, which they crunched, bones and all, like a brace of bull-dogs.

Refreshed by the food we had eaten, and cheered by the calmness of the ocean, and the gentle winnowing of the breezes, we lifted up our voices and sung a merry stave—we strove to drive away the future as well as the past. Jupiter's voice was as hoarse and as unmusical as a cracked brass kettle, Lanky's like the howl of a half-starved wolf, and, for my part, although I strove to sing to the very top of my bent, I could not do so, for the grotesque cadences of the twain so tickled my cachinatory processes, that, willy-nilly, it drove me into uproarious fits of laughter.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## LAND OR SAND.

ON, therefore, we drifted, but to what port or coast we tended we knew not. We were like travellers in the midst of a South American prairie, and might be revolving in an eternal circle. Still we kept up our spirits as well as we could, as I have shown in the last chapter; but yet, in spite of all our efforts, they grew more and more depressed, more difficult to lash into cheerfulness. We caught no more petrels—the noisy creatures got more shy of our company, neither could we come alongside of another stinking dog-fish; we were, in fact, on the very borders of starvation, when Jupiter, who had a very long-sighted eye, roared out, “Oh! massa, massa! dere be land! dere be land!” I looked in the direction pointed out by the chin of my sable friend, and saw something looming in the distance, exactly similar to one of those bank-like clouds we so often see at morn resting on the horizon. Towards this obscure and dingy-looking object we pulled

with all our might and main; the waves were sleeping, and our little punt shot through the yielding waters like an arrow. The dingy-looking object a-head soon loomed more distinctly, and presented to view a long, low, level stretch of country, broken into small hummocks, scattered about irregularly. Those hummocks, as well as the intervening flats, were entirely void of the least vestige of a shrub or tree, and wore a brown, arid appearance. "I'm blowed, if that ere be land," growled Lanky; "it be sand right slick away." "Not sartain sure of dat dere," chimed in Jupiter; "mocha like mine own coun-tree, and dat be berry good land." "Land or sand," exclaimed I, "here we are," and the prow of the boat rasped on the pebbles of the shore.

Glad at heart that we had once more escaped the perils of the ocean, I sprung ashore. I walked a short distance, and ascended one of the highest hummocks, in order to take a view of the surrounding country. I had to struggle through a yielding mass of sand, sinking at every step over my shoes, and when I had attained the top of the hillock, up to my knees, it was so light and movable, that the slightest breeze scattered it about in showers almost to suffocation. As far as

eye could see was one wide waste of sand, not even the slightest appearance of vegetation—all dismal, dark, for though the sun shone with blistering intensity, still it was dark—a kind of misty haze enveloped all things. I struggled back again to my companions, and was right glad to get on board, for the sand was hot under my feet, and almost broiled them. We launched forth and paddled along-shore. Scarcely had we rowed three boats' length, ere we saw some dark object moving swiftly over the sandy desert. Its motions were swift and eccentric. As it approached nearer to us, we saw it was an immense pillar of sand, whirling round and round with rapid gyrations. The sun shone full upon it, and the brighter particles of which it was composed reflected back its beams, so that it appeared a sublime mass of moving, intermingled cloud and flame—a fitting tabernacle for the flashing lightning or booming thunder. On, on it came, with majestic tread, continually increasing in magnitude. It seemed to be approaching the very spot where we were, and we plied our oars with redoubled activity to get out of its course, and our punt willingly shot on like a flash of lightning; and lucky it was for us that we did so, for the cloudy monster swept close by us

into the sea, nay, so near did it pass by, that we were whirled round and round by the eddies of the water. On, on it stalked, with a hollow, rustling noise into the sea, and soon dissolved and crumbled into nothingness.

"That wor an almighty curos consarn," said Lanky..

"Fire and thick darkness," said I.

"I worro once knocked down by one of dem dere," chimed in Jupiter, "and nearly chokee, chokee ; round and round it whirled me, like de whirl-a-gig, brease nearly all out of my body, took my gin up in de air, never seed her no more."

We rowed along-shore. All things around and about wore a strange and supernatural appearance: the sun was of a blood-red colour, and the sky of a furnace luridness. Not a living thing appeared—all was loneliness and desolation: we seemed to be moving amid the *debris* of a former world. The slightest breath of air drove the sand in showers upon us, and so hot and minute were the particles, that they penetrated through the smallest rent of our clothing, and so hot that they excoriated our skin. We likewise grew ravenous with thirst—our throats were parched, as though burnt by an internal flame. We were in



this state of double-dyed agony, when Lanky roared out, "Water! water!" at the same moment opening his eyes to their fullest extent, and pointing with his long, bony finger. I looked in the direction pointed out, and saw what appeared to be a beautiful sheet of water. The very sight seemed to cool my burning throat, and directing the prow of the punt to land, I sprung ashore, followed by Kentuck and Jupiter, and precipitately hastened towards the delicious-looking luxury. We toiled and moiled on to very little purpose, for when we arrived at the spot where the water seemed to be, we found nothing but a waste of red, burning sand. Never, in the course of my checkered existence did I feel a disappointment more acutely than I did this; it seemed to strike me all in a heap, and my mind, as well as my body, seemed to undergo a thorough collapse. Both Lanky and Jupiter stood speechless with open mouth, seemingly petrified with astonishment. At length, after various abortive attempts, Kentuck contrived to deliver himself of the following sentence:—

"Well, I'm blow'd, if this ere beant a rum go, beats even Ohio to whitters. . Almighty witchcraft here."

"Dere worra wetar in dat dere place," said Jupiter,

pointing with his chin, "dat I am mocha sartane, I seed dat wid my hyes. Some odd debil ha been in dat place sanshing the wetar into sand. Dem dere debils be berry bud hanimals."

I now saw that we had been made the sport of a mirage, and I so expressed myself to my comrades. They looked exceedingly blue at this announcement; howsoever, it was no use to grumble, so we faced about, and, after much trouble, again regained our punt.

"I wish that these mirage," said Lanky, (who evidently took it to be some out-of-the-way monster,) "would stay at home and mind his or her business, and not play off such tarnation pranks on poor devils like us!"

"Mocha better if he would," said Jupiter; "we have too mocha to do dan running after dat dere great ugly loblolly mirah." Here Jupiter looked particularly fierce and truculent, and placed his round bullet head in a butting position. He would evidently have made no bones of the mirage, if he could have caught it.

We rowed leisurely along-shore, which still presented the same dull, monotonous appearance, one un-deviating waste of sandy hummock, not the slightest

particle of vegetation to be seen. The shades of evening closed around us, and the withdrawal of the burning sunbeams gave us some relief, but not much, in fact, our thirst, if possible, seemed on the increase. We were almost mad with thirst. Oh, what would we not have given for a draught of Thames water, even from the purlieus of Wapping! Oh, ye who have plenty of the precious element, make the most of it, and cherish it, for what more precious, what *can* be placed in comparison with it? Go to Zahara, take an empty cruse with you, and in forty-eight hours, if you do not admit the truth of my remarks, I am a lost mutton.

When day dawned we saw a large estuary on our left hand, evidently a bay or the mouth of a river. We pulled eagerly in, and soon saw that the latter supposition was the correct one. Overjoyed, we pulled away with greater alacrity. The mouth of the river was wide, and its current so gentle, that we could, without much effort, row against it. We pulled away up the stream, and our little punt shot through the waters swift and graceful as a swan. Towards evening we, to our great joy, discovered slight traces of vegetation a small distance inland. A few stunted

bushes, brown and drooping, appeared at intervals, and likewise a few black straggling tufts of grass. Tired out with our exertions, we pulled into a little cove, and cast anchor. In this cove we found, to our great joy, several large shell-fish, which we ravenously devoured. This meal proved meat and drink to us; we gobbled away, smacking our lips and patting our stomachs, till we were entirely satisfied, then lay down in the bottom of our boat, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## WE ASTONISH THE NATIVES. . .

IN the morning we awoke new men, and made a hearty breakfast. We then laid in a large store of shell-fish, launched our barque, and resumed our voyage. As we ascended the river it gradually contracted, and the marks of vegetation became more palpable. Mango bushes of tolerable size now lifted their green frontlets, and an uncouth species of rush almost choked up the bed of several small streams of water which flowed from the interior into the river, meet harbour for the lurking crocodile. In fact, we saw several of those large monsters, still and motionless, like great trunks of trees, and on one occasion we saw two engaged in a terrific combat, snapping their mouths at each other in the most truculent manner, clashing and rattling like the swords of a brace of cavalry squadrons engaged in combat. Lanky eyed the fighting giants with much contempt. "Chaw!"

said he, "that be a almighty poor fight; you should see the 'Merican corkadils fight—they be fighters, adad! as good as old Hickory himself. I once seed a Ohio corkadil bolt a Canada buffaloe, horns and all; now, if that ere buffaloe had been a 'Merican buffaloe, he would have ripped up and swallowed the corkadil, but being a 'Merican corkadil, that made all the difference, in course. 'Merica bangs all the world to tar-nation sticks for fighting men and fighting hanimals; yes, by the hookey, there is naught like 'Merica!" Lanky uttered this speech in the most solemn manner; not a muscle of his rigid physiognomy, or a twinkle of his fixed expressionless eye, hinted that he was bouncing. In fact, I never knew a man tell lies with better grace than Mr. Lanky Kentuck.

Jupiter had been unusual quiet for a long space of time, intently gazing on shore. On a sudden he sprung to his feet, clapped his hands in the most demoniacal manner, and shouted forth, at the same time pointing with his chin, "Fetisch! fetisch!" I thought a sudden madness had invaded his upper story, but on looking in the direction thus pointed out, I saw a strange-looking object slung to a branch of a mango bush. Picking up a stone, I was about to hurl it at

the odd-looking affair, when Jupiter, in the most frantic manner, laid hold of my arm: "Mocha bad dat dere. Oh, massa, let dat fetish be; massa will have de blain, and the rheumatise, and the bone ache, if he hurt dat dere fetisch; oh, let him be, massa! oh, let him be!" Jupiter uttered these words in the most earnest manner, looking as solemn as a priest of the Great Lama, so I threw down the stone, and he relapsed into his usual state of quiescence. I now took out my perspective glass to look at this formidable deity, who was supposed by my companion to be able to inflict the blain, and to rack the bones of the unbeliever; and what do you think, gentle reader, it was? Why, nothing but a cow's tail, to which was fastened the claws of an ostrich! and, in spite of the lugubrious looks of Jupiter, I could not help bursting into a loud peal of laughter.

It was, however, evident, that the land we were in was inhabited, and inhabited by religionists, believers in the mystic powers of the fetisch. We Europeans laugh at those rites, and call them silly, without reflecting that many of our own are still more silly. The savage laughs at the civilized fanatic of Europe—the civilized fanatic throws back the laugh with interest.

I often have laughed, and still laugh at both: may I do so to the end.

Well, we had ascertained that we were in an inhabited country, and as we glided up the stream we cast our eyes about in search of some of the natives; nor did we search long, for we saw a group with clasped hands, whirling round and round in a circle, grinning and mouthing like demons. They were as black as a coal, had matted, woolly plocks, thick blubbery lips, and eyes literally as red as coals of fire. Never did I see such a congregation of ugly faces; they actually beat to pieces those grotesque-looking visages which we often see glaring forth from the tracery of old Gothic cathedrals. Every now and then they would stop in their mad gyrations, and simultaneously make wry faces and clap their hands, uttering a hoarse, guttural noise, which struck upon the tympanum of our ears like the words "whorra who." Never did I see such a strange supernatural sight. At length they threw themselves down flat on their faces, and then we saw they had been dancing round a fetisch similar to that we had before seen. On a sudden they sprang to their feet, uttered a wild whoop, and then rushed down to the beach. They had evidently seen us, and



were coming down to see what strange beings we might be. Being in doubt as to what their intentions might be, we pulled out into the river, and then rested on our oars.

Down came the natives—men, women, and children—helter-skelter, prancing and trampling one over the other, like mad demons. On arriving at the shore, they formed in a long line close to the water's edge, and gazed upon us with wide-staring eyes. After looking upon us for a long space, they would look at one another, clap their hands on their buttocks, and utter a loud "who, who, who, whoop," something similar to the hootings of an assembly of owls, but much more demoniacal. After the hooting ceremony, they would again stand motionless. They were evidently astonished, they knew not what to make of us. I now put up my perspective glass, and took a view of the odd assembly, and saw that, although perfectly naked, they were tattooed in various fantastic modes. Two or three were marked a little below the knee, in the form of a band. Those who wore this decoration were, I afterwards ascertained, equivalent to our Knights of the Garter. Others were branded with various fantastic figures resembling dragons, griffins, mermaids,

&c., and might be denominated knights of those respective intelligences; and they were quite as proud of those silly decorations as any of our own dukes and knights of theirs. I have often wondered that we should call playing at soap-bubbles more childish than playing at stars and garters; in my opinion one deserves a fool's-cap and bells quite as much as the other.

But where the deuce am I tending to? I left the natives standing in a long line on the shore, and there they still remain. No sooner had I, however, put my perspective glass to my eye than they turned round, and fled inland with the greatest trepidation. They doubtless thought I was about to annihilate them with some magic spell. After reaching a most respectable distance, they faced about and uttered a terrific yell. One of them, whom I shall call a Knight of the Garter, as he wore that decoration, now stood forth, and with vehement gesticulations, occasionally looking at us, made a set speech, which was responded to with a dance and a yell. He then cut a summerset and stood erect. A knight of the dragon, and another of the griffin, now successivly addressed the motley crew, and then cut summersets. I was at a loss to compre-

hend the meaning of this ceremony till Jupiter thus spoke:—

“Massa, dem dere niggers be going to fightee wid we, and dey be choosing one general, and him who can do de summerset best will be he; dat is how dem dere niggers do fix on dere generals.”

As good a criterion, I thought to myself, as that which is followed in a certain country I could name; nay, a better—for here, at least, personal agility is a necessary qualification; there the body as well as the mind may be in the last stage of decrepitude, and the carpet knight is generally the relative of some court duke, lord of the bedchamber, or, mayhap, a royal bastard, and the safety and prosperity of the country is perilled, in order that such personage may be provided for.

The natives had by this time finished the preliminary ceremony of cutting summersets, and a strong, agile woman, tattooed with a griffin, having jumped the highest, was chosen general. I afterwards found that the women in this country were the better warriors; in other words, wore the breeches. But then a second twist of my mind told me that this

was not the only country where the "grey mare is the better horse."

The Knight of the Griffin now arranged her army in a line, 'three deep. 'They were armed with long lances and bows and arrows. They advanced to the water's edge, whooping and shouting like demons. I presume they thought to frighten us, but, failing in their object, they let fly a volley of arrows at us, which rattled against the sides of our punt like hail, and one penetrated a smart depth into Kentuck's shoulder, sticking out in the most picturesque manner. "I'm blowed," said Lanky, "if them ere black coves wont magnify me into a pork-pine at this ere almighty rate."

"Massa, massa!" shouted Jupiter, "fire de glass—fire de glass." I immediately put my perspective glass to my eye, and, as before, the natives turned round and fled helter-skelter, heels over head—devil take the hindmost.

When they had got to a respectable distance, they again faced about, and the Knight of the Griffin came to the front and made a set speech to us, using the most vehement gesticulations, but she might as well have addressed a congregation of stones, for the deuce

a word did we understand—something like the noisy orators in another country I could name, who string together a set of high-sounding and bombastic words, and peal them into our ears against the stomach of our sense—or like the clanking of a sledge-hammer on an empty brass kettle, and quite as meaningless. After the knight had finished her speech she took up some dirt in the hollow of her hand, poured it on her head, cut a summerset, and then put her thumbs into the corners of her mouth, drew it as wide as she possibly could, and stared upon us with a fixed, immovable stare.

“Dat is de sign,” said Jupiter, “dat dey wish to be friends wid us—sall me do the same, massa!”

“Certainly,” said I.

Jupiter immediately cut a summerset, took up as much dirt as he could find and crumbled it on his head, then placed his thumbs in his mouth, elongating it to its fullest extent, and gazed at the Knight of the Griffin with a stare as fixed and imperious as her own. I could not help laughing heartily at the grotesque ceremony. They resembled exactly a brace of those staring devils which are so often carved on the battlements of old Gothic castles by our demon-

loving ancestors, and nearly as ugly as their cherubims. After they had thus gazed for at least ten minutes, they broke out into a mutual yell, and then commenced capering like mad, galloping and pirouetting like a brace of harlequins. This concluded the matter, and Jupiter assured me that a treaty of amity was made between us, and that we might now go on shore in perfect safety.

Having the most perfect confidence in the faith of my black ally, I gave the word, and the prow of our little lady-bird soon rasped on the sand. No sooner had we sprung ashore than the natives thronged around us and gazed upon us with wondering eyes. They at first thought our clothes formed part of our bodies, and proceeded to overhaul us in order to set that fact at rest, lifting up our coat-tails, thrusting their hands into our breeches pockets and every obscure opening they could find, and peeping therein with curious eyes, like so many monkeys. When they had ascertained beyond a doubt that our outer man was extraneous, they stared at one another, clapped their hands, uttered a loud yell, and then cut a summerset; and never did I see such a singular spectacle as some hundreds of human beings

twirling in the air at the same moment ; it was unique and incomparable in its way.

Now it so chanced that the Knight of the Griffin had been most particular in examining the pockets and lapels of my breeches, peeping and feeling about in the most prying and grotesque manner. After this ceremony, and when she had concluded, the yelling and summerset appendages, both of which she performed in the most superior and Widdicomical manner, she approached me, threw her arms around my neck, and, drawing my face close to her own, proceeded to rub her flat nose against mine with all her might and main. I was astonished at this embrace, and did not know what to make of it, till Jupiter whispered in my ear, "dat dere princess be pleased wid your breeches; she be a-making love in her curous way; rubbee, rubbee, massa, den every ting will be all de right." Taking the advice of Jupiter, I rubbed my nose against hers six times in succession. She appeared so delighted at this that she uttered a loud "whorra! whorra! whoop!" and cut two summersets in succession with profound agility.

I now took a minute survey of my black conquest, and really she was not to be sneezed at. It is true

she was as black as a coal, and her head profusely ornamented with *thick* flakes of grizzled wool, her nose rather flat, and her mouth too wide by half; yet she was well-formed, had a good bust and limbs, which, if rather thick, were undoubtedly better formed than any other native it fell to my lot to behold, and, taken as a whole, she was undoubtedly the belle of the place.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

## MORE ANENT SUMMERSET-LAND.

THE Knight of the Griffin and myself soon grew great cronies, and though certainly I was not in love, yet she soon became agreeable to me. I could not help thinking how singular it was that I should thus become the *chère-amie* of two princesses in succession, viz., Lilia and the Knight of the Griffin; I only wanted now to be invited by some lovely mermaid to her coral bower in the depths of the ocean to realize all the romantic stories poured into my ears by the indefatigable Capstan.

As in the Isle of Flowers, so here Lanky Kentuck met with an admirer in the person of the Knight of the Garter. In stature and in bodily qualifications she was the antipodes of her chosen one. She was short, squab, and obese, and waddled along like a lame duck. Her summersets were merely pitch-powls, and her agility was at zero. I could not help bursting into reiterated peals of laughter when I saw

old Kentuck spurring round and doing the amiable to his grinning waddler ; it was truly a sight unique and picturesque.

As to Jupiter, he appeared quite at home, and pranced, caracolled, and grinned to his heart's content. He seemed particularly sweet on a young negress, about fifteen, the daughter of the Knight of the Garter, tattooed with a mango bush, and whom we, in consequence, called Mango.

Soon after we had concluded our treaty of amity we broke up our encampment and marched into the interior. The sun shone down with fierce intensity, and we were perpetually annoyed with clouds of sand. Water was very scarce, and thirst almost dried up the springs of life. Large pillars of sand likewise stalked by us, like animated giants, with a hollow, whizzing, unearthly sound, and everything about and around us wore such a strange aspect that I verily began to doubt whether we were not in a land of necromancers.

One day, as we were slowly wending along this apparently-interminable waste, we saw advancing directly upon us with rapid strides an immense pillar of sand, whirling, twisting, and roaring. Its edges were red

and lurid, gradually melting into thick darkness. With as much rapidity as possible we made a movement to the right, in order to get out of its direct range; but, notwithstanding the celerity of our side march, the rear of our host was enveloped in the folds of the sand-cloud, and whirled and tumbled about in all directions. Among those so whirled was Kentuck, and I saw his long legs twisting about convulsively above one of the edges of the roaring mass, his head and body being invisible. Presently I saw him emerge, puffing and blowing; his eyes, mouth, and nostrils literally clogged up with sand. After sputtering and wriggling about for a long time, he contrived to hawk up the following words, "Tarnation and thunder! this is nearly as slick as Ohio and Old Kentuck right there away. Oh, my limbs! here's a go! full of dust as a puck-foist—half-a-dozen beams in my eye, and six score motes! Blind as a dozen bats! Oh, Old Kentucky, tough and good as hickory! let me once get back there-a-way, and I'll be hammered into sand-stone ere I leave thee again!"

After we had escaped this no small peril we wended slowly along the sandy waste. We had been without water for two days, and were parched with thirst.

The sand was hot under us, and, as my shoes had long been worn out, my feet soon got sore and ex-coriated. The Knight of the Griffin stuck to me like wax, and did everything in her power to alleviate my sufferings, and, in spite of myself, I soon felt a *penchant* for the black Venus. When, by chance, she could procure a cruse of water, she bestowed half of it on me, and if it had not been for her kindness and attention I should most undoubtedly have perished. As I said above, we had been two days without water. About one day's march in advance there was a well, and towards this well we were now hastening. So profound was our thirst that all the bonds of discipline were set at nought, and knights and plebeians rushed on in one tumultuous body. The sand, kicked about by our helter-skelter march, rose above us in a dense cloud, and we looked like so many demons toiling and moiling in an unearthly conflagration. Lanky was in the extreme tail of this moving tempest, for the obese Knight of the Garter stuck to him with such pertinacity that he was obliged, whether or not, to move on at her pace, which was that of a fat snail. Vainly did he shower around "tarnations," and

"slinks," and "thereaways;" he could not escape her tenacious clutches—she clung to him like an enormous burr. Jupiter, on the other hand, and Mango spun along like Trojans, and seemed quite at home in the brattling turmoil.

The sun was sinking when we drew near the well, and we rushed onward more furious than ever. I know not how it came to pass, but the Knight of the Griffin and myself had, I presume, by some occult means, got into the very van of the tumultuous array. I strained my eyes to see the so-long-wished-for well, and soon saw a kind of muddy puddle at the foot of an enormous palm-tree. It was as thick and as brown as treacle, yet to us it appeared more precious than all the silver and gold in the world. We rushed forward—the Knight of the Griffin and myself threw ourselves on our knees, and, plunging our heads into the puddle, began to suck in with greedy gulps the dirty water. Scarcely had we taken three mouthfuls ere we were capsized, heels over head, by the rushing crowd behind, who all with one accord rushed into the fountain, tumbling and rolling over one another, and trampling about, till there was nothing to be seen but an immense pudding of thick adhesive mud ;

nevertheless, they picked up this in their hands and greedily sucked it, hoping to extract a few globules of fluid. Altogether it was a scene unique in itself, and such as I had never seen before or since.

Scarcely had the host gathered up and sucked dry every particle of mud in the fountain, ere old Lanky appeared hobbling forward in the distance, still firmly held in the clutches of the Knight of the Garter. He was certainly pulling along with all his might, but his *chers amie* clung upon his arm a dead weight of some score stone, so that he had to pull and carry at the same time. Never shall I forget the immense elongation of his physiognomy when he found that there was not a particle of water to drink or a grain of mud to suck; he cursed and swore like a madman, and the garter knight, who evidently thought he was uttering love-passages in her ear, smiled most graciously, and kissed him repeatedly in her country fashion. Never did I see such a ludicrous scene in my life, and notwithstanding I was as dry as an old radish, I could not help bursting into reiterated peals of laughter.

The dirty water and the mud-sucking, however meagre, certainly saved our lives, or, at least, preserved us from madness and delirium. We moved on

with greater alacrity, more especially as we were rapidly approaching an oasis amply replenished with the nutritious element we so much needed. Old Kentuck and the Knight of the Garter lagged behind as usual; she stuck to him with unparalleled tenacity, unless we have an exception in the case of Sindbad and the Old Man of the Sea.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## AN OASIS.

WE still kept rattling on through the wild waste of sand. We were scorched to the hardness and colour of bricks, and I fancied our skin began to thicken and to assume the consistency of incipient horn. Our thirst again became as vehement as ever, and I began to think the longed-for oasis would never appear. Suppose, after all, it should turn out a *visio-deceptus*—a floating mirage! I shivered at the thought! for in that case we should inevitably run mad and devour one another like the Kilkenny cats! The Knight of the Griffin, who had by this time learned a few words of English, tried by all the means in her power to cheer me up, but, notwithstanding, a leaden languor stole over me, and my heart seemed to collapse and shrivel up within me. My throat, too, seemed on fire, and throbbed as though molten lead was being poured down it. I still, however, laboured on as well as I could, but my

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feet almost refused their office, for they were swollen to an immense size; the blood oozed out from many small skin fissures, and left unmistakable gouts on the burning sand. The Knight of the Griffin, with eyes full of compassion, viewed my miserable condition, and helped me on with the kindest and most assiduous attentions, and I soon discovered that under that dingy skin of hers beat a heart full to the very brim with kindly feeling and love. When, at length, I could not move along at all, she ordered four of her attendants to carry me. They accordingly shouldered me like a sack of wheat, but I fancied I heard a low hum, like a derisive laugh, emanate from the moving mass.

I suppose I must have fainted, for, on a sudden I found myself, not on the shoulders of the Knight of the Griffin's attendants, but on a delicious green sward profusely sprinkled with flowers. Over my head was a canopy of green leaves, through which a gentle breeze stole, causing them to quiver and dance with a graceful, undulating movement. I sat up and gazed around me with wondering eyes—I could hardly believe things real—I almost fancied myself in Paradise. On my right hand flowed a

crystal stream of water, to me more bright, and ten times more valuable, than diamonds. What were all the treasures of earth to me, in comparison with a shallow bowl of that gently-moving stream? Poets may talk about the sunbeams transforming the waters into a golden mirror or liquid pearls, as though its intrinsic value or its intrinsic beauty were inferior to those gaudy appendages, and could by them be improved. Let them only traverse the burning sands of Summerset Land for a week, and they would greedily acknowledge that one drop of water was of ten times more value than all the pearls and gold in the world ten times told. Truly and indisputably did I experience this truth, and I shall never forget the enthusiasm of delight I experienced when I drank the first cooling draught of the bright, shining element presented to me in a calabash by the Knight of the Griffin. Talk about Bordeaux or Champagne indeed! why it was mere ditch-water in comparison, and then, when I was able to plunge into the silver stream! when it embraced me on every side, oh! how I enjoyed the ineffable pleasure, the glorious joy! I sported and tumbled about like a dolphin—it quivered with ineffable balm into my bones, my

sinews, and my very marrow. The Spanish beauties may talk of their Alhambra fountains; the French belles, of the baths of the Tuilleries; the Calcutta daughters of the sun, of their enamelled tanks: all nor one of them ever experienced such intense rapture as I did—it was truly a foretaste of heaven.

The oasis, with its cooling bowers, its smooth green sward, and its magnificent palms, might be about two miles in length, and varying from half to three quarters of a mile in breadth. Flowers of the most lovely dyes were interspersed here and there amid the grass, particularly on the borders of the river, which wound hither and thither, with so many curves and windings, that it left scarcely a single spot unblessed with its fertilising presence. In the centre was a morai, tabooed to all but the initiated; and on the north, side of this sacred spot a gigantic fetisch was suspended from the overshadowing branch of a lofty palm-tree. I never saw it very closely, but it appeared to be a leopard's hide distended, and crowned with ostrich feathers. To this hideous-looking monster prayers and oblations were continually offered, and both before and after the ceremony, the priests as well as penitents

cut sunsets. I often wondered what virtue there could be in those gymnastic exercises, but when I reflected that the European religionists have, for the most part, exercises and forms still more ridiculous and contemptible, my wonder ceased. Every sect can see the folly and buffoonery of those to which they do not belong; not one can see the folly and buffoonery of their own, and the words hypocrite and fanatic are freely bandied about from one to the other; and it is only the calm, considerate bystander who sees and knows that they are all fools and imbeciles alike.

On the south side of the oasis was situated the principal town of Summerset Land. It was a series of excavations in a lofty ridge of sand, and sheltered by a thick grove of palms from the action of the wind. Each excavation was lined with palm leaves, and propped up by palm branches. Nothing could be more simple and primitive than those habitations, yet, withal, they were not uncomfortable. They would not have done for Europe with her storms of sleet and hail, and wintry winds, but here, where there was perpetual sunshine, they answered every purpose the simple habits of the natives required. For my part, when reclined on my simple couch of palm leaves, I

was as happy as a prince, and if I too often thought of my cousin Winifred, yet I nevertheless "whistled it down the wind" as well as I could.

Our food consisted chiefly of camel's milk, and the fruit of a tree something like the bread fruit-tree. When crumbled, or cut in slices, and beat up with the milk, it was not an unpleasant, and most certainly a highly nutritious, diet. The Knight of the Griffin was indefatigable in her attentions to me, and not a day passed but what she visited me several times, bearing in her hands either the choicest fruits, or calabashes of the richest milk. In personal appearance she was much improved; she was as fond of sporting in the liquid element as myself, and her skin was, in consequence, rendered fresh, soft, and as clear as amber. In disposition (as I have already shown) she was kind and affectionate, and I, more than once, thought how distressing it must be to the finer feelings of human nature to reflect how many human beings, as kind, as amiable, and as affectionate as my fair companion, were trammelled in the galling chains of slavery, and treated worse than so many horses or cattle. Alas! little did I then imagine that I should see the benevolent Knight of the Griffin reduced to that sad state of thralldom—but I am anticipating.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## CAPTIVITY AND A FIGHT.

WE remained on our oasis for a fortnight, and then broke up our encampment, and marched farther into the interior. We were all recovered from the privations encountered among the sandy hillocks, and were comparatively fresh and agile. The country through which we travelled was overspread with nomad tribes, many of them hostile to our own, yet we marched in the most careless manner, and threw out no advance or flanking parties. Our leader, the Knight of the Griffin, was so absorbed in her attentions to me, that she neglected the most common precautions: we marched on, singing, dancing, and cutting summersets; it was unbounded revelry from morning till night. I do not think, therefore, that it is wise to place a female at the head of an army, more especially if there is a tolerably handsome youth in the array. Ten to one, but what she will be thinking more of the young Orlando than of attending to her

military duties. All women are not Boadiceas or Zenobias.

Well, on we went, singing and dancing, Our host was spread out in a long attenuated line; the Knight of the Griffin was toying with me. On a sudden a loud yell broke out on our right hand, and a strong and compact body of men, mounted on camels and dromedaries, cut through our line like a wedge, and then wheeling in two bodies, to the right and left, commenced a fierce attack upon us. Taken by surprise, we could not offer an effective resistance: we were overturned in all directions, and bound with strong cords. Our assailants evidently wished not to kill, but to take captive. A few detached groups fought desperately, among which was that to which myself and the Knight of the Griffin were attached, but it was to no purpose: we were soon beaten down, and bound like the rest.

Our captors were a troop of the most ugly monsters I had ever seen; brawny, broad-shouldered, with red, glaring eyes, and projecting teeth, like the tusks of wild boars. They seemed more like a troop of demons than men. After they had bound us, they shoved us about like so many logs of wood, and if by chance we

looked sulky or remonstrated, they lashed us with heavy thongs of leather formed from the skins of leopards and tigers. They also laughed and jeered at us in their fashion, and spit upon us. Our effeminate resistance had evidently impressed them with the greatest contempt for us. Lanky, and the Knight of the Garter, who generally contrived to lag behind, were now seen approaching very lovingly together, totally unconscious of all that had occurred. On a sudden, about half a dozen of our captors pounced upon them, overturned them, and bound them hand and foot. I shall not soon forget the look of utter astonishment with which old Kentuck regarded this uncereemonious proceeding. His mouth, as well as his eyes, were opened to their fullest extent: he could not utter a single word, so profound was his astonishment,—not even his favourite ones, “almighty,” “slick,” or “tarnation.”

After we were thus bound and powerless, our captors commenced a war-dance, brandishing and clashing their spears, whooping and yelling like mad. The spectacle was truly unearthly. Their movements were wildly grotesque, and horribly eccentric; the charge, the rally, the close fight, were occasionally



represented with loud cries; then they would wheel over us, trampling upon and spurning us with their feet. After this ceremony was concluded they bound two or three of us, sometimes more, together, and fastened us to the tails of their camels. It fell to my lot to have for my companion the Knight of the Griffin only, and we were fastened to the camel of the chieftain. The word was given, and we commenced our march. As long as they went on at a slow pace we kept on our legs pretty well. Still we were much scorched by the sun-beams, and the sand was almost burning hot under our feet. We soon began to get fagged, and tired, and thirsty, and longed for an hour's rest. This, however, was not granted us; on the contrary, about mid-day, they accelerated their pace. The consequence was, that many groupes were soon drawn off their feet, and dragged promiscuously along the sand. This seemed to delight our captors, for they laughed, and jeered, and pointed at us, and, instead of slackening their pace, went quicker—quicker still. For a long time the Knight of the Griffin and myself kept upon our legs, but were at length overturned like the rest, and dragged along the sand. Poor girl, I still see her piteous looks

as she was thus maltreated, and I tried to support and screen her as well as I could. She had comforted and cherished me in my misfortunes, and, notwithstanding her colour, she possessed many of the most amiable qualities of the sex. I felt a real regard for her, and, supporting her head upon my bosom, I tried by all the means in my power to keep up her spirits, and to preserve her tender skin from being abraded by the biting sand. Notwithstanding all my exertions, however, we were rolled and tumbled one over the other, and the blood began to start from various parts of our bodies. The mosquitoes, taking advantage of these petty wounds, likewise teased us incessantly, and stung us almost to madness. It was a dreadful day of suffering, never had I passed one more dreadful. Yet the sufferings of many, especially where groupes of four or five were thus dragged along, were far greater than our own, and a continuous struggle was taking place between the wretched beings to keep topmost. The sand soon became stained with blood, and shrieks and groans resounded in all directions. At length, so extreme were their sufferings, that many died, and then the living and dead were dragged on together. When, however, the chieftain perceived this he slackened his

pace. We did not, however, owe this relief to his humane feelings, but to his sense of self-interest. He evidently intended to sell us for slaves, and the loss of a captive was the of loss so much money. "Proh pudor!"

Well, then we passed onward at a more moderate pace, and myself and the Knight of the Griffin were enabled to regain our legs and walk, and it was high time, for our bodies were abraded and bruised terribly. Many, however, of our poor fellow-sufferers could not rise, and were still dragged along the ground; others, who did rise, hobbled along like broken-legged ducks, uttering exclamations of pain. Throughout all those severe sufferings, I could not help admiring the patient endurance of the Knight of the Griffin; she neither uttered groan or complaint, she seemed to feel more for me than for herself, and did for me a thousand little tender offices. She was humane in disposition, sweet in temper, and heroic in suffering; and I again regretted, from my very heart, the possibility that so much genuine goodness should be consigned to slavery, and I also cursed that thrice-horrible system which consigns so many of our fellow-creatures to unmitigated misery.

I before said that my fair companion and myself

were bound to the tail of the chieftain's camel. He was a great hulk of a negro, with a string of glass beads round his neck, and a red calico waistcoat round his loins. He was a horrible looking fellow, with great yellow fangs, wide, capacious mouth, and thick blubber lips. He was an unlimited brute, and his looks seemed to make all cower around him. He often cast his red, hideous eyes upon the Knight of the Griffin, and seemed evidently pleased to look upon her. I was disgusted at the licentious freedom of these glances, and if they should lead to any positive annoyance I determined to establish a feud against him. In this resolution I was, in some measure, fortified by the near contiguity of Jupiter, who was lashed to the camel next in succession to me, and whom I knew would prove as true, and as tough as steel, in any emergency. Well, on we marched till the sun sunk beneath the distant fire-wrapt horizon, when we came to an halt, formed an encampment, and a small calabash of camel's milk, and a smaller cruse of water, was served round to each. We then threw ourselves down on the still warm sand and courted a little repose, and so worn out and tired were we, that sleep soon sealed our eye-lids. I must have slept for many hours,

and was awakened by a loud scream from the Knight of the Griffin. I started to my feet in an instant, and saw that the ugly chieftain had cut asunder the cords which bound her to me and to the camel, and was dragging her, notwithstanding her vehement struggles, to his tent. He had unwittingly severed my cords, at the same time, and, without reflecting on the dangerous temerity of the attempt, I sprang forward, and, clasping my fair friend with one arm, dealt her would-be abductor such a tremendous blow with the other, that he incontinently measured his length on the sand. I then stood on the defensive, and the Knight of the Griffin seizing a long spear stood by my side. Luckily I had a keen-cutting knife in my pocket, and before the chieftain and his satellites had recovered from the surprise which my unexpected proceeding had occasioned them, I cut asunder the cords which bound Jupiter and Mango, who immediately joined us. The enemy now surrounded us and commenced a fierce attack, but so well did we defend ourselves, laying about us like demons, that we repulsed them, and in the *melée* the Knight ran one of them through the body with her spear. With accumulated numbers and horrid yells they again

approached us, and here we were reinforced by about twenty of our companions who had been liberated by the nimble Mango; for, taking advantage of the clouds of dust, which our scuffle had raised, and which rendered all things dark and indistinct about us, she glided from group to group, cutting asunder the cords which bound them, and as they were thus released they joined our troop and assisted in the fight. The conflict was most desperate, and many licked the dust on both sides. At length nearly the whole of our companions were liberated by the indefatigable Mango, and even Lanky Kentuck and the Knight of the Garter joined us. Up to the present time we had stood on the defensive, but now, with loud shouts, we furiously charged the enemy, and so determined and well directed was our charge, that we broke the thick columns of the enemy, and dispersed them in all directions.

We immediately uttered loud shouts of gratulation, and most of our troop began to cut summersets with greatly admired agility. The Knight of the Griffin and myself, however, persuaded them to cease their gymnastics for the nonce, and to attend to their own safety, for, although defeated, the enemy might return

with reinforced numbers and again assail us. To put our motley array in regular order, we threw out advance and rear guards, likewise flanking parties, and then marched forwards as fast as we could.

In the late conflict we took several prisoners and many camels. By way of retaliation, we bound the prisoners to the tails of the camels, and incontinently dragged them along. Among the captives was the yellow-tusked, red-eyed chieftain himself. He was bound to the camel, on which rode the Knight of the Griffin and myself, and one of the amusements of my fair companion was to grin at and spit upon him. This conduct would not be considered particularly ladylike in the purlieus of St. James's, but it was not made very great bones of in the desert: every one to his taste, and God for us all.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## SLAVERY.

WHY should man bind his fellow-man in chains? Because his skin is black, and that he sports wool instead of hair! Frivolous reasons these. I believe medical men will agree with me in stating that they have the same number of ribs, that the vertebræ is articulated in precisely the same manner, and that the heart has the same number of lobes in the black man as the white man. All the other necessary parts of the frame are likewise formed on the same model, and if the shins of the black man are more curved than those of the white, the head of the white man is not so large as that of the black. And now, sir, if we look at the mind, the black man displays as much patience in suffering, as much parental and conjugal love, as the white man. He is also every whit as true-hearted. Why, then, should the black man be a slave? Ah! Mr. Lanky Kentucky, you and your gallant 'Merican compeers may hum, and hawk, and spit as much as you please, but



you cannot answer that question in a satisfactory manner; no, gentlemen, notwithstanding your abominable self-conceit and profound impudence you cannot do that.

Well, then, it is very plain and evident I have got the argument all my way; and, notwithstanding, my American friends, you have, in general, long shanks, yet you have not a leg to stand on; and yet you call yourselves the liberty boys! the salt of the earth! "Has not the salt lost its savour?" You keep a tremendous rumbling, and knock up a hideous roar about your "immacularity," but an ass can roar as well as a lion—nay, I verily believe, with greater unction and effect. And, now I am on the subject, I will just let you into a secret worth knowing:—man will not always submit to be slave to his fellow-man. It is against the immutable laws of human nature—those laws may be perverted, but cannot be overthrown. The millions you now bind down in fetters of iron will, sooner or later, assert their unalienable rights, will rise as one man, and make your stars fade, and rend your stripes to atoms. Take, therefore, the advice of one who respects your country, and would fain see it prosperous. Take the initiative yourselves, unbind those chains

riveted by yourselves, no longer treat the black man worse than a horse or an ox,—treat him as a man. What is now to you a source of weakness, will then become the main buttress of your strength; you will then not only be a nation of freemen in name, but in deed; you will then be what you now only profess to be, a great nation; and you will win the admiration, instead of enduring the contempt, of the world.

Hilloa! here is a precious heap of sentiments and opinions to broach, riding on camel-back, with the Knight of the Griffin smiling by my side, and dragging at the tail of our ugly, crook-backed steed sundry captives! If ever such were uttered before under precisely similar circumstances, I am a half-baked nincompoop. I very believe it must have been that self-same knight who put all those crotchets into your wise pate, for she sits to you in close contiguity—her arm, soft as velvet, rests on your shoulder, and she smiles upon you, she deserves a kiss, and shall have one. Well, sir, suppose it was this self-same ritter who inspired those sentiments, is there anything in the matter to excite a blush? Is it not a burning shame such an amiable being as Miss Griffin should be lashed and slashed worse than a dray-horse? I am sure I shall have my

fair country-women on my side, more especially my cousin Winifred. I will, therefore, kiss and cherish my fair companion, if I can thereby wean her heart from its cutting sorrows.

We marched steadily along, using the greatest precautions in our advance. We were induced to do so, because one of our captives had by some means slipped away from durance and effected his escape. We were fearful, and had reason to be so, that he would alarm the country of the enemy, and return with augmented numbers to the rescue. We had a long extent of country to traverse ere we arrived in the land of the Griffin. Once there, we should be in safety. On, therefore, we went, helter-skelter, our captives bumping along the sand, groaning and cursing. It was certainly one of the most singular sights I had ever seen, grotesque rather than picturesque. At length the shades of night closed around us, and we bivouacked.

It is a law of nature that bipeds, as well as quadrupeds, should run in couples; it is not good that man or woman either should run alone. Pains and penalties shared with another lose half their poignancy. Bread-and-butter eaten with a maiden, of high

or low degree, eats with a better zest. Now look to the right, and there you will see Jupiter and Mango as great as inkle-weavers, smirking at one another like Trojans; look to the left, and there you will see Lanky Kentuck doing the amiable to the Knight of the Garter; and now take a visé over the whole field, and you will see the *oi polloi* scattered in couples, all serving for living commentaries on my text. In fact, the matter is as plain as a pikestaff, and hardly deserved the exemplification I have given of it.

Ah, ah, sir, I see a couple of something else in front—it is a couple of bronze-like statues, sitting motionless on a brace of camels. It is so dark and dusky, that they loom more like ghosts of midnight than beings of the material world. Whatever might be their object and intent, they came in such a questionable guise, that we stood to our arms; and lucky it was that we did so, for scarcely had we formed in line, ere a dense squadron of our old captors, reinforced with many hundred recruits, like a moving thundercloud, rushed upon us. Like a rock, our column stood firm, and, after a long and dubious conflict, repulsed the enemy. Scarcely, however, had we broken in pursuit, ere a fresh column charged us unexpectedly in

flank; and the old masters of the camels on which we rode calling to them, those docile creatures fell upon their knees, and we were now overpowered and again captives.

Never shall I forget the wild howl of triumph the savages sent forth as they once more fettered us. It was like the roarings of ten thousand wolves and tigers bound and twisted together in one terrific concatenation: never did I hear the like before, and never shall again. They then trampled and spit upon us, and grinned at and pointed at us with their long bony fingers. It was a regular, a complete, and entire pandemonium. After they had exhausted their spite and malice, they refastened us to the tails of the camels. Before Miss Griffin and myself had been honoured by having one tail appropriated to ourselves; now, however, we had evidently fallen ten degrees in their estimation, for we had for our companions Jupiter and the ivory-toothed Mango. On we went, rattling and bounding over the sand. Jupiter and myself made a cradle with our arms, and kept the bodies of our fair companions from bruises and abrasures as well as we could; nevertheless, they insisted upon going share and share alike with us; and this incessant contest, if it effected no

other good, at least kept our thoughts employed, and diverted them in some degree from our miserable condition.

About morning we came to a halt, and, without being released from bondage, were allowed to take a little rest. On looking right a-head, I perceived an immense volume of water, and at first thought it mirage, but soon, from its monotonous roar and gentle splashing against the beach, found we had diverged to, and were encamped on, the seashore. Through the mists of morn I also saw some object undulating on the waters, and, as they gradually cleared away, found it to be a ship, bearing aloft the stripes and stars of the United States of America.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## A SLAVE SHIP.

I HARDLY knew whether to be glad or sorry at the sight recorded in my last chapter. That she was a slaver, was plainly palpable on the face of the matter, for what else should bring her into this remote quarter of Africa? It was very possible my own condition might be ameliorated, but then what must become of Miss Griffin, Miss Mango, and my staunch ally poor Jupiter? How could I bear to see those amiable (I *will* use the word, in spite of all the united myrmidons of the stripes and stars) beings sold like brute beasts, and torn and lacerated with whips and scourges? I knew them to possess the best, the most estimable, feelings and affections of human nature; how, then, could I bear to see those feelings and those affections outraged and trampled upon? I, therefore, reclined sullenly on the sand as the ship in the offing lowered her gig, which put off towards the shore, having, without doubt, the captain on board. I, however, drew the

Knight of the Griffin closer to me, with some vague intention, I suppose, of resisting any attempt to separate us. Jupiter did precisely the same thing by Mango. Poor creatures! I never shall forget how sorrowfully they gazed on one another, and how they clung to each other; and poor Miss Griffin, she reclined her head on my shoulder and wept aloud. As to Lanky, he was uproarious with joy, and sent forth reiterated "tarnations" and "slicks away!" Vainly did his *chere amie*, the Knight of the Garter, look beseechingly upon him, and demand some slight sympathy in her present and approaching distress. He took no notice of her, but still kept on shouting, and spitting, and roaring. He foamed at the mouth like a madman, and when Miss Garter, finding herself thus neglected, began to weep, he cursed her bitterly, and spurned her with his foot. She then hid her face in the sand, and sobbed convulsively. Lanky, at that moment, fell twenty degrees in my estimation; he was not very high before, but now he was at zero, and I could not help telling him "he ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Thank ye for nothing," said Lanky, "look to yourself, my fine fellow! Old Juppy there and you had



it all your own way out by there, in that ere infernal Isle of Flowers: oh, yes! quite so,—stand by, now, old chaps, it is my turn—one good turn deserves another, or I be not a 'Merican!”

By this time the bows of the approaching boat rasped against the shore, and from her jumped on shore a short, squab, coarse-featured fellow, with a gimlet eye. He looked round upon us with the scrutinizing air of a dealer, viewing so many horses or oxen. “A darned curous mouching lot,” grunted he, in a high pitched voice: “I be woundily afeard they be-ant worth their salt and taters.” He uttered this in the cool, depreciatory bargain-driving tone used by dealers of all denominations. At length, in following up his scrutiny, his eye rested upon Lanky, “Hilloa!” shouted he, “old Cut-and-come-again, what in the name of the wise men of the East brought thee here? Why, I should have thought as soon to have seen in this here place the pelican of the wilderness.” “Tarnation!” replied Kentuck, “I have had a rough and ready journey, sometimes right slick at camel’s tail, next moment in the jaws of a crokadill, then laid flat on my back, and the soles of my feet cudgelled by that ere brace of almighty skunkers,” pointing to Jupiter

and me; "but laws, Mr. Peabody, what brought you here, eh?"

"Business, old Cut-and-come-again, business."

"Happy to see you," said Lanky, offering him his hand in the most familiar manner: "happy, main happy I be, sure and sartain: hopes you have a good post at your sposal—happy to take it—do my best to obleege, ram-stam, and at it."

"Well, thou be-est a forward chick,—wont lose a chance for want of asking, anyhow: howsomedever, what sayst thou to the post of slave driver?"

"Suit dezactly—like it amazingly—the very thing;" and, as he spoke, he looked ominously at me and Jupiter.

During the above colloquy, Mr. Peabody had continued his inspection of our disconsolate associates, making them stand up, turning them round, and examining their several points, precisely in the same manner as a cattle dealer does the sheep and oxen submitted to his inspection. He divided us into three lots, placing the young and hale in one, the middle-aged and partially infirm in another, and the old and decrepid in a third. He then called the chieftain who had captured us before him, and at the same

time a negro leaped from the boat, who I soon found acted as interpreter in the approaching sale.

Behold us now, then, ranged along-shore, the boat undulating on the waters in the offing, and Peabody, through his interpreter, driving his bargain.

Myself, Miss Griffin, Miss Mango, and Jupiter were placed in the hale division, and Peabody, the interpreter, and Lanky (who had been released for that purpose) commenced with us. The negro chieftain, who was called Kalee Waboo, stood in front of us, with his warriors behind and on each flank, and the buyers on the beach with their backs to the sea. Half-a-dozen of the stoutest of our companions were now drawn out of the mass and offered for sale. Peabody minutely examined them, and after making them show their points, by leaping, cutting summersets, and other gymnastics, offered a glaring piece of calico worth about eighteen-pence, and a few divers coloured glass beads worth about a shilling, for the lot. Kalee Waboo put his hand on the sand, shook his head like a mandarin, and uttered a low "hoo, hoo, hoo," in token it was not enough. Peabody swore he would not give another doit, because he said "the skin was scrazed off divers parts of their persons, and that it

would take an almighty lot of fresh licor to put em to rights." After much demur, however, he put down a few additional beads, and the bargain was concluded. Those six were now bundled on board the punt like so many pigs, and six others brought forth, who were bargained for in like manner. After the boat was quite full, even to crowding, they were rowed off to the ship in the offing, and bundled into the hold like so many logs of wood. They then returned and took off another relay in the same uncereemonious manner. At length it came to my turn to be called forth, and in the same lot were Jupiter, Mango, and Miss Griffin.

No sooner did Peabody set eyes on me than he roared out, "Hilloa! here's an almighty go! why, darn it all, if this ere ant a white nigger, I'm a rigglar Britisher!"

"That ere spanker be a Britisher," said Lanky, "and a tarnation rum un to go—knows how to whack the soles of a free 'Merican's fit as well as here and there one—a bad un, sir."

Peabody smiled grimly, and thus addressed me:—"It's mighty funny to see a Britisher colloging with niggers: what's the upshot? how came it round, eh? speak, man!"

"I am a free-born Englishman, and demand to be treated as such. Why, or how I came here, has nothing to do with the question."

"He be not a free-born Englishman," said Kentuck; "he be a fief, broke loose from Bottomy Bay—a rig-glar out-and-out fief."

I sprang forward, with the intention of knocking my calumniator down, forgetting, for the moment, that I was manacled and tied to Miss Griffin; the consequence was, that, instead of accomplishing my purpose, I fell prone on the ground, dragging my fair companion with me, amid the uproarious shouts and laughter of the Americans.

"That ere gal and that ere fief have been a-cronying together: one be as bad as the other—out-and-outers," said Lanky.

"Bundle them into the boat," growled Peabody: "I'll cut their combs, ere I ha finished with em."

Our cords were then more tightly compressed, and we were thrown into the boat, like sacks of wheat canted from a corn-factor's waggon. Jupiter and Miss Mango were in the same lot, and about thirty other negroes, all crowded together one over the other, like layers of thatching. On arriving at the slaver we were thrown as unceremoniously into the hold as

we had before been into the punt. We found about sixty of our companions already ensconced there. It was already hot, almost like an oven, and this heat increased with every relay that was shipped. The hold might be about fifty long by fifteen broad, and in this small space six hundred individuals had to be packed and compressed. Jupiter, the Misses Griffin and Mango, with myself, formed a little knot by ourselves for performing mutual good offices. As, however, fresh groupes arrived, we were wedged closer together, and so close at last, that the fresh comers could not reach the ground, but were obliged to scramble on our shoulders as well as they could. The heat now was evidently on the increase, and the under layer,<sup>f</sup> in addition to sustaining this heat, had to support the superincumbent weight of human beings. Groans and cries soon began to resound from all quarters; and if the inconvenience was so great at this stage of the proceedings, what would it be when the hatches were battened down?—a consummation likely enough to happen. Many, with open mouths, were already gasping for air, and in some places a violent struggle was going on to secure the uppermost places. From the first, I perceived that the only

chance of weathering the approaching agony was by remaining quiet, and thus keeping ourselves as cool as possible. This advice I gave to Jupiter, and through him to the Knight of the Griffin and Miss Mango. This the poor girls willingly agreed to, and we took very little part, not more than we could possibly help, in the approaching life-and-death struggle.

By this time Peabody had completed his purchases, and with Lanky and the rest had returned to the slaver. She was a great tub of a vessel, schooner-rigged, and as dirty as a Thames sand-barge. She mounted two long twenty-fours, which, moving on pivots, could be brought to bear in any quarter where their services were required. The crew consisted exclusively of Americans from the Southern States, and were as scurvy a lot of desperadoes as could be found in the globe's cycle. Coarse, rough, and uncouth, they possessed all the vices of the savage, without any of his redeeming virtues.

No sooner had Peabody and his satellites come on board than we weighed anchor and stood out to sea. The slaver, which, by the way, was called "the Jefferson," was a desperately slow coach in the wind's eye, and, as it was at present contrary, she laboured and tacked

to and fro like a spavined costermonger's horse in a town puddle. The passing waves, instead of rippling with a musical murmur against her cutwater, and gliding off in dancing foam-bells, beat against it with a heavy thud, thud, thud. This slow method of proceeding boded us no good. We were even now half suffocated with heat, and half dead with thirst; what would it be if the voyage should prove a protracted one? I trembled to think of the dire consequences which must inevitably follow.

Our sufferings were evidently on the increase. Desperate struggles were continually taking place between the unhappy victims, in order to gain that portion of the hold under the hatches. Those struggles were accompanied with groans and shrieks, and exclamations of despair. In those conflicts it very often happened that one more weak than the others was thrown down, and in that case was speedily trampled to death, as, to rise again was absolutely impossible. As far as regarded the group to which I was attached, Jupiter was the most enduring, then myself, and Miss Griffin. Poor Mango, from the first, was in a sad plight, devoured with thirst, and almost fainting. Jupiter and myself lifted her above the struggling



mass as well as we could, but when Miss Griffin began to fail too, we were obliged to divide our attentions. The poor girls were gasping for air, like lambs driven to the slaughter on a hot summer's day in Smithfield. Still they were quiet and patient; no groan burst from them; nevertheless the tears stole down their cheeks, in spite of themselves.

"Poor Mando is berry ill," said Jupiter: "me moch a-feard she die."

"I am afraid we must all die," said I.

At this moment old Kentuck came and looked down upon us through the hatches. A self-satisfied grin sat on his conceited visage, and as his eye rested on me he thus spoke:—

"Well, old chap, how go, eh?—Cool as a cowcumber, eh?"

"Lanky," said I, "if you wish to prevent a horrible catastrophe take a portion of those poor creatures on deck. I ask not for myself, but for those even now dying around me; as you have a human heart, do this!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Lanky, "it is coming the double, if you can, is it? Ah, old boy, almighty fine words them ere—soft sawder—recollect the dog-fish, and that ere mortal Isle of Flowers; the soles of my

fit be-ant all slick yet—lie there, and die like dogs.” So saying, he squirted forth a jet of saliva, turned on his heels, and disappeared.

The groans, shrieks, and strugglings had now increased to a fearful extent, and the crowd heaved to and fro like molten lava striving to get vent. Many of those under foot were already dead, and more were every five minutes, perhaps oftener, added to the number. I, myself, began to feel a certain rigidity about the throat, as though it had been tightly compressed with a cord, and every breath I drew was accompanied by a loud stertorous noise. Poor Mango, likewise, grew worse every minute: her eyes were fixed and glassy, and almost started from their sockets. The lively, sprightly, wild joyous girl was now transformed into a senseless lump of livid, inanimate clay. Jupiter and myself, by main strength, lifted her up on a level with the upper layer, and with her face towards the hatches; but, alas! it was of no use, for scarcely had we placed her in her new position ere she gave a groan and a convulsive shiver, and died in our arms.

The place occupied by the unfortunate Mango was already filled, so we were obliged to support the corpse in our arms, and on looking around I saw

several dead bodies held up from a similar cause. The sight at this period was most horrible: hundreds with their tongues lolling out of their mouths, absolutely gasping for air, many dying in frightful convulsions, others struggling and grappling in the last stage of delirium. At this moment a gigantic negro, who had squeezed into the place of Mango, seized with a sudden madness, grasped me tightly round the throat with his long, bony fingers. So sudden and unexpected was the onset, that I was in a moment rendered powerless, and must inevitably have been strangled, if the Knight of the Griffin had not incontinently unfastened his grasp. Several individual contests, of a similar nature, were going on in different parts of the hold, and the whole area was one wild vortex of blood and death.

At this period the numbers of the unhappy negroes were so much diminished by death, that, although closely packed and wedged together, they could all stand on their feet. The upper layer had entirely disappeared. Many, however, were falling every minute, and added to the heaps of dead under foot. Poor Griffin, who had hitherto borne up with much fortitude, now began to exhibit symptoms of exhaus-

tion, and hung a dead weight about me. Poor Jupiter, likewise, was in a sad plight; he kept his eyes constantly fixed on the dead Mango, uttering "Berry mocha sorry for de poor gal: neber, neber speak to dy Juppy any more,—deary me, deary me!" and then the tears would drop from his eyes on the inanimate cheeks of the dead girl. Never before, or since, did it fall to my lot to see anything so heart-rending. Groans, and shrieks, and death-gurglings were resounding in all directions, and many mad, and delirious, through intense suffering, were battling together, and tearing and rending one another like wild beasts.

I now determined to make one more appeal to Peabody. Consigning the Knight of the Griffin, who was by this time in a state of utter unconsciousness, to the care of Jupiter, I attempted to force my way to the hatches for that purpose. Many of the negroes were so weak and exhausted, that the slight movement made by my attempt overturned many of them; others, mistaking my aim, opposed me with all their remaining strength. It thus came to pass that my passage was one continual struggle, and literally made over the dying and the dead. I, however, at length accomplished my object, and shouted through the

hatches for Peabody. Those of the crew who heard me laughed and grinned at me; and Lanky, who was one of the number, asked me, "if I was not tarnally roasted: the worms," continued he, "like roast meat, and it is an almighty dead sartainty that thou wilt be meat for them ere."

"I am not speaking to thee," said I: "I demand to speak to the skipper."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Lanky, "that's the go, is it? The skipper is gone to bed, eh? Keep quiet below there, or 'twill be worse for ye."

"As you are a man, Lanky, and as you have a soul to be saved, take a portion of us on deck, or we shall all perish; I ask not for myself, but for my fellow-sufferers."

"Fine words butter no parsnips," said Lanky: "remember the stinking dog-fish, and the bastinado; it was your turn then, now it is mine: turn about is right-away—equal's equal."

"Ruffian as thou art," said I, "the time will come when thou wilt bitterly rue this."

"Oh! it is mutinous we are, is it? Hillos! there, batten down the hatches!—mutiny! mutiny!"

With the greatest rapidity and promptitude the

crew obeyed his behest, amid suppressed jeers and laughter.

What was now to become of us? If before we were literally in an oven, what could our prison-house be compared to now every breath of air was excluded? Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace, was the nearest similitude I could fix upon. It was now pitch dark; I could not see my fellow-sufferers, but I could hear the stertorous breathings, the suppressed shrieks, and the death-strugglings of the dying. The stricture round my own throat became every moment tighter, and still tighter; it seemed as though a great lump was gradually rising, and growing by degrees larger and larger. My eyes seemed flashing with fire, and bursting from their sockets: my tongue seemed parched and swollen to a prodigious size; at length a piercing, tingling spasm seemed to permeate my whole frame, and I sunk down in a state of utter unconsciousness.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## A CHANGE.

WHEN I returned to a state of consciousness I found myself reclining amid long, rank grass, under the grateful shade of a mango-bush. Several groups of my fellow-captives were scattered about, but their numbers were awfully diminished. Of the many hundreds who so lately struggled for life and death in the aceldama of the slave-ship scarcely a hundred remained alive. Among those hundred, however, remained the Knight of the Griffin and Jupiter. It seems that during my fainting fit Peabody had ascertained the true state of matters in the hold, and, out of regard to his own interests, had run the ship ashore, and landed such of his slaves as were still living.

Most of us, however, were unable to move, and presented a shocking spectacle, absolutely gasping for breath. Peabody was shambling and fidgetting about in a sad taking; his loss must have been prodigious,

and he squirted forth angry jets of saliva in all directions. Lanky came in for a superabundant bespattering of objurgations. "Thy cursed spite have been the cause of this almighty loss—six thousand dollars won't cover it! What right hadst thee to have the hatches battened? Darn it all! I would for half a cent put thee in irons."

"I did it for the best, sir," snivelled Kentuck, who was quite crest-fallen.

"Best be darned!" roared Peabody; "be off right slick—get thee among the loblollys—curse thee for a double-spifflicated, pig-headed jackass."

Peabody now came to the place where I was reclining, and as his pipe was put out with my arch-enemy, Lanky, I determined to make another appeal to his sense of justice, so as soon as he came opposite to me, I thus spoke:—

"Sir, you will be sorry, when sober reflection comes, that you have so scurvily treated me. I am a free-born Englishman, from whose time-honoured country your own ancestors sprung. We are kindred in feeling and language; we both, I trust, despise crooked dealing. Believe me, I am an honest man: what Kentuck has said to my prejudice is a vile calumny;



our respective nations are at present united in the close ties of friendship—may God grant they may long so continue. For all those reasons I demand justice and freedom at your hands.”

During this speech Peabody kept fidgetting about and spitting with amazing volubility, and when I had finished, he gazed fixedly at me for a short space, then turned on his heel, and marched off without uttering a word.

Presently, however, a smart-dressed, dandified fellow, a cross between a mulatto and a New Orleans dandy, came up to me, and said, “Sir, Englishman, the skipper has commissioned me to liberate you from your bonds, if you will give your parole not to attempt an escape.” To this proposition I willingly assented.

No sooner was I liberated from my bonds than I went about among the groups of sick negroes in search of the Knight of the Griffin. Somehow or other I felt a great interest in the poor girl, and I resolved to mitigate her sufferings as much as I could. I found her lying in the long grass, unable to move, and gasping for breath. I ran to Peabody, and earnestly besought him for a cruse of water; at first

he turned a deaf ear to my supplications; but no sooner did I tell him that one of his most valuable slaves was in the greatest danger, than he at once granted my request. I then flew to Miss Griffin with my prize, and, supporting her head on my knee, administered slowly, and at intervals, the bright, sparkling fluid. Oh! with what gratitude did the poor girl receive the delicious boon! how her large dark eyes beamed with delight! with what grateful signs and attitudes and looks did she express her gratitude to me! She soon recovered sufficiently to sit up, and, in a few hours, to stand and walk.

"Much obleeged," said Peabody, shambling up to us, and speaking to me; "that ere gal be the best article I have got, worth three hunder dollars if worth a cent—prime article that ere"—and here the old satyr surveyed her with a gloating eye.

The Knight of the Griffin shrunk from that glance, and cowered closer to me.

"Oh! it is coy we are, is it? I know how to tame that ere—I'll see to that—I know how to make obstopolous gals knuckle down, never fear that." So saying, he again left us.

Here the poor girl, through Jupiter, earnestly re-

quested me not to leave her—to permit her to be my slave for ever ; again her eyes filled with tears, and she sobbed violently.

I willingly, and from my heart, promised to do all I could for her, and with this assurance she grew more pacified.

We remained in our present retreat till the health of the negroes was sufficiently restored to endure a sea voyage. The Knight of the Griffin and myself were not so much together as formerly, owing, as I thought, to the jealous interference of Peabody. Still we met furtively, for where there is a will there is a way. I most assuredly felt a great regard for the maiden, and how fondly that regard was reciprocated the melancholy incident I am obliged, reluctantly, to recount will too amply demonstrate.

I have said above that Peabody contrived to keep us asunder as much as possible, and yet that we still contrived to meet on the sly. We could not, however, with all our ingenuity, so contrive matters but what the old skipper got an inkling of the real state of affairs. He then peremptorily ordered me to remain at quarters, and then, by every means in his power, sought to win over Miss Griffin to his views.

She, however, turned a deaf ear to his proposals, and, chagrined at her separation from me, vexed and fretted herself so much that she grew thin and attenuated. At this juncture another of his ships touched at the port where we lay, and Peabody thought the best way to settle matters would be to ship me on board the new arrival, and thus at one blow to cut the Gordian knot of his difficulty. This was intimated to poor Griffin, who, with earnest tears and supplications, requested the skipper to permit her to have a final interview with me. Backed by my own entreaty, he at length gave consent. The poor girl flew into my arms, gazed earnestly on me for a small space, then hid her face in my bosom, and wept aloud. I strained the poor creature to my heart, and could not help mingling my tears with hers—yes, I am not ashamed to say that I did so, for there was something so good, so truly feminine, so touching in her mute appeals, that my whole frame was wrecked with sorrow. There she lay, weeping and sobbing; she clung to me, and they were obliged to tear her away by force. No sooner, however, was she torn from me, than she cast upon me such a glance of piercing agony that I never did and never

can forget it; she then, with convulsive energy, broke from those who held her, and threw herself headlong into the sea. Several active negroes plunged in instantly after her, but could not succeed in saving her—she miserably perished.

And here I cannot help observing how very odd it was that the girls should be so very partial to me! I am not what may be called an Adonis of a fellow at any rate, and I have not a bit of the fop or dandy about me. I am not an adept in a cravat-tie, and care not a fig if my coat does not fit tightly in the waist, and I should as soon think of swallowing a crocodile as to curl a single lock of my hair; and, so far from anointing any part of my corpus with essence or perfume, I would pitch to the devil the whole concern, from Miss Scraggs' poluphlosboic ointment to Warren's milk of roses. What is it, then, they see in me so to draw the sweet regard of those syrens? Is it because I am a careless, good-humoured fellow, ready and willing to fly from Dan to Beersheba to oblige them? Well, I really think there must be something in this—I am an off-hand, rough and ready fellow—nothing crooked about me; the girls, God in Heaven bless them, see this, and they love me for it.

Well, let it be so. I take upon me to say, most solemnly, that there will be no love lost.

But then, poor Lilia and poor Griffin! what can I say about you? To say I was sorry, deeply sorry, for you, would but weakly express the real state of my feelings—my heart literally bled for you, poor dears! Farewell, for ever!

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## SEVERAL MINOR MATTERS.

"THERE goes a thousand dollars right slick away!" said Peabody, as the Knight of the Griffin sunk in the waves, "and all through that tarnal Britisher."

I was too sorrowful to make any reply to this heartless speech. I could not help reflecting, however, on the callous state of mind engendered by a long course of dealing in human flesh. The heart of the slave-master becomes as hard and indurated as the nether millstone. Beings possessing all the finer feelings of human nature he comes to look upon as senseless logs, and treats them as such, or worse; he becomes, in the end, completely brutalized, and metamorphosed into a bipedal hyena.

I was right glad, therefore, when the new arrival weighed anchor, and that I bade a final adieu to Peabody and Lanky. Another circumstance also delighted me, that the old slave-master had forgotten to renew my parole, which had expired when I entered on my new

birth. I determined, therefore, to attempt an escape the first opportunity. It is true, the master of the ship, as well as the crew, treated me with much respect, yet freedom is sweet, and I resolved to regain it. The new ship was a famous little walker of the waves, and scudded along like a wild swan. The breeze was rather fresh, and filled our sails with a gentle bellying, murmuring delightfully. The cutwater snored through the yielding waters, and we had nothing to do but to loll about deck and watch her graceful movements. Sometimes we pranced about deck, jiggling away and cutting divers caprioles, like fidgetty or unruly horses. The ship did all the work herself, and seemed to take pleasure in doing it ; to us it was a perpetual holiday, and in this holiday the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea participated. All was mirth and glee above and below. It was now during these dozy hours that I often reflected on old Capstan's sea legends, more especially that of the mermaid ; and on those calm, sunny days, when the sea was as smooth and shone like a silver mirror, I more than once looked abroad, expecting to see her rise with comb and glass in hand. The obstinate creature, however, refused to appear, and, as far as I am concerned, the



tale of the mermaid must be classed among the fables and myths of by-gone times.

It was at this period that a singular circumstance occurred to me during the night season, and even now I can scarcely tell whether it was a frolic of the imagination or sober reality. It might be about midnight, and I was reclining in my berth. The moon had just risen, the stars shone brightly, and all nature was invested in a kind of dreamy, supernatural splendour. On a sudden, I saw a human form stand between me and the full-orbed queen of night, yet so thin was the object, that I could see through it as plainly as I could see through a thin, fleecy cloud. Gradually as I recovered from the surprise the sudden appearance had caused me, I knew it to be the Knight of the Griffin. I could not be mistaken—there were the same full, lustrous black eyes, the same beautifully symmetrical form, the same sweet smile. She extended wide her arms, and I rushed forward to meet her proffered embrace, when she suddenly vanished—or I awoke—I could never tell which, but I was alone in my berth, the vision, or reality, whichever it might be, had vanished!

I was still conning over the late recorded singular event, when I heard a rustling on the floor of the

cabin. My mind was in such a state of nervous excitement, that I was quite startled thereby, and knew not whether to cower down under the bedclothes, or to sit up and look about me. I lay still in a state of dubiety for a considerable time, the rustling still continuing, and rather increasing than otherwise. At length a whispering voice said, with horrible distinctness, "Massa, massa, it be me!" The tone was so hollow and supernatural, that I had some intention of taking to flight; but then I reflected that if I did so, I must necessarily rush into the very arms of the ghost or devil, or whatever it might be that was kicking up this confounded stowre. I therefore shut my eyes and lay quiescent. The apparition, however, was not to be so staved off, for a large black paw laid hold of the bedclothes, and commenced pulling away. There was such a large amount of audacity in this, that it instantly recalled my natural courage, and I sprung to my feet, and saw before me a tall, black object, which I was about to fell to the ground, when I saw it was my old ally, Jupiter.

"Hilloa, Jupiter!" said I, "what, in the name of old Cloots, brought you here?"

"Don't spake so berry mocha loud, massa," said he;

"me here on the sly—like to be wid you—dey don't know I be here." As he pronounced the word "dey," he pointed with his chin to the deck.

I instantly saw how the matter stood. Jupiter had become much attached to me, and had smuggled himself on board to share my fortunes. I likewise saw the dreadful predicament he had placed himself in: he had incurred the pains and penalties of a runaway slave, and to avoid discovery seemed impossible. It was not a very large ship, and hiding-places comparatively few. The only plan I could hit upon at present was, to conceal him in my own berth, and scarcely had I done so, ere one of the crew thrust his head out of his own proper compartment, and demanded with an oath what I was "kicking up that hullabaloo about?" Telling him that I had been troubled with nightmare, I lay still as a mouse, and my ally did the same.

Now, whether my comrade was satisfied with the reason assigned by me for the late nocturnal disturbance, I know not; but, at all events, I saw his great bullet head emerge from his sanctum more than once. I strongly suspect he was not satisfied with the story of the nightmare.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## FLOGGING.

I HAVE said above, that my comrade (whose name was Dick Skunk) was not at all satisfied with the account I gave of the late nocturnal disturbance. This worthy was a square-built kilderkin of a fellow, with a long body and short legs and thighs, so that he might be likened to a giant stuck by some strange caprice of Nature on the pedestals of a dwarf. His head was of prodigious size, his face red and capacious, and his arms of immeasurable length. In temper he was curt and boisterous, but, on the whole, to use one of his own phrases, "upright and down straight."

"I'm jonnek," said he to me on the following morning, "if that ere warn't a comical nightmare last night—can't take it in at all."

"Is there anything odd, then, in having a nightmare?"

"Why, a nightmare be one thing, a gal be another—sly is the word, eh?"

"You speak in enigmas, Dick; if you have any thing to say, out with it, man."

"Well, then, master Frank, I 'spect there be a gal somehow consarned, a ghost like, or, least ways, old Clooty himself. I seed a gal, a ghost, or Cloota." So saying, he turned his quid, and walked away in the most solemn manner.

It was plain that Dick had seen something, and that, in consequence, the danger of Jupiter was proportionably increased. I, therefore, by signs and whispers, made him aware of his great peril, and advised him to quit the ship the very first opportunity that offered. Nothing particularly occurred during the following day, but I noticed that Dick kept a watchful eye upon me, and I observed him more than once in close conference with the skipper. His turn of mind evidently inclined to the superstitious and supernatural, and I strongly suspect he thought I had dealings with some mysterious being. At all events, he was dubious on the point. He did not know what to make of the matter; I was obliged, therefore, to act warily and circumspectly, particularly during the night season

for ever and anon, on the least rustling, his big, bullet head, would emerge from his berth.

Things continued in the same state for a day or two, during which we made great progress. I ascertained we were bound to the Cape, with a cargo of contraband powder, for the use of the Caffres, who were waging a war of extermination against the British. Before we arrived there, however, we were destined to experience a pretty considerable storm, during which our ship pitched and rolled about in a truly picturesque manner. It was twilight, and a kind of dubious gloom overspread all things. Dick Skunk happened to go down to his berth to put it to rights. He was rather shy of going down by himself in the dark, but on the present occasion he had no alternative. Now it chanced that the ship gave a tremendous lurch during the time he was engaged in his operations, and canted Jupiter head-foremost out of his hiding-place, and sent him spinning to the feet of Skunk, who, uttering a loud roar, bolted out of the cabin as fast as his legs could carry him.

The skipper was parading up and down the quarter-deck, when Dick, with his hair on end, and his eyes staring wildly with affright, rushed up to him, and

began hawking and stammering, and trying to speak, but could not utter an intelligible word.

"Why, you tarnal fool," said the skipper, "what's the rig? hast seed a ghost, or the devil?"

"A ni-i-ight-ma-a-a-re!" at length Dick contrived to stutter out, pointing in the direction of his berth.

"If not a night-mare, thou hast plainly diskivered a mare's nest; let a brace of hands scud below, and see what this big stramage is about."

The two hands dived down, but speedily returned in wild affright, shouting forth, "the Devil! the Devil!"

"Well, this is a go!" growled the skipper; "now I dare be bound it be some runaway nigger, and if so, I'll flay him." He spoke the last words with a kind of savage howl. He then went below, attended by several of the crew, and soon dragged forth Jupiter, and manacled him with heavy irons.

"'Tis Mr. Peabody's prime article," said Skunk; "oh, my! but wont he catch it."

The fact that Jupiter was a runaway slave was too palpable for dispute, so, without further circumlocution, they bound him with his face to the foremast and extended arms, thus presenting the fairest mark

for the cat-o'-nine-tails. "Skunk," shouted the skipper, "give it him tightly—no make-believes—no sham-abrahams—slash away."

Skunk now whirled the instrument round his head several times, in order to give greater impetus to his blows, which descended in quick succession, making the whole frame of the sufferer shiver and quake; and soon the blood began to trickle down in tiny streams. Jupiter bore the infliction with stoical apathy: he groaned not, neither did he tremble voluntarily; but his muscles quivered convulsively, in spite of himself, and soon trenchant gashes glared forth here and there. The blood, likewise, which had at first only oozed forth, now poured down in absolute streams; the skin was in fact completely scarified, and every blow eat into the tender flesh. Still the hapless victim showed no outward signs of emotion: like the red Indian, he seemed to hurl defiance on his brutal persecutors, or rather butchers; he, however, cast one furtive glance at me—so imploring—so woe-begone, that I sprang forward, and in energetic terms entreated the skipper to have mercy and to forbear. He gave a truculent smile and said, "Sir Britisher, I would advise you to mind your p's and q's—remember, old boy, we



have a rigglar stiff law against those who harbour runaway slaves—it is as much as I can do to save your own back from the lash ; keep a civil tongue in your jaws and I will do that ; but with respect to that there nigger, all I have got to say is, Skunk, pay him well.”

Skunk here gave one tremendous lash, which resounded over the whole deck : he then dropped his arm and said :

“ Blow me, sir, if I be-ant of ’pinion that ere nigger be scomfished ! ”

In fact, poor Jupiter had fainted, and was insensible to pains or penalties of any description.

“ Unbind him,” said the skipper ; “ his gruel is cooked for this time.” So saying, he squirted forth a jet of tobacco-juice, and walked unconcernedly away.

As soon as he was unloosed, I sprinkled some water over his face, and, resting his head on my knee, soon restored him to a state of consciousness. He was, however, a shocking spectacle—torn, mangled, and bleeding. I earnestly entreated the skipper to allow me to take him into my own berth, and to attend upon him. He was evidently in great danger, and

required careful and tender nursing. He granted my application more readily than I expected; but, I verily believe, not through motives of compassion but of self-interest: he found he had carried his cruel practices too far, and that the loss of a strong, hale slave, like Jupiter, would be no joke.

## CHAPTER XL.

## A FLIGHT.

I NURSED Jupiter with the most assiduous attention. A fever set in, and for many days he was in a state of great danger; and if it had not have been for me, he must have died. The crisis, however, passed away, and he slowly recovered, and never shall I forget his looks and expressions of gratitude to me. Talk of the negro not having a feeling heart, indeed! the most obdurate sceptic must have abandoned that fallacy, if he could have heard and witnessed my black friend.

It was very seldom that Jupiter and myself could entertain confidential communication with each other—we were perpetually watched. Skunk, in particular, seemed a constant spy on our proceedings. Notwithstanding, however, all their precautions, we contrived to arrange a plan of escape the first opportunity that offered. We knew that the late flogging would only lead to another, perhaps more severe. I had contrived by some means to smuggle a file, which I

secretly conveyed to Jupiter. Him, I knew, they would manacle as soon as he was able to walk about, and thus he would have about him a secret liberator. We then watched passing events as calmly and circumspectly as we could.

The suspicion I entertained, that a second and still more severe flogging awaited Jupiter as soon as he was able to bear it, received confirmation from a conversation I overheard between the skipper and Skunk. It, however, was to be delayed till after we had left the Cape of Good Hope, where we intended to call for the purpose of taking in fresh water. According to my anticipation, my companion was strongly ironed upon our arrival in sight of land. We were not, however, separated, which I much wondered at. From the very first day he was manacled, Jupiter put the file in requisition. The fetters were thick and strong, yet, with death staring him in the face, he worked away with much perseverance, night and day. Skunk kept a sharp eye upon his movements, and he was obliged to be as secret and wily as a cat. He generally made most way after dark; but even then the great bullet-head of our arch enemy would every now and then emerge from his berth. "Be blowed,

Englisher," said he, one night, "I 'spect there be an almighty rat in this ere place, for I do hear sich a scrat, scrat, scratting, like a solgier rasping slick-a-way at a rousty firelock: I'm ticklary sure it be so."

"Why, Mr. Skunk," said I, in a voice as unconcerned as possible, "there is nothing more to say, I think I saw the gentleman t'other night. A regular, stout-built shaver, with teeth as daggers."

I saw I had overshot the mark, for Skunk rejoined, "Oh! oh! it's very obsarving we be—suppose now you felt his teeth, or, pr—slice out of your big toe, eh? all w—nathless, we'll see to this rasping t—tain sure—

Poor Jupiter was in a sweat, and I, myself, was much alarmed. I had overheard the conversation quite obviously, and fully expected to be his next victim.

As he grabbed a  
ty well, this—  
morro—

reached

in this part closed in upon the coast, and was extremely thick, nearly impervious. Swarms of Kaffir boats absolutely loaded this cove and stream, in which were canted the bags of powder from the American ship with amazing celerity. In fact, they did not know a moment but what they might be surprised by the English patrols, who were at this time particularly vigilant, and were straining every nerve to prevent the landing of those contraband stores. The hubbub and confusion was excessive, during which Jupiter made the best use of his time, and actually succeeded in liberating his hands, and then set to at the fetters which bound his feet. He had nearly succeeded in cutting them asunder, when Skunk re-entered the cabin, the day's darge having been concluded. He seemed tired and exhausted, threw himself down, and soon fell asleep. Again Jupiter set to, but no sooner had he done so than, as though it had exercised a galvanic power, Skunk started to his feet. "I'm scomfished," said he, "if that ere be-ant the rasping of a file: blowed, you bl—s—d nigger, if thou hasn't got a file—out w'it!" Here he advanced upon Jupiter, who, now seeing the critical position he was placed in, placed himself in a defensive attitude, and a furious

contest instantly began. If Jupiter had had his feet at liberty, it is very likely he might have proved the better man; but, hampered as he was, in that respect, he was soon overthrown, and, with a savage growl, Skunk knelt on his breast, and drew from his fob a long, keen bowie knife, which he whirled aloft in air, and was about to plunge it into the throat of his prostrate antagonist. At this decisive moment I fortunately entered, and, springing forward, struck the murderous weapon out of his hand. Instantly he sprung to his feet, and made a furious attack upon me. At that time I was as strong as a horse, and as agile as a monkey, and after a brief struggle, I cap-sized him headforemost against one of the bulk-heads, and he lay extended on the floor without sense or motion.

In an instant I grasped the file, and applying it furiously to the remaining manacles of Jupiter, soon severed them, and then, without a moment's delay, began running up the companion-ladder, followed by my black friend. By this time, however, the noise we had made in our late scuffle had attracted the notice of the skipper, who, with several of the crew, had just arrived at the top, and were about to descend.

Knowing that all depended upon taking our enemies by surprise, I had whispered to Jupiter to keep close at my heels, and do as I did. The skipper was just about to place his left foot on the second step of the ladder, when I ran bang against him, and with such catapultic force, that he fell flat on his back on the deck. I then sprung among the crew who, by this time, had clustered round, upset another, and another, and, gallantly seconded by my black friend, who made one or two of them bite the dust, broke through their ranks, and rushing amidships, sprung over the bulwarks of the ship into the sea. Jupiter, before he could follow my example, had a brief struggle to undergo, for one of the crew intercepted his flight, seized him round the waist, and held him as tenaciously as though in a vice or the jaws of a bull-dog. In this awkward fix he recollected the file, and grasping it firmly in his hand, thrust it into the left eye of his antagonist, who, roaring with pain, relaxed his hold; and Jupiter, taking advantage of this fortunate occurrence, broke away and leaped into the sea after me. We immediately struck out with lusty strokes towards shore. Several of the crew sprung in after us, others, arming themselves with muskets, fired upon

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us, and the bullets flashed about us in the water like hail. They were soon, however, obliged to cease firing, for they were as liable to hit their own men, who were swimming after us, as ourselves. We were about three hundred yards from shore when we commenced our water race, and an exciting race it was. I could easily have distanced all my pursuers as I could sport and play, or skim through the waves like a dolphin; but Jupiter was not such an adept as me, and of course I could not leave him to the tender mercies of his enemies. I was, therefore, obliged to hover round him, and occasionally to choke off some agile antagonist who had laid hands on him. At length we arrived within thirty yards of shore, when a gigantic Malay, seconded by a slender but active American, intercepted us. I saw, now, that we must have a regular water fight, and that we must contrive, by hook or crook, to beat our antagonists quickly, as three or four more were close at hand. I, therefore, singled out the Malay, and making a brace of vigorous strokes, met him full butt, and grappling him by the throat, forced his head under water, and held it there. Vainly did he strive and roll about, endeavouring to disengage himself; he could not break my hold;

and when I found him quiescent I let him sink quietly, and swam off to Jupiter, who, by this time, was fighting with the American, with dubious success. They were rolling one over the other, like a couple of battling serpents, sometimes one under the water, sometimes the other. I swam to the spot where the combat was raging: Jupiter was at this time uppermost, pecking and gasping for breath. Desiring him to make the best of his way to the land, as several of our pursuers were close at hand, I grappled the American, and giving him a severe tap on the jugular, sent him to the bottom like a mill-stone. Jupiter by this time had scrambled on shore, where I, after giving about half-a-dozen vigorous strokes, rejoined him: we immediately plunged into the jungle, and high time it was for us to do so, for, in addition to half-a-dozen swimmers, who were just on the point of cutting us off from land, the skipper's gig had just been launched from the ship full of men, who were rowing away for shore like mad. It was with the utmost difficulty we penetrated through the underwood. The grass was long and tenacious, intermingled with briars, which stuck into our clothes, and made picturesque slashes here and there. Still it was no use for us to mind a scratch

or two, for our enemies were in full cry behind us, and we could distinctly hear the crashing of the boughs and their curses and exclamations as they followed rapidly on our haunches. In order to throw them out, I now turned off at a right angle from our previous course, and this manœuvre was obviously attended with, at least, partial success, for many kept on in a straight line, a few still chased us. We were now pretty well briar-torn, and our clothes literally rent to shreds: we began likewise to get worn out and tired, for our exertions had been unintermitting, and of the most trying character. We now crept into a thick mass of briars, interlaced with long rank grass, so very impervious, that we determined to rest for a brief space. Scarcely had we settled down, ere three of the ship's crew, including Dick Skunk, came to the very edge of the thicket where we were hidden. The companions of Skunk were tough old veterans enough, but who had lost the elasticity of youth, and were likewise more exhausted than ourselves. We determined, therefore, to hold our position, and if discovered, to show fight. They kept beating about the bush for a long time, but so artfully had we concealed ourselves, that they did not

discover us; and they at length retired, growling and cursing without stint or measure.

Rejoiced that we had got rid of our pertinaceous followers, and seeing that we could not find a more secure hiding place, we threw ourselves down in the long grass and soon fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## ADVENTURES IN CAFFRELAND.

At this time the famous war between the British, under tough old Harry Smith, and the Caffres under Macomo, Sandili, and other rough and ready warriors, was at its height, and it was impossible to tell to which the balance would incline, for the scales stood upon an exact equipoise, and a grain of sand thrown in by either party would most assuredly make the opposite end kick the beam. It is true, if old Harry could have induced them to come forward and have a fair stand-up fight, Mr. Macomo and his myrmidons would soon have been put to flight ; but the wily old chieftain knew a trick worth two, nay, half-a-dozen of that. No, the sly savage hovered here and hovered there, and when the stern old Englishman expected an attack on his right wing, Mr. Mac was sure to assault his left, nay ! often when the British hero saw something tangible before him, a long and dark line of stalwart warriors drawn up in position, ap-

parently resolved to bring the matter to a speedy decision, even then the volatile enemy would melt away, to the right and left, like a morning mist ; and when the ardent Harry arrived on the ground where he expected the supreme pleasue of a good fight, lo ! nothing was to be seen but a few empty trenches and broken outlandish kettles ; the enemy had vanished, but whether east, west, north, or south it was impossible to determine ; and whilst our hero was feeling for them in all directions, intelligence would come that the ubiquitous Caffres were one hundred miles in the rear, ravaging the country with fire and sword.

Thus this fatal war kept lingering on from year to year ; the British troops were almost harassed out of their lives ; and on some occasions, when a stray column had penetrated into the interior, far away from their base of operations, the Caffres, like a horde of wolves, would surround them on every side, cut off their stragglers, fire at them behind trees and bushes, attack them from every assailable point whence they could do so without any danger to themselves ; and in the end, when the unfortunate detachment reached its destination, it was more than deci-

mated, and those who survived were a creeping mass of scarecrows.

Not having a compass with us we did not know how to steer for the British settlements, so we were obliged to trust to chance. We slept soundly, and awaking much refreshed set forward on our journey. Our first object was to get as far from the coast as possible, in order to evade the pursuit of the American skipper and his satellites ; and to gain this object, even if we fell into the hands of the Caffres, our condition would not be worsened. Our first day's journey was through thick underwood, firmly bound together with jagged briars, which ever and anon hooked into our clothes and flesh. The boles of the trees were likewise very close together, so that we could hardly squeeze between them : sometimes we could not, and were obliged to turn to others wider apart. The grass was long, rank, and wet, and clung around our legs as we walked, like pack twine ; sometimes it suddenly threw us down. It was a most uncomfortable and fatiguing journey, and withal we were as hungry as hunters. At length we were so tired out, that we crept into a thick fern brake and lay down to sleep.

Notwithstanding our unpleasant and critical posi-

tion we slept soundly—sleep, that holy mother, visited us even in our sad plight, and not only visited us, but relieved us. She restored to us the elasticity of our limbs, and even in some degree mitigated our hunger, or at least rendered us more capable of bearing it; nay, so elated was I, that I spouted in a loud tone of voice Shakspeare's celebrated apostrophe to sleep, accompanying it with appropriate gesticulation. Jupiter seemed petrified with astonishment at this burst, opening his eyes to their fullest extent, and dilating his orbs in the most grotesque manner, so that from spouting I took to laughing, and so vehemently did I laugh, that the woods and valleys rang again—and I have observed, on more than one occasion, that when we laugh after a severe tussle with sorrow, we always send forth a genuine, unadulterated laugh—we laugh all over our face, our mouth vibrates, and our eyes twinkle again: nature seems willing to make herself amends for her former privation, and become jovial and jocular with entire *abandon*.

When my cachinnatory convulsion had in some measure abated, Jupiter, who evidently thought me a fit subject for a strait waistcoat, approached me in a hesitating manner, still looking aghast: "Me be



feared," said he, "dere me, mocha de matter wid massa up dere," and he pointed, as usual with his chin, to the top of my head. He performed this evolution in such an odd, out-of-the-way manner, that my laughter, which had in some degree abated, broke out with uncontrollable vehemence—so much so, that I was obliged to throw myself on the ground, and absolutely rolled over and over. Jupiter was now more alarmed than ever, and the more he twisted and screwed his face about, the more I laughed; at length I earnestly besought him to turn his face from me, and then, after a reasonable space of time, I recovered my accustomed equanimity.

"All right now, Juppy," said I, "turn round and let's be jogging."

"Berry glad for dat dere," said Jupiter: "hopes massa wont get de cracks again."

I was very near breaking off again—my black friend uttered this speech in such a lugubrious manner: howsoever, I contrived, by biting my lip and pinching my wrist, to drive the risible demon away.

Well, I had been laughing—making the woods resound with mirth; but the deuce a bit of breakfast was to be obtained for love or money. There were

plenty of shrubs and flowers around us, but, alas! no bread-and-butter tree, and we vainly wished to stumble on a specimen of that *chef d'œuvre* of the Flower Island. There was also plenty of grass about us; but the bovine nature was not strong enough in us to digest that edible—we were not yet Nebuchadnezzars. Still we had gained one object, we had given the slip to the American skipper, Dick Skunk, and the rest: at the expense of our bellies we had saved our backs. We trudged, therefore, along as *nonchalant* as we could; strove to achieve an occasional whistle, and mixed together, and strove to swallow, the bitter and sweet of our lot as well as we could.

It was evening—the sun was setting in a cloudless sky. There was a gentle breeze stirring, and the leaves of the trees danced, and the boughs waved to and fro easily and gracefully. The flowers of the earth peeped briskly up; and the flowers of the sky, to wit, the golden stars, looked down, smirking and smiling. That part of the horizon which the orb of day had just quitted was a literal sea of fire; and a heavy mist, which had just arisen from some obscure lagoon, curled over the ruddy expanse, like rolling volumes of black smoke during a city's conflagration.

The upper limb of the moon had just peeped over the top of a far-distant, craggy knoll, and the faint radiance she shed around was nearly lost in the bright, brilliant azure that sparkled about her path.

In spite of the gnawings of our epigastriums, we could not help admiring the splendid scene. Jupiter, in particular, was elated to the top of his bent, and absolutely looked babies in the eyes of old mother Cynthia, and really the good lady is not to be sneezed ; and considering the soft sawder she has been smothered with, from one generation of poets to the other, she is more trig and shapely, and less affected, than could by any means have been expected. Still she is extremely capricious : sometimes falls in the sulks, and gets as dour and grumpy as a sexagenarian old maid. This evening, however, she was in her very best humour, and looked as gracious as a May-day queen, and, as I said above, Jupiter was desperately smitten with her lavish charms—moon-stricken, and moped and mowed at her in the most ludicrous manner. I verily believe he had transmogrified his lunar flame into a fetisch, and was actually worshipping her after his country fashion. Be that as it may, he was in the midst of his antics, and had just cut

a summerset, when bang came a long spear from a thick clump of bushes, directly in front, which passed only an hand's breadth to the right—struck against a bank, into which it penetrated several inches, and there stood upright, quivering from the great force with which it had been thrown—if it had found my gymnastic friend, it would most assuredly have bored an eyelet-hole clean through his body, and spoiled his fetisch-worshipping for ever! Jupiter heard the whizzing as the spear spun by his ear; and also saw it wound the unoffending bank. He cut short his antics, and pointing in his usual way to the bush, said, “massa dere be some-ting dere berry scom-fish—dat dere spear (still making use of his chin as an index) come from dat dere bosh—dem-me, but me fight, eh, massa?” Before I could reply to this bold speech, about two score Caffres, armed with muskets and spears, rushed upon us. To contend with such an host I saw would be madness, flight impossible—as they had surrounded us on every side, so we submitted to captivity with as good a grace as we could.

The Caffres commenced gabbling and gesticulating about us with great vehemence; they were evidently undecided what to do with us—some appeared desirous of

extinguishing us at once, others of giving us a little more line. At length the argument was closed for the nonce by Madoco, the favourite wife of Macomo, interfering in our behalf. She was a fine shapely woman—rather fairer than most of her compeers. I know I shall make myself liable to the charge of vanity, but, nevertheless, I cannot help declaring, that if, instead of being a lithe young buck, I had been a decrepid old man, they might have hanged or throttled me, or riddled my body with their flesh-kissing spears, ere Miss Madoco would have interfered in my behalf. Not content with saving our lives, that considerate princess set apart for us a tolerable sized tent, and she did not cease her good offices even there, for she sent us a capital meal of milk and bullock's flesh well baked. Rejoiced that matters had taken such a favourable turn, we stuck our knives and forks into our delectable looking viands, and gobbled away with right good-will.

And here the reader may exclaim, in what part of Caffreland were you encamped? On what part of the coast were you landed? In what latitude was Flower Island? In what part of Africa is Summerset Land? In what longitude did you catch the stinking



dog-fish? By'r Lady! courteous friend, I cannot tell thee precisely, and if I cannot tell thee, at least within ten degrees, I had better be mum. I own I am no very great adept in navigation, and even if I had been so, I had no mathematical instruments with me to take any observation. It is sufficient to me that I was actually in some latitude and in some longitude; and those who choose may put this and that together and find it out if they can, for I again repeat, I cannot. I, therefore, as far as I am concerned, pitch latitude and longitude into the extended arms of old Cloots.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## MORE ADVENTURES IN CAFFRELAND.

THERE were about five thousand Caffres in camp—stout, hardy warriors. They were principally Macomo's men; and so cunningly were they disposed amid the bushes and long grass, that even at a slight distance they were invisible. Videttes were regularly posted, and scouts sent out to give notice of approaching danger. Macomo was undoubtedly a finished *artiste* in bush-fighting—as those who have been opposed to him will, no doubt, willingly confess. He was rather mean in personal appearance, and his countenance bore a cunning and sinister expression. He was a wolf rather than a lion.

At this time the camp was not overstocked with provisions. Old Harry had lately been very active, and had much straitened our quarters. It was also bruited abroad that he was advancing with the intention of driving us over the river Kei. Macomo had, in consequence, called in all his outlying warriors,

with the determination of waging a great battle, and for this purpose we made a lateral movement, and took up a strong position on a rugged succession of woody heights, known by the name of the Watercloof.

Now this said Watercloof, in the annals of the wars between the British and Caffres, obtained a singular celebrity. Who does not recollect that regularly once a fortnight, accounts arrived, that the former had driven the latter out of the Watercloof? No one could possibly tell what to make of this incessant trumpeting! It was a regular poser! Some thought there were twenty Watercloofs; others a hundred! others suspected that some wag in the vicinity of Printing-house Square concocted these noisy bulletins. Now the fact was, the Caffres were actually driven out of this curious nest every time it was so reported, but then the persevering devils were no sooner driven out in one part than they re-entered in another. They seem to have taken a decided and unconquerable liking to the old Kloof. Talk about the *maladie de pays* of the Swiss, that of old Macomo for his dens and bushes was ten times more pungent: he would not be put out of the Watercloof—he swore by his household-gods he would not. Old Harry, however, had not a bit of



the sentimental about him : he smiled grimly on the affectionate old savage, and swore by the point of his sword he should, and both warriors were extremely tenacious of their word ; hence one hero pulled away at one end of the Watercloof, the other at the opposite. It was a perpetual shift and turnabout. At present Macomo was enacting the part of Joan, Harry that of Darby.

Well, as I have just said, Macomo occupied the celebrated Watercloof. He had mustered up his warriors from all points of the compass, and his array was truly formidable—stout, hardy, fierce-looking fellows—thorough raw-head and bloody-bone blades, (excuse the execrable pun.) The ground they occupied also was strong—if stoutly defended, impregnable : it was a complete net-work of hills, valleys, ravines, and defiles, completely shrouded and over-ran with convoluted briars, stubborn brambles, trees bound together in one impenetrable mass by gigantic weeds of the convolvulii species. The ground Macomo had chosen for his present battle-field was a steep, rugged height, which could only be approached by a tortuous ravine in front. This ravine was commanded by a succession of wooded knolls for more than a mile of its

course, and those knolls were crowned with Caffres, who, concealed by the bushes, kept up an incessant fire on the British as they advanced, and invariably, as flanking parties were sent out to clear those heights, they disappeared among the bushes. It thus came to pass, that by the time old Harry arrived in front of the position of Macomo, he had sustained a considerable loss, particularly in officers. These mishaps did not, by any means, improve his naturally irritable temper, and he swore and fumed about like a Trojan. Old Macomo from his stance observed those proceedings with an elated eye, and he firmly believed that the deliverance of his country was drawing nigh.

Now I do not believe that the British commander was at all aware that the main body of the enemy was in front: he most probably thought that he had been driving a few bands of marauders before him. Macomo had, in fact, conducted his movements with consummate skill, and had so well masked his position, that scarcely a man could be seen. When, therefore, the advance of the British, as they ascended the height, found themselves assailed in front and flank by a numerous and unseen enemy, they fell back in

confusion. Vainly did old Harry rush to the front and strive to restore order, exposing his person like a common soldier. The surprise was sudden and complete, and the Caffres, elated with success, gave a wild yell of exultation.

I verily believe it was that shout which first revealed to the British commander the numerous array of foemen assembled in his front, and he at once concentrated his rather scattered host, and prepared for what he now found would prove a fierce fight. From the smoke of their guns in the late skirmish he found the position of the Caffres extended along the summit of the semicircular range of heights extremely difficult of access. It could only be approached by ascending a ravine which intersected the centre of the semicircle, and during the ascent the attacking body would be exposed to a fire in front and flank. When once, however, the summit was attained, the victory was won; at the same time, the centre of the enemy being pierced and their wings separated. I chanced to be in a part of the field from whence I could see the advance of my fellow-countrymen—and never shall I forget the singular emotions I felt when I first saw their broad, honest visages

appear in sight. On they came, at a steady, uninterrupted pace ; and though showers of shot were poured upon them from all quarters, literally tearing gaps in their crowded masses, still they pressed onwards—nothing could stop them. They moved on, too, without firing a shot : such was the peremptory order of old Harry, who himself marched with the leading column. When they had ascended about three-fourths of the height, the fire of the Caffres became so tremendous, that the column was for a moment staggered, but only for a moment, and onward they again rushed with increased fury. On, on they rush like a raging torrent ; and now they have gained the summit of the height, and stand face to face with their hitherto hidden foe ! Then did their furious old commander give out, in a loud, shrill voice, the magic word “fire,” and forthwith, as from a mimic volcano, burst forth smoke and flame and the winged messengers of death, sending hundreds of their foemen to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. Never was there delivered a more effective discharge ; it actually seemed to paralyse Macomo and his warriors, and, ere they could recover from their surprise, the British charged with the bayonet. This completed their consternation, and the

Caffres took to flight in all quarters, carrying myself and Jupiter with them.

Shortly after this fight, accounts appeared in the English newspapers trumpeting forth the above-related battle as a decisive victory; and likewise that the enemy were driven out of the Watercloof. Now my Lord Harry did advance right through this said Kloof, and actually emerged on the other side; but, in the meantime, the wily Macomo had wheeled round-about, dispersing his men in all conceivable directions, and again re-uniting them in the self-same position on which he had delivered the late battle; so that the English commander had fought a great battle, made a harassing march, and was as far from ultimate conquest as ever. And not only this, but Macomo, being nearest to the British settlements, sent out his detachments, which scoured the country, burning the farm-houses and villages, and driving off the cattle of the settlers; so that when the enraged Harry returned to his legitimate stance, he found it a smoking desert, and the wily cause of all this mischief was slipped off into some unknown longitude.

During the whole of those movements, Jupiter and myself were dragged about, willy nilly, with the

Caffre army. We had refused to give our parole, and, consequently, were strictly looked after. Miss Madoco continued her good offices: we lived like fighting cocks, and grew fat and sleek, especially Jupiter. We were, however, notwithstanding all this, constantly on the look-out for escape. The Caffre ladies were too flat-nosed for our (at least my) taste, and I longed to get housed among the tidy Cape housewives, those genuine descendants of the dirt-hating Dutch.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## A SKIRMISH.

IT chanced about this time that Macomo, accompanied by his favourite wife Madoco (who was much attached to her lord, and insisted on accompanying him) and a large party of his ablest warriors, made a marauding incursion into the British settlements in the neighbourhood of Graham's Town. They pushed on under the very walls of the town, and captured much cattle. They then fell back with the utmost celerity, loaded with booty. Now it chanced, as they retreated, they crossed the path of a large body of loyal Fingoes, commanded by a British officer. It was an established Caffre tactic during this long and sanguinary war, never to make an attack except their numerical superiority was so great as to ensure success. Their warriors, like thunder clouds, would hover here and there, making desultory onsets till they had decimated their opponents, then, with a loud yell, would make a

sudden and fierce charge, and generally bear down everything before them. No sooner, therefore, did Macomo stumble on the Fingo detachment, than he enveloped them on all sides, and commenced a harassing fire. The British officer did his duty well, and nobly he was here and there and everywhere encouraging his men, both by voice and example. But when he fell by a random shot, his men got into confusion; taking advantage of which, the Caffres precipitated themselves upon them, gained an easy victory, killing and capturing nearly the whole. It chanced that during the exultation of success, Jupiter and myself were not much attended to. We had not advanced with the victorious Caffres, but remained on the skirts of the camp, almost unattended. Taking advantage of their supineness, we gradually edged off into the jungle, and, seeing a favourable opportunity, took to downright flight.

I must here confess, that in emergencies of this kind I was always *au fait*, and quite at home. My spirit always rose with the opposing obstacles. I knew that our flight would be immediately detected, and the jungle in the neighbourhood of the late battle minutely searched. Arming ourselves, therefore, with



a spear each, we boldly entered the clearance leading to Graham's Town. We were soon joined by a couple of fugitive Fingoes, a runaway Hottentot, and a handsome formed Caffre girl, who sedulously kept her face concealed in a kind of flowered silk veil. I could not take my eyes from this mysterious female. I fancied I had seen her somewhere before, and presently a sudden movement revealing a portion of her face, I saw, to my infinite surprise, that it was Madoco, the favourite wife of Macomo. But what seemed most strange was this: that she seemingly attached herself to our party voluntarily. . Could she be after me, or Jupiter? At present, however, I had no leisure to think much of the matter, for I saw a strong party of Caffres strong on our traces. The command of our little party devolved upon me. I therefore appointed the Hottentot as an especial guard to Madoco, the Fingoes as the advanced guard, Jupiter and myself as rear-guard, and in this form we moved swiftly along. In our previous movements I had noticed a settler's habitation far in advance of the others—distant from our present whereabouts about a mile. To this fortalice (for such it was) I now directed our march. About half a mile a-head the road

we were pursuing ascended a steep and tortuous acclivity: the banks on each side covered with thick jungle—meet place for an ambuscade. I soon ascertained that our only chance of safety consisted in gaining this defile before the Caffres; so we urged on our flight with the utmost rapidity—we strained our muscles to their utmost tension, and devoured the way like race-horses; and it was high time for us to do so, for Macomo, furious as a tiger bereft of her cubs, was not a long way behind; and every now and then some of his warriors launched a spear, or sent a musket-ball whizzing after us. We were much impeded by Madoco, and more than once we thought of leaving her to the tender mercies of her lord; but when we evinced such an intention, she cast upon us such an imploring look, and the tears gushed in such genuine torrents from her eyes, that I could not, for the life of me, forsake the poor girl; besides, the romance of my disposition was touched to the quick, and unless I protected her to the very acme of my power, I should be doing violence to my very nature. So we formed a cordon round her, and trundled on as well as we could. The enemy were now evidently gaining ground upon us, and it became very doubtful

whether we should gain the gorge of the defile before them. Madoco, however, saw our perplexity, and sprung forward like an antelope; she seemed to have reserved all her energies for the decisive moment, and all of us making a simultaneous rush we won the goal of our exertions, and commenced ascending the acclivity just as our pursuers got within musket range. They made a general discharge, and the shot whistled about our ears, and rattled in the boughs of the trees to our right and left; but none of us were hit. On we strained—the enemy close at our heels. I now saw the absolute necessity we were under of giving them a temporary check. There was a point just in front where the defile contracted to such a degree that only one person could pass at a time, and where five men, good and true, might keep one hundred at bay. Here I determined to make a temporary halt, and I posted my men in such a position that they could sweep with their fire the whole narrow space. Forward came the men of Macomo, tumultuously and disorderly, and without a moment's hesitation commenced threading the narrow passage. I now gave the word "fire;" and, taking cool and deliberate aim, we discharged our muskets, and I believe every

bullet did its duty. The enemy, in the greatest consternation, fell back—they doubtless imagined we had received a reinforcement, for they did not afterwards molest us, and we reached the settler's homestead in perfect safety.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## THE HOMESTEAD OF HANS HORNE.

THE house or fortalice of Hans Horne was a quaint, old-fashioned Dutch affair, with dormer windows, and a curious kind of square box stuck on the top like a pigeon-house. It was surrounded by a strong wall of intermingled turf and stone, enclosing an area sufficiently extensive to contain his cattle and sheep in the night season. In the daytime they were turned out in the bush; but so daring were the Caffres become, that they were always obliged to be attended by a large body of the farm servants. When myself and party arrived at the main gate of the mansion, the cattle had just been driven in, the noise of our fire-arms in the late skirmish having alarmed the country. Hans, at the head of his men, armed to the teeth, held a short parley with us, and having ascertained the circumstances in which we were placed, readily admitted us within the walls.

His garrison consisted of about thirty men, principally whites ; but an Hottentot occasionally displayed his quaint physiognomy. The dairy and stables were in advance of the main building, and formed a portion of the exterior line of defence, and were so situated as to flank the grand entrance. The wall was loopholed for musketeers, and, barring artillery, the whole concern put together was not to be sneezed at.

"The bush-devils be up out-by there, Mynheer?" inquired Horne, (who was a prodigiously clumsy built fellow,) pointing to the jungle from which we had just emerged.

"They are," said I, laconically.

"In great force," said he, "or only a few picaroons?"

"Macomo and all his host."

"Then we must mind our knitting : boys, double-shot your guns, brush up the old two-pound swivel—ecod, but we must be handy—adad ! but it will be no child's-play—can Mynheer fight?"

"I will try," said I, with Spartan brevity.

"And him?" inquired Hans, pointing to Jupiter.

"Like thunder!" said I.

"That's a prime lass," said Hans, eying curiously Madoco, "and 'stonishingly like the queen of Macomo's kraal—how about it?"

"She worra him's queen," replied Jupiter; "now she be mine, massa : she like me berry mocha weller dan he up dere," and here he made use of his usual index.

"There is no accounting for tastes," observed Horne, drily; "howsomedever, this lass will prove to us another Helen, if we do not mind our knitting. Old Macomo will move heaven and earth but what he will reclaim his stray bird—look sharp, boys!"

"Much better give her up," said Mrs. Horne, who now came on the scene of action. Like her better half, she was of profound rotundity, and seemed enveloped in, at least, half-a-dozen flannel petticoats. She did not at all seem to approve of the advent of Madoco. Whether she had reason to be jealous of her lord in other quarters, I know not; but I strongly suspect such to be the case: at all events, she evidently wished to get rid of the fair stranger.

"It is very odd, Mary," said Horne, "that you wish to cast out the poor girl: one would think you

had a famous chance of converting a stray sheep and saving a soul alive."

Mrs. Horne, by the way, was a member of a colonial society for converting the heathen, a tract distributor, and a religionist of the first water. All without the pale of her own peculiar clique were in the gall of bitterness—the valley of the shadow of death. Mrs. Horne and her own set were alone in the narrow path which leads to everlasting life. It so chanced, therefore, that the last observation of Horne was a poser; she fished about, and endeavoured to dispose of the question by a side-wind.

"But in detaining her here you keep her from the just authority of her husband—the husband is the head of the wife."

"Oh! oh! that's it, is it frauw? In what church were they married? what priest tied the holy knot?"

Here Mrs. Horne, finding herself beat in the wordy war, looked exceedingly blue, turned on her heel, and flounced off into the dairy, where she immediately kicked up a prodigious stowre amongst the milk-pans and cheese-vats.

Scarcely was this characteristic altercation ended ere Macomo and his whole force issued from the



jungle, and advanced towards the homestead of Horne with loud shouts and yells. There could not be less than five thousand, armed with muskets and spears—all stout, hardy warriors. They advanced with the utmost rapidity, and, parting to the right and left, surrounded us on every side. I must confess, that, when I saw them make this movement, I felt most anxious for the result. We seemed a small isolated point surrounded by a sea of antagonists. We were certainly behind walls, and they had no cannon ; still, for all this, the odds was too great, and nothing but some fortuitous accident could apparently save us from destruction.

No sooner had the enemy taken up their position, than Macomo and three of his warriors, accompanied by what we afterwards found to be an interpreter, detached themselves from the main body, advanced about halfway between it and the fortalice, and there halted and demanded a parley. Horne, without the least hesitation, opened the gate, and accompanied, likewise, by three men and an interpreter, advanced to within speaking distance of his antagonists, when the following colloquy took place :

MACOMO.—Greeting Englishman : and peace or war, as thou mayest deem most fitting.

HORNE.—Thy meaning is difficult to guess at.

MACOMO.—Peace, if thou wilt give up to me the runaway captive of my spear, and my lawful spouse—fire and death, otherwise.

HORNE.—Macomo uses big words.

MACOMO.—His deeds will be big too : what wills Horne,—peace or war ?—speak !

HORNE.—He cannot give up the houseless, and the seeker of shelter !

MACOMO.—It is well ! be it so ! adieu ! He then returned at a stately pace to his camp, and we re-entered our fortalice.

Immediately after, Macomo advanced at the head of a chosen body of his primest warriors direct for the main entrance. Now it chanced that this portion of the homestead, although weakest to look at, was, in reality, the strongest, for it was flanked by the dairy and stables, which were loopholed for musketeers. The swivel too, already mentioned, was mounted on a wooden platform a little to the right of the dairy. Horne gave orders to his men to reserve their fire till the enemy were considerably within point-blank

distance. Forward came the Caffres, occasionally firing at the loopholes of the walls ; and so accurately did they deliver their fire, that many a bullet whizzed through the slender aperture, and a casualty or two occurred. Emboldened by our apparent torpidity, they now rushed forward with the greatest confidence, and their approach was to me novel and picturesque, for occasional jets of smoke burst forth here and there from the advancing mass, which, rolling overhead, shrouded them in a partial canopy. They soon came to the point desired by Horne, who, giving the word, we gave a simultaneous discharge, and with such effect, that the Caffres seemed stunned, and stood stupified like a bull struck with a beef-axe ; again we fired, and our shot rattled through their crowded ranks like hail, making trenchant gashes here and there ; we gave yet a third, when the enemy fled in disorder, and soon got out of the sweep of our guns.

“ Well done, boys ! capitally done ! ” shouted Horne.

“ Why not rush out in pursuit ? ” demanded I, eagerly.

“ You seem pretty fond of the fighting trade, young chap ; but skittish colts need the curb—that

wrinkle wont do yet: we must keep in our shell a while longer."

By this time Macomo and his shattered band had rejoined the main body, who, using the most vehement and savage gestures, set up a yell of rage, then for a long time remained motionless, apparently cogitating what steps to take. Suddenly they commenced cutting down the trees and underwood, and piling them in faggots. At first I did not know what they were driving at, till Horne said, "they are going to smoke us out—by the hookey, but this is a go!"

The enemy still laboured on with the greatest assiduity and determination, and the woods resounded with the blows of their hatchets, and the crashing of the falling trees. The shades of night closed around them, and yet they worked on. Fires were lighted in many places—and the Caffres resembled a host of demons as their forms, partially obscured by the rolling volumes of smoke, passed to and fro in front of the gushing flames. On a sudden all was silent as the grave.

"Boys," shouted Horne, "we shall have it presently: look sharp about and mind your knitting!"

All remained quiet for the space of ten minutes, when the measured tread of a large host of men was heard, gradually becoming more and more distinct, and we soon perceived the enemy swiftly advancing, bearing the faggots on their shoulders. Again we opened our fire ; but, nevertheless, they rushed forwards with the greatest intrepidity. Our bullets actually tore gaps in their lines ; still they advanced with horrid shouts and yells. They soon arrived at the foot of the entrance gate, and piling their faggots against it, set them on fire, notwithstanding our constant and terrible fire. Nothing could check them ; they seemed fully bent on carrying out, in spite of all obstacles, their hellish work of destruction. The scene was now picturesque in the extreme. The rolling volumes of smoke soon began to creep around, and mimic jets of flame to burst forth here and there. The whole heavens were soon shrouded in dense darkness, which, as the flames gained more consistency, gradually lessened. Whenever one of the garrison exposed himself on the walls, if only for a moment, he became the mark for a whole host of musketeers ; showers of shot were likewise poured upon us through the loopholes, and some of us were killed, many

wounded. It was a regular hot-tearing fight—no makebelieve, but a thorough uninterrupted thumping. At length the fire laid hold of the gate, and from thence communicated to the stables and dairy, which soon burst into an immense volume of fire; and so hot did the ramparts in its immediate vicinity become, that we were constrained to evacuate them. The enemy perceived this movement, and burst out into a yell of congratulation; but the heat was so intense that they could not avail themselves of their success. Horne now gave us orders to abandon our outer defences, in fact, the fire had rendered them untenable, and to fall back into the main body of our fortalice. The enemy, likewise, drew back a short space; then a universal pause ensued and both sides stood quiescent, gazing on the whirling ocean of flame, which now raged with uncontrolled vehemence, throwing a lurid radiance on all things, revealing to view our inner defences, and our little garrison posted in picturesque groupes on the ramparts, awaiting, with firm and resolute demeanour, the further chances of war: likewise the long lines of the enemy stretching far away—a very sea of dusky demon-like countenances. The fire now reached its acme, and portions

of the walls and roof began to crumble and fall in. The flames then abated, and soon that portion of the homestead where the gate, and stables, and dairy stood, was only a confused heap of seething, smoking ruins.

"Bloody work, boys!" said Horne: "them Caffres are sharp blades to go."

"Better have given up that ere gal," said Mrs. Horne, with her face prodigiously elongated: "the milk-pans and patty-pans are all smashed!"

"A soul saved is of more consequence—at least according to your creed, old woman, than many milk-pans, eh?"

"You be always guling at religion, Horne: take care your own soul be not lost—I often wrestle in prayer for you."

"What! sermonising, old woman! When you come that dodge we must indeed look sharp to our p's and q's; but, by the hookey, if them there black devils be-ant again mustering, they be coming ramstam against our front door: if they *do* come that, I wouldn't be in their cow-hides for sixpence!"

As Horne thus spoke I cast my eyes in the

direction of the Caffre host, and sure enough they were buzzing and gathering together like a cluster of bees. The fire had by this time burnt itself entirely out, and Macomo was evidently about to assault the main building through the wide breach thus made. Now the walls or ramparts which wound round the interior quadrangle from the dairy and stables were still as sound as ever, and were still occupied by a portion of our array; so that when the enemy had passed over the ruins, he would be exposed to a fire in front and flank. Now, during the pause caused by the conflagration, Horne had distributed to each of his men three muskets, loaded to the muzzle, which were placed close at hand, so that they would be discharged with the greatest celerity. There was likewise a kind of covered balcony over the grand entrance, and there he had distributed several tubs of boiling water and melted pitch, ready to be thrown over on the heads of the assailants, if they succeeded in penetrating so far. Mrs. Horne and the females of the household had the management of this part of the defences. To this party Madoco was likewise attached. Macomo, having completed the formation of his men, again commenced moving towards us. They certainly



did not come on so confidently as they did before, and approached us with more caution, but still they evinced no lack of courage. The van soon arrived at the scene of the late conflict, and, without halting, clambered over the debris of the fire, and entered the quadrangle. No sooner were they sufficiently compromised than we opened a furious fire upon them, and so destructive was this fire, that they reeled and fell back in the greatest confusion. The main body of the Caffres, however, still pressed onward ; the consequence was, that a huge mass of struggling men—some attempting to get in, others to get out—were jammed together in the breach, exposed to our well-aimed and deliberate fire. Vainly did Macomo and the other leaders strive to restore order—those striving to get in, being the most numerous body, at length fairly forced back the retreating vanguard into the quadrangle ; nay, many of them were even driven under the balcony at the main entrance, and were instantly saluted with showers of scalding water and molten lead, to which they responded with shrieks of agony. Nay, so confused were the Caffres, that only a very small portion replied to the volleys of musketry which we so profusely poured upon them.

At this moment, however, an incident occurred which might have proved fatal but for the presence of mind of Madoco. Two Caffres, armed with axes, got under the lintel of the door at the grand entrance, in such a position that neither shot or molten lead could touch them. There they plied their tools with such vigour as to cause a considerable breach. A few more strokes and it would have been large enough to admit the ingress of the enemy, and have led to the capture of the fortalice. At this moment Madoco, who was busily engaged with the other women throwing over the scalding water and molten lead, saw the great danger they were placed in, and, seizing a spear, rushed down to the menaced point swift as an arrow. "She is about to admit her friends!" shouted Mrs. Horne: "shoot her! cut her down!" Scarcely, however, had she uttered those words ere Madoco arrived at the door just as it was giving way, and plunged her weapon into the breast of one of the axemen, who fell dead at her feet; the other drew a pistol, and his finger was already on the trigger, when the courageous girl knocked it out of his hand, and, drawing back a small space, again drove her spear into the breast of the Caffre. At the same moment the volleys of

muskets and showers of molten lead proved so effective, that the enemy sought safety in a precipitate and headlong flight.

On comparing notes, we found that two of our garrison was killed and several seriously wounded. Some of the cattle were likewise killed. The destruction of the dairy and stables have been already mentioned ; so that the sum total of loss to Horne must be estimated at a very high figure. With true Dutch phlegm, however, he bore his heavy losses. Not so his pious consort. She bustled about here and there, maundering, and uttering incessant objurgations and lamentations. Sometimes she would growl over a broken pattypan, anon over a smashed colander ; then the charred remains of a churn or a washing-tub would excite her corruption ; but when poor Madoco crossed her path, then her wailings would break out into an unmitigated volley. "Six tubs !" she would exclaim, "and ten pattypan, two churns and twenty cheese-vats, lots of prime butter and best-making cheese—not to mention other things—for it would drive me mad so to do ; and all through that there ugly Caffre wench, whom I wish was ten fathom deep in the Red Sea !"

"A truly Christian wish," said Horne. "I thought the Scripture taught us to do good to those who injured us, and to forgive our enemies."

"That's all very fine," said Mrs. Horne: "you be always guling at me: and all through that Caffre wench—the Lord forgive you all your sins!"

In this way would those two curious personages keep knagging at one another, from morning till night. I have likewise, in the course of my journey through life, noticed that married people are in the habit of so doing; jangling here, clattering there, like a brace of noisy mill-wheels; and like those wheels, elicit, chiefly, sputter and froth. Should, however, a third person interfere, the late tongue-combatants will become as thick as inkle-weavers, and open a volley of abuse on the unlucky interferant. God bless us all! The marriage state—let folks say what they will—is a hybrid state, full of strange saws and mysterious pigeon-holes—a lottery-wheel, in which, for one prize, there are one hundred and twenty-five blanks. Whether I shall ever purchase a ticket, I know not, if certain, "Winifred" would be engraved on it, I might do so; but then, when I reflect that every man thinks his *chere amie* a Winifred, I am staggered again.

Well! well! things must, I suppose, take their course; and if marriage, like hanging, goes by destiny, and the stars have decreed that I must tie the connubial knot, why then I must do so, and there is an end of the business.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## S'DRIES.

WHILST I have been writing the above sapient observations on marriage, Macomo has again collected his shattered bands in the jungle—for we can see their camp-fires issuing from among the trees, and also see a multitude of dusky figures scowling at us through the openings of the bushes. They have, however, received too sound a drubbing to be over-anxious to come within range of our death-dealing rifles in a hurry. The phlegmatic Horne, too, has expectorated a portion of his phlegm, and has put all hands to work at the breaches. The old Dutchman, after all, is a prime blade; not an over-sharp one, certainly; but, in my conscience, I believe thorough steel, even to the back-bone. Mrs. Horne, too, has, in some degree, recovered from the profound obfuscation she was thrown into by the destruction of her crockery, and has this very morning launched forth into an extempore prayer of some half-hour's

length. Notwithstanding, however, of her boastings about charity, forgiveness of injuries, brotherly love, and a long etcetera of other Christian graces and amenities, she looks, and would, if a meet opportunity should occur, act daggers on the dusky corpus of poor Madoco. Whenever she meets her she flirts and flings about like a hen on a hot girdle. In vain old Horne tells her that if it had not been for the courageous Caffre maiden, the homestead would undoubtedly have been burnt and sacked—she *will* not see it; her eyes are thoroughly hoodwinked with prejudice; and to all the inquiries made by Horne as to why and wherefore she thus remains hoodwinked, the only answer of the pious lady is this: “I dislike her because I dislike her.” Then will Horne inquire, with a kind of mocking twinkle of the eye: “Is that the way a Christian lady generally acts?” Then off will flounce Mrs. Horne and kick up a prodigious stowre among the milk and patty-pans (q. pieces?) her usual resource in all posers of this kind.

We have in some measure repaired the breaches, and have formed a kind of rampart, behind which we can load our muskets, and pepper away with some degree of confidence and security. The Caffres, how-

ever, are in no hurry to tempt our redoubtable prowess, but keep *perdu* in the bushes. They are capital bush-fighters, but poor hands in a regular *mêlée*. We are now less than thirty able-bodied men, but I firmly believe we could beat three hundred of them, even without the aid of our walls. Their courage comes in fits and starts, and occasionally oozes out at their fingers' ends. They are all for pouncing upon you unawares; and if they find you upon an inclined plane, they will soon send you to the bottom.

We were still gazing upon one another—we from our new made ramparts, the enemy from their bushes—when I heard the sound of an English drum and fife, and directly after a detachment of red-coats advanced into the clearing to the right of the fortalice. Other detachments successively arrived and took up their several positions. I soon perceived that the whole force of Sir Harry Smith was on the ground. I now looked for the redoubtable Caffres, and old Macomo, their Agamemnon. Alas! they were *non est inventus*. The first tap of the English drum had dispersed those noisy myrmidons, and they had evaporated through the gaps of the bushes and the interstices of the trees, like so much summer vapour.



Nay, with such celerity did they move, that old Harry, who was after them like a shot, as soon as he was made aware of their locality, could not win the pleasure of exchanging a single shot with them.

Sir Harry returned, his rough temper not much improved by his bad success. Without any preliminaries or circumlocution, he entered the homestead of Horne, and demanded to be shown into the best apartment it contained.

"The Lord be praised!" exclaimed Mrs. Horne : "will no other serve your honour's turn?"

"No humbug!" said the general : "lead on!"

There was something in the stern tones of the voice which instantly cowed Mrs. Horne, who speedily and submissively inducted him into her summer parlour.

By this time Horne himself made his appearance. "A devil of a comfortable nest this," said the general : "wheel that sofa up to that prime mahogany : now bring some pens, ink, and paper : come, jump about—be quick :—don't stand staring there like a stuck pig!"

Horne stood stupified with surprise, and Mrs. Horne lifted up both her hands in an ecstasy of amazement—

and no wonder, for they had been accustomed to see all around them crouch and bend in abject submission. To be thus "tackled," as Horne afterwards expressed it, in their own castle, was a superlatively bitter dose.

"'Pon my word, this is very odd," observed the Dutchman.

"I have no time to prate—this is my head-quarters for the time being. An express is off for Cape Town in one hour : I *must* send a dispatch by him, and *will* —— ye, sir,—no grumbling here : pens, ink, and paper, sir, instanter !"

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Horne, bowing low in his turn, cowed.

"Politeness be —— : obey orders—it will be better for ye !"

Horne now produced the required articles. The general sat down and speedily wrote his dispatch, and *dispatched* it. Again he mounted his charger and minutely examined every quarter of his camp. He then returned to head-quarters, threw himself down upon the sofa, and slept soundly for about an hour. He then commanded the attendance of Horne, and received his verbal reports of the events of the late

siege of his fortalice. "By ——," said he "you managed matters capitally—you are a good fellow—take a glass of wine." Now, be it understood, the wine had been just handed from Horne's own crypt, and to make a merit of asking a man to drink a glass of his own veritable wine had something in it racy and unique.

"Recollect," said the general, "this will be my headquarters for a week at least, and I shall allow no interference in my arrangements. I shall expect you to mount guard in your turn. —— ye, sir, you *must* and *shall* make yourself useful."

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## I QUIT THE CAPE.

SIR HARRY stayed at rack and manger with Horne for nearly a fortnight. In the meantime Macomo had unaccountably vanished. No tidings could be heard of him. At length, however, it was whispered about that he had formed a junction with the Chief Sandili, and that their united bands were ravaging the whole country with fire and sword, almost to the gates of Cape Town. It was then the old general, like a roused lion, abandoned the sweets of his sabaritic quarters, and, at the head of his horsement, galloped off at a furious pace to chastise the insolent savages. When, however, he arrived on the wished-for ground, lo, and behold ! there remained not a single enemy to chastise. They were all gone—evaporated ; and the chafing, exasperated British lion champed about—lashing himself with his tail into a perfect hurricane of fury. And where do you think the fox Macomo was got to in the interim ? Why, by'r ladie ! into his old

den, the Watercloof!! He had once more checkmated the hero of Aliwal!

But enough and to spare of this interminable Caffre war. Let Sir Harry and Macomo, their friends and allies, manœuvre in and out of the Watercloof till doomsday, for aught I care. It is an inglorious war, and you may see much more of its "pomp and circumstance" enacted every evening by the Astleyan Widdicombe and his compeers. I would not, however, advise them to introduce the Watercloof there, for most assuredly it would have the effect of a gigantic torpedo.

During all this time Jupiter and Madoco carried on their love passages with increased intensity; and I soon saw that poor Mango was forgotten. Even the matter was palpable to the obfuscated faculties of Mrs. Horne, who, with much reluctance, gave up her fit of jealousy. I have observed in other wives, as well as Mrs. Horne, that they are pleased to have some subject on which to badger their husbands; and if they have no *bondâ fidé* cause to be malcontent, they will, incontinently, invent one; yet, should a third person take up the self-same theme as a grievance, the capricious creatures turn upon him or her, like

furies. They seem determined that no one but themselves shall have the pleasure of administering the thumbscrew. Well ! I can't make the dear creatures out, at all at all ; they are incomprehensible angelic devils. We cannot do with them, much less can we do without them.

After the departure of the British general, Horne and myself had some brief discourse on my future prospects. He seemed to have taken a fancy to me, and urged me to stay with him as a kind of clerk or overseer ; but this I most respectfully, but firmly, declined. Somehow or other, notwithstanding my reiterated abuse of the sex, I was always thinking about my cousin Winifred. In vain did I attempt to view her in the same light as I did the rest of the wayward creatures, viz. :—a mixture of angel and demon. It would not do ; her clear, unadulterated smile, her unaffected amiability would speedily drive every unfavourable thought to Jericho. I longed to return to her, but I could not bear to return as poor as when I left. I longed, like another Sindbad, to find some casket of diamonds, or at least a nugget of gold, to lay at her feet. Day after day, night after night, did I revolve this subject in my mind. Where

could I find this casket or this nugget? At length California began to be the magnetic pole of my thoughts—they incessantly pointed to that golden region. Those thoughts gradually acquired more consistency, more conglomeration. At length to California I determined to go, in search of the golden nugget—the casket of diamonds.

So one morning I accosted Horne, and said :

“I am off to California like a shot.”

“I’m afraid it will be a bad shot,” said Horne, making a miserable attempt at a pun, for which he was as unfit as for an elephant to play at cups and balls.

“Why?” demanded I, laconically.

“Because most of those who go there for wool come back shorn.”

“I have not even the semblance of a fleece, sir.”

“You go there,” continued Horne, “you get your bag fairly replenished with nuggets of gold,—you lay down to sleep,—you have nearly worked your fingers to the bone,—you are tired out—half dead with fatigue, and you sleep soundly. You awake in the morning (if you awake—for it is ten to one but what some stalwart far-westman has cut your throat in the

night) and find your hard-got earnings gone—stolen—go not to California! that's my advice."

With the natural presumption of youth I, however, speedily "whistled the advice of Horne down the winds;" I had pre-determined to try my luck, and nothing human could shake it. The beautiful countenance of Winifred smiled in the distance, and beckoned me on. I took leave of my hospitable friends with a hopeful and buoyant heart. Jupiter fairly blubbered when he bade me farewell; and, if it had not been for the incumbrance of Madoco, I believe he would have accompanied me. I hastened to Cape Town, and, after waiting about a week, found a ship bound for California, on board of which I sailed. Nothing occurred during our voyage worthy of recording; and on a fine summer's day I found myself in the famous town of San Francisco.



## CHAPTER XLVII.

## RETROSPECTION.

BEFORE following our hero in his romantic and somewhat eccentric career, we must take a brief view at home affairs.

The day on which our hero left home was a day of bitterness to Mr. Ogilby. 'Tis true, he was not an over-fond parent, but, nevertheless, Frank was his only son, and himself a widower. His mercantile transactions were extensive, and he had cause to consider his son as forming an integral portion of those transactions—a kind of centre round which the bills of lading and per centages revolved. When, therefore, he so mysteriously disappeared, a void was left in his little world not easily to be filled. He still mechanically attended to his freights, incomings, and outgoings, but without the life and buoyancy of other days.

Frank, in the commencement of his narrative, has given an account of his aunt Rhys, of her great in-

fluence over his father, and of her dislike to himself. She now took advantage of his sudden departure, and was perpetually insinuating things to his prejudice, to which Mr. Ogilby was now too much disposed to listen. He was naturally exasperated at the undutiful flight of his son ; and as his parental affection had, at the best, been but a business kind of affection, the machinations of Mrs. Rhys soon began to tell with fearful effect.

"He was a wild slip," Mrs. Rhys would say.

"I am afraid so," Mr. Ogilby would reply.

"Devoid of all natural affection."

"Not exactly so bad as that either, dame Rhys: do not go too far—poor Frank."

"Sorry I have gone too far: how, then, came it to pass that he left his poor father so? Answer that,—how could he?"

"Well, dame, it certainly is bad. No one to enter the freights, cash receipts, the per contras, fifty pounds loss at the very lowest figure—too bad by half."

"I thought you would come into my opinion—he is a bad one—at least, dear brother, I am afraid so. Poor boy, I am sorry for him ; I would not breathe a word to injure him : oh, no ! do not think so."

"You said he was a bad one—anything fresh, eh?"

"Pray excuse me, dear sir, pray excuse me."

"I insist on being told. I wish not to screen him on account of his relationship: I cannot call him son:—tell me,—I *must* and *will* know!"

"I am truly reluctant to unveil his baseness, for I have a real regard for him,—*cannot* you excuse me?"

"I cannot, and I will not!"

"Well, then, before running away, he attempted to murder young Sinclair!"

Mr. Ogilby seemed dumfounded, and stood speechless with astonishment for a considerable time. At length he faltered out: "is there no mistake? *can* there be no mistake?"

"Alas! dear brother, none! Bob told me so himself. His statement was authenticated by Sir Leoline, and, in some measure, confirmed by Winifred."

"How, or when, did the matter occur?"

"After his flight from home, he had the impudence to call at Llandynyddroed Castle; Sir Leoline treated him with the greatest kindness, in return for which he attempted to seduce Winifred. Bob, who was there on a visit, remonstrated with him on his baseness. Furious at this interference, he privily way-

laid and attempted to assassinate him. He then ran away, and, as you already know, went to sea."

"Poor Frank! I could not have thought it. Well, I have done with him—that's one comfort, though a poor one."

Mrs. Rhys now took her leave, rather precipitately: she saw that her poisoned arrow had taken effect, and she left it to rankle in the wound.

Now it chanced that the above conversation took place in the large front room with the bay window, already mentioned in this history. The stance of Capstan commanded a view of the interior of this room, and he had observed the entrance of Mrs. Rhys. He had, likewise, previously noticed several interviews between her and Mr. Ogilby; and, as he was well aware of her enmity to Frank, he began to suspect those interviews related to him, and boded him no good. Now the dwelling of his master was a curious, old-fashioned concern, abounding in sliding panels and occult passages; and one of the latter ran round the northern side of the apartment mentioned above, and terminated close to the very window, the recess of which it commanded by means of a narrow lanceolated aperture. No sooner, therefore, did he notice

the entrance of Mrs. Rhys than he descended the steps of his stance, and, hastening along the passage above alluded to, took up his station at the window, and from thence was a witness to, and overheard, the whole of the conversation between Mr. Ogilby and Mrs. Rhys.

“What a thundering old brimstone galley that ere old Rhys is!” soliloquized Capstan: “if she doesn’t deserve to be scuttled, I’m a blessed sinner. Blow me if I don’t put a stopper upon her yawing—I’ll keep a sharp look out, never befeared it:—poor, poor Frank! I’ll be at the bottom of this ere Barbry pirut’s plot—burst my timbers if I don’t.—Blastation!”

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## RETROSPECTION STILL.

ABOUT half-a-year before Frank left home so abruptly, he had been taken by his father into the counting-house, and soon became expert in managing all details, however enveloped or entangled they might be. The most complicated or knotty affairs was soon simplified by his acute and lucid mind. His absence was, therefore, greatly felt; and in order, in some degree, to supply the loss of his services, Mr. Ogilby was obliged to call in the aid of the sleek, cat-like Mr. Sinclair. He certainly was sharp and keen enough, and as unprincipled as he was sharp and keen. He had but one object in life, to which he devoted all his faculties, both mental and bodily, namely, self-interest; to serve that, he was ready at any time to do or dare anything. For some time after he entered the service of Mr. Ogilby, as accountant, things seemed to go on pretty smoothly; but afterwards the latter found his receipts gradually diminish.

Having wound himself thoroughly into the good graces of his employer, and rendered himself a necessary appendage of the establishment, he began to insinuate, though at first but faintly, that the duties of the office were too onerous for him, and that he required an assistant. Now the assistant he had resolved, by hook or by crook, to take to himself was his son Bob. In fact, this was his main inducement to take office. He only wished to pave the way for the instalment of his son. For that son he cherished the most ambitious projects, which will be gradually developed as the history proceeds.

It may be as well now to trace the connexion between Sinclair and Mrs. Rhys, who was received into the establishment of Mr. Ogilby, on the death of his wife, as a kind of companion and housekeeper. A great degree of intimacy soon sprung up between Sinclair and Mrs. Rhys. This grew to such a height, that it was bruited abroad they were married, or at least ought to be married; and to this scandal the mysterious appearance of Bob greatly contributed. If Bob was the son of Sinclair, who was his mother? Why was she kept in the back-ground? If all was right and honest, what need of this mystery? Now

the fact was, Mrs. Rhys was the mother of the boy. A secret marriage had taken place, and why it was kept secret will be explained in due time.

Bob Sinclair, then, was the nephew of old Ogilby, and the cousin of Frank and Winifred, and he was installed as clerk in his uncle's establishment. He, with an appearance of the greatest frankness, was sly and cunning, and he affected a careless and rollicking manner, by way of mask or cloak. In his dress, he aped the sailor; and such were his powers of imitation, that he was generally taken for one by strangers. He was so discreet, that the secret of his birth was revealed to him from a very early period, and was known to him during the transactions with Frank, already recorded.

From his very first introduction to Winifred he felt a liking for her, as strong as his nature was capable of entertaining. That liking, however, would never have been fostered by him, if she had not been the heiress of the Llandynydrod estates; which, notwithstanding the eccentric proceedings and appearance of Sir Leoline, were a truly princely fortune. In his views with regard to Winifred this formed the grand charm. No sooner, therefore, did he perceive the



growing attachment between Frank and his fair cousin, than he set himself about with his usual astuteness to counteract it. In the walk by the water side, when they were seen by Frank, and where the seeds of jealousy was first implanted in the mind of our hero, Bob had, with his usual affectation of bluntness and sincerity, been insinuating, smoothly and by degrees, things and circumstances to his prejudice. Among others, he told her, with aggravated appendages, the disparaging remarks made by Frank on the occasion of her first advent at Mr. Ogilby's; carefully, however, concealing that they were made before he had seen her. Nay, so well did he manage his points, that Winifred began to believe that it was not Bob, but Frank, who was playing the double part.

Thus, then, we have brought up the leeway with a flowing sail,—let us now see what is going forward at Llandynydrod Castle.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

## ABOUT SIR LEOLINE AND WINIFRED.

SIR LEOLINE and Winifred were seated in the picture-gallery of Llandynydrod Castle. It was evening, and the summer's sun, in golden lines of flickering light, stole in through the grotesquely painted windows. A kind of dubious gloom pervaded the apartment, and the quaint-looking old warriors which filled its panels looked less fiercely from their heavily carved frames, their asperities being softened down by the mellow light. The window at which they were seated commanded an extensive and picturesque reach of country, broken gracefully into a congeries of hills and valleys; and if the peaks of some of the hills were bare and splintered, the tops of others were clothed in the richest verdure, and the dells and hollows of all were profusely covered with crispy grass, intermingled with wild flowers. A stream of water which might be dignified in some places by the name

of river, ran hither and thither down the principal valley; sometimes visible, at others lost as it wound round the base of some overhanging precipice.

"It is a sad thing," said Sir Leoline, "that all this fine domain, which has been in the family for so many ages, should lapse to a foreigner at last."

"Where is the necessity, dearest father?"

"For lack of a male heir. The husband is the head of the wife: thou wilt in due course of time marry; he will be the Lord of Llandynydrod. As far as legal matters are concerned, thou wilt be a cipher under coercion."

"Those who bridle me," said Winifred, "must procure a curb of unusual strength."

"That may or may not be: all that I know is this, that the law cannot be bridled: it has too many meshes: the more thou strivest to break through, the more thou wilt get entangled. Thy husband will be Lord of Landynydrod, and that husband must necessarily be a foreigner."

"Where is the necessity?" inquired Winifred, with a blush.

"Aye, aye, thou art still thinking of that scape-grace Frank; he came here in rags, his toes were

on the ground: my ancestors (looking round at the grim portraits) blushed to see him."

"I cannot think Frank half so bad as he is represented to be."

"I wish I could think so too, but facts cannot be disputed."

"The question is, what are facts? Bob Sinclair is not a very high authority; neither is his father. I like not either of them."

"They are both honest and honourable men; I hear this from both Ogilby and my sister Rhys. I, likewise, have seen much of them, and I like them, especially Sinclair the younger; he is plain and blunt, and carries sincerity in his face."

"A mask," said Winifred.

"I tell ye what, Miss Winn, I would not advise you to go on too much in this manner. I hate Frank; you, out of contradiction, like him. I like young Sinclair; you, I suppose from contradiction still, dislike him. This w'out do—it is too bad—I cannot allow it."

"But, father dear, I cannot change my convictions; neither can I profess one thing and mean another. I cannot say I love Bob Sinclair if I thoroughly dislike him, or vice-versa of Frank."

"I cannot see how you can like a thorough-paced scoundrel like Frank."

"If he was so, I would most certainly not be his defender; but I am convinced that he is not so, that he is free and generous—frank by nature, as well as Frank by name."

"Did he not nearly ruin his father by his extravagance?—was he not always laying traps for and annoying his aunt Rhys, till her life was one eternal cycle of misery?—was he not within an ace of murdering young Sinclair?—did he not insult my ancestors by coming to their Castle of Landynydd all in rags, and with his toes on the ground?—eh? answer me—I say, answer me."

"The first three clauses of your accusations I do not believe; at all events they have not been proved: the last is an undoubted fact, his toes were on the ground, he was in rags, but if our ancestors took cognizance of the circumstance, I presume they will impute it to him not as a fault, but as a misfortune."

"Winifred, you are truly incorrigible,—instantly retire to your room,—I brook not such unmannerly, I must say unnatural, behaviour."

The tears started to the eyes of Winifred, and she

threw her arms round the neck of her father, looked full in his face, but spoke not. The mute appeal was irresistible. He folded her in his arms, kissed her forehead, and they again resumed their seats.

## CHAPTER L

## MR., MRS., AND BOB SINCLAIR.

MR., Mrs., and Bob Sinclair were seated in their cozy bay window. The Thames, for a wonder, was devoid of fog, and though the smoke from a thousand factories rolled over head, yet a sharp breeze, blowing from the north-east, swept it onwards, and permitted it not to settle down into an opaque canopy. Mr. Sinclair and his son had just retired from their day's darge at the counting-house, and were enjoying their accustomed comfortable refectation. Both were slipshod in dress as well as at heart. Mrs. Sinclair, her long sharp features pursed up into a smile, did the honours of the table with much gusto and apparent self-satisfaction.

Mrs. SINCLAIR.—Things going on right, eh?

Mr. SINCLAIR.—Capitally, could not go on better : Ogilby satisfied with us ; we, of course, with Ogilby."

BOB.—The old fogie is thoroughly hoodwinked :

if he sees at all, it is only through our spectacles—  
ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

Mrs. SINCLAIR.—And the other matter likewise goes on swimmingly. Sir Leoline is thoroughly prejudiced against Frank : for this we have to thank his shoes as much as ourselves.

Mr. SINCLAIR.—The old knight is as proud as Lucifer : the Cambrian blood bubbles most furiously in his veins—we can easily manage him through his pride—twist him round our fingers, as it were.

Mrs. SINCLAIR (rather nettled).—There is no need for your sneer against Cambrian pride. Remember, I am a Cambrian, sister to Sir Leoline—the best blood of the principality flows in our veins. I cannot see why claret should not be held in higher esteem than ditch-water—no sneers. !

Mr. SINCLAIR.—At all events you were ready enough to mingle the claret with the ditch-water.

Mrs. SINCLAIR (with vehemence).—You are a base churl to say so ; you were always tying yourself to my apron-string. You have grovelling propensities, sir !

Mr. SINCLAIR (crest-fallen).—At all events you are now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh ; the debtor



and creditor accounts ought to be balanced, and it is my desire that they may be so—that there may be no more false entries.

Mrs. SINCLAIR.—You have not a single idea beyond your business routine ; all your knowledge is wrapt up in your ledger—attend to that, sir, and attempt not to grasp higher subjects—leave Cambrian pride alone—you cannot comprehend the hidden springs which feed and justify it—leave it alone, sir.

Mr. SINCLAIR (aside).—I wish, from my heart, I had left it alone.

Mrs. SINCLAIR.—What are you grumbling about, muttering with your mouth shut ? Cambrian pride, indeed !

Mr. SINCLAIR.—Well, I own it was rather too smudgy as it were—a misreckoned item.

BOB (with a supercilious smile).—Well, I must confess this is much ado about nothing, children's play. It would be much more to the point if we were to look at and weigh well the several parts of our grand project, namely :—the union of the Ogilby and Landynydrod property, by a union between Winifred and myself.

Mrs. SINCLAIR.—The Ogilby property !

BOB.—Yes, the Ogilby property, for my father and self will take good care of that.

MRS. SINCLAIR.—But what of Frank?

BOB.—He will never again cross our path: authentic intelligence is arrived, that the ship in which he sailed was wrecked, and all on board perished.

MRS. SINCLAIR (as it were unconsciously).—The Lord be praised!

MR. SINCLAIR.—Well, on the supposition that that bill of lading should be true, still there is the girl Winifred to be consigned.

BOB (with much self-assurance).—Leave that to me. I know how to manage that. If I was up at par when Frank was living, what shall I be now he's off the hooks? Never you trouble about that, leave it to me.

MRS. SINCLAIR.—Well, then, it seems to me, that our project is progressing most favourably. Sinclair! be wary, and leave Cambrian pride alone. Bob! be wary too, and mind your p's and q's, especially with Winifred. She has a lofty spirit, plenty of Cambrian pride. We have the ball at our feet, if we only use common prudence.

BOB.—Winifred is the most difficult card to play in the whole pack; she evidently has a sneaking kind.

ness for that rascal Frank. But the constant badgering she gets from all quarters about him, begins, I flatter myself, to take effect even on her. She begins to think that what everybody says must have some foundation in truth. Thus the thin end of the wedge is inserted—leave me alone to drive it home.

MR. SINCLAIR.—You are a clever slip, Bob, in matters of plot and cunning: in that respect a heavy balance is in your favour—hope the debtor account will be honoured.

MRS. SINCLAIR.—Well, Sinclair, if ever I knew such a plodding counter-man as you, I am queen of Golconda: you have not an idea beyond the ledger—you are fit for nothing but to turn and wind pounds, shillings, and pence.

MR. SINCLAIR (apparently much surprised).—Why, I thought that was my greatest recommendation?

MRS. SINCLAIR.—In course you do. You were born for it and to it; you sucked it with your mother's milk; you were brought up in bales, you breathed in packages, you lisped in "et ceteras" and "per contras;" all that you know of China is that it produces fine tea; all that you know of Russia is that it exports first-rate tallow; all of Turkey, that it sends forth capital rhu-

barb. But it is no use to go on with the catalogue: it would stretch from Dan to Beersheba—you are nothing but a muddle-headed trader, nothing beyond.

Mr. SINCLAIR.—Well, I never!

Mrs. SINCLAIR.—Oh, no! in course not; people don't like to be told the truth—it is very disagreeable, very!

Now it may be as well to state that Mrs. Sinclair had, in her animal economy, a supersabundance of spleen, which she kept bottled up for use, and on what object could she discharge it with more satisfaction to herself than on her husband? He was tied to the stake and could not help himself. Whether he deserved it or not, was all the same; the bottle was fuming and fermenting, and, unless uncorked, would inevitably burst. Whether other wives act in a precisely similar manner, I will not say for a certainty, but I strongly suspect they do. At all events, I believe henpecked husbands are not uncommon, and that there are more Mrs. Sinclairs than one.

## CHAPTER LI.

## CAPSTAN'S PROCEEDINGS.

Now it chanced that Capstan was at his usual stance, and overheard the above recorded dialogue. He had, in fact, become a regular eaves-dropper. He was aware of the plot hatching, in fact, hatched against his pet Frank, and left not a stone unturned to counter-act it. He had broached the subject to Mr. Ogilby, but met with a repulse, and he now resolved to seek an interview with Winifred, and make her aware of the circumstances which had come to his knowledge.

About this time one of Mr. Ogilby's ships went on a trading voyage to the principality, and Capstan was attached as supercargo. No sooner had they cast anchor than Capstan requested leave of absence for twenty-four hours, which, as soon as he had discharged the most bustling part of his duty, was granted. He then set out with a quick and bustling alacrity, having first of all well stocked his pouch with "baccy."

"Baccy" was to him meat and drink, and he could no more dispense with it, than he could with the air he breathed. He also buckled his cutlass to his side, so that, despite of his Polyphemian deformity, he presented a truculent appearance of the first water.

It was a delightful summer morning when Capstan commenced his journey: the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang in the beeches, but our old pigtail cared not a straw for those things; he had not a grain of the sentimental in his composition. He chewed away at his "baccy," occasionally squirting a jet of saliva from the corner of his mouth, and when he was not employed in executing this pluvial feat he whistled or hummed "Tom Tough," or mayhap lifted up a stave of "Black-eyed Susan." The passers-by looked on him with curious and admiring eyes, and many observed, "that is a hearty old cock, I'll bet sixpence;" and if by chance Capstan heard this rather cloudy eulogium, he discharged at them a hearty sea d——, directing a particular objurgation at the same time, etymologically affecting the visual organs. On, therefore, goes the old "salt," whistling, singing, and forming jet d'caus of "baccy juice," or cursing, as the case may be,

Capstan arrived in due time at Llandynyddrod

Castle, and was ushered into the presence of Sir Leoline.

SIR LEOLINE.—Well, Capstan, I hope all is right?

CAPSTAN.—Can't say much as to that ere, sir; rayther so, so.

SIR LEOLINE.—What is the matter, speak up!

CAPSTAN.—Afore I can speak up, sir, I must get rid of this ere quid, (here he deliberately walked up to the grate and ejected under it a huge jet of saliva.) There, that's it. Now as to what's the matter, there be Barbry pirats abroad.

SIR LEOLINE.—You mean to say, then, that the Corsairs have taken one of Ogilby's ships?

CAPSTAN.—No, I did not say that ere. How you yaw, about sir.

SIR LEOLINE.—Well, I cannot comprehend what you would be at. Now what is in agitation?

CAPSTAN.—Well, I see I must bowse it up, heave right away. Well then, sir, them ere pirats, old Sinclair, Bob Sinclair, and Mrs. Sinclair, has luffed to about the good ship Frank, and be —— to them, and will sink him if they can. There now, that's what's the matter.

SIR LEOLINE.—How dare you speak thus of my

sister, sister's husband, and their son in my presence? How dare you mention that scoundrel Frank to me? He came here with his toes on the ground; how dare you?

CAPSTAN (who by this time had deposited another quid of "baccy" in his mouth, and was now chewing it very deliberately.)—Spose, sir, Master Frank had no shoes. (Aside.—This ere pigtail be-ant the very primest.)

SIR LEOLINE.—I really think, Mr. Capstan, you forget, the presence you are in. My ancestors (gazing round at the portraits before mentioned) look upon you with mingled wonder and surprise. You are, I must say, rather impertinent.

CAPSTAN.—What, them ere blasted old curmudgeons up there look upon me? Why, them ere ha' been con-signed to Davy's locker many and many bells ago. No, no, sir, that rig won't go down,—too old a salt to take that there in.

SIR LEOLINE (with his face convulsed with passion.)—"Blasted old curmudgeons!" "blasted old curmudgeons!" You applied those epithets to my ancestors, sir! You are an impudent varlet, sir! you deserve to be caned where you stand, sir! Leave the room, sir—



begone, sir, lest my ancestors should walk down from the canvass to avenge the insult.

CAPSTAN.—I'm blowed, but if this aint a go! If that ere old gemman be'ant scomfished, I'm a blessed sinner. Only to think of them ere old dirty curmudgeons walking from the canvass! this beats Banagher. I tell ye what, old gentleman, you be brain-founded, to a dead sartainty.

SIR LEOLINE (ringing the bell violently, which speedily brings several servants into the room.)—David, Ap Morgan, Jenkins, and Morris, put that one-eyed scoundrel out of the room! cudgel him where he stands.

CAPSTAN (drawing his cutlass.)—I tell ye what, old gemman, if one of them ere fair-weather Jacks lays the weight of his finger upon any part of my hull, I'll send him to old Davy's locker with a broadside from my cutlash, (flourishing it about.) — ye, veer off! blastation!

Here the servants having advanced on hostile intentions bent, Capstan whirled his weapon around, making it describe the periphery of a simicircle, which had the effect of making his assailants fall back so precipitately that they rolled one over the other on the floor.

Here Capstan broke out into a hoarse mocking laugh of derision. "A pretty set of loblollies!" said he; "why, the very wind of my cutlash have made ye strike. Good bye, old gemman; never be afeard that them there grim old curmudgeons up there will come down. Rigglar ugly-looking chaps them there be; Frank be worth the whole scurvy lot ten times over. Good bye, old gemman." Here he made his cutlass describe another semicircle, and then, with a fierce look of defiance, left the room.

He not only left the room, but at the same stern and stately pace left the premises, twisting his quid about from one side of his mouth to the other in the most savage manner; anon squirting forth a tremendous jet of saliva. He was evidently in a most wild-beastial mood, ripe and fit for any truculent deed.

As he was thus pacing along, occasionally flourishing his cutlass, he chanced to encounter Winifred, who had been out for a walk. She at once tripped up to him and bade him good morning.

"Good morning is it? Maybe it be, maybe it be not."

"What is the matter, Capstan? You seem out of sorts."

"I should think so, when I have been cudgelled out of that ere old castle there,—leastways they tended to do it, but my cutlash stood in the way."

"There must be some mistake here."

"None at all; that old gemman blowed up Frank; I fended him, and will fend him; Frank be a first-rater, never hoists false colours like some pirates I know, never yaws, always steers bang to the true point. — ye, madam, but he's crank and crowse from stem to stern."

"Frank is rather wild,—poor Frank!"

"Is rather wild, and who made him so? that old fire-ship, Mrs. Sinclair; that devil's galley Bob; that old stinking dog-fish Sinclair; that old gemman up there with his black, ugly-looking hancistors, as he calls em,—they made him wild; they cut him adrift without rudder or compass; they did it, I say they! they!"

"Poor Frank!"

"Yes, and now they be trying to waterlog him, to sink him in a hundred fathom water.—Who? why, Mrs. Sinclair, Bob, and the old dog-fish, his father. I over-heard the plot. They be sticking it into Mr. Ogilby,—they intend to get you to be spliced to Bob;

the old gemman's estates up there they intend to scuttle,—there it is, that's all about it."

"From what I can gather," said Winifred, "you have overheard the Sinclairs concocting a plot to get the Llandynyddrod property by uniting me to Bob."

"Zackly so, my young lady."

"Then all I have got to say is this, that sooner than I would be 'spliced,' as you call it, to Bob Sinclair, I would be drawn asunder with wild horses!"

"By the hookey," said Capstan, flinging his hat on the ground, and grasping the little white hand of Winifred in his own great horny fist, where it glittered like a jewel in a swine's snout, "by the hookey! but you be a tidy craft, shipshape in every spect, slender in the bows, a keen cutwater; and blastation! but I would suffer my whole hull to be cut into whitters for ye,—I'll stand by ye to the last; I'll nail my colours to the mast, yes, by the hookey!"

After this burst, delivered with amazing volubility and many twistings and transferrings of his quid from one side of his mouth to the other, he relinquished the fair hand he had hitherto held, and stood firm and erect, like a sentinel on duty.

"I am very grateful to you, Capstan, for your good

opinion of me. I believe you are a true man, and a friend to Frank,—poor Frank!”

“That I be, ma’am, even to the copper sheathing of the keel; he’s a good hand is that ere Frank—up-right and down straight, no yawing or veering in that ere punt; and I’ll be blowed, yes, I’ll be blowed.” Here Capstan stopped short in his address, and fistled about uneasily: he evidently wished to propound something, but was dubious whether to do so, or not.

“What is the matter, Capstan?” said Winifred; “you seem in a doldrum.”

“I wished to let out more line, but praps you mayn’t like it.”

“Oh, never fear; I sha’n’t be offended with you, Capstan—out with it, never mind.”

“Why, then,” said Capstan, with a kind of hesitating break in every second word, “Frank be a first-rate punt, you be a tidy craft,—why should you two not sail together as consorts? to be plain, blastation! why shouldn’t you two be spliced? there, —— it, the murder be out!”

“Poor Frank! I am sorry for him; from my heart I am sorry. I believe he is more sinned against than

sinning. I always stood up for my cousin Frank, and always will."

"Yes, and I nosticate you two will sail in company yet,—I nosticate that ere."

"How can that ever be? Why it is all but certain that he went down in the ship in which he sailed, when she was wrecked."

"Don't let go quite so fast, my fair young lady. When I wor in Merica, I seed one Lanky Kentuck, who said that he survived that ere wrack, and wor in the deserts of Hafricay; kase as why, that ere Lanky Kentuck wor in the same ship, and survived too, and they sailed in company, and lived on flowers and dead dog-fish; and a nigger wor wi em, and the nigger and Frank whopped him on the soles of his fit with a big stick, and they were dragged at a camel's tail drow the desarts. A rum story that ere, be'ant it, my fair young lady?"

Their further colloquy was here interrupted by the approach of Sir Leoline, and Capstan, taking an hasty leave, set out on his way to his ship.

## CHAPTER LII.

## CAPSTAN MEETS WITH AN ADVENTURE.

CAPSTAN had reached that secluded spot where the battle between Frank and Bob had taken place, and already described in this history, when he became aware of a person advancing to meet him, and he soon ascertained, to his great surprise, that it was Bob Sinclair. Now the greatest possible antagonism existed between those personages, and whenever they met they bristled up, and snarled like a couple of Scotch terriers. Up to the present time they had not attempted to throttle one another, but had often looked and thought daggers. The place where they met was well calculated for scenes of violence and blood; combatants might contend for a whole summer's day without fear of interruption. Whether it had mutually occurred to those worthies to try conclusions, and bring their differences to a final solution, will never come to light mayhap; but at all events, when they met, they eyed one another fiercely, and came

to a full halt. Now, although Capstan was far advanced in life, yet he was hard and tough, of great strength, possessed a thorough bull-dog courage, and cared not (to use his own phrase) "for man or devil." Bob Sinclair was, likewise, strong and tough, and in the full vigour of youth. The balance, therefore, was pretty equally adjusted; and if it *did* incline either way, it was in favour of Sinclair, on account of his youth.

The path was narrow where they met, and neither would make way for the other; a collision, therefore, became inevitable. Bob carried in his hand a large holly-cudgel, which he carelessly flourished about, so that an uninterested spectator would find a difficulty in determining whether he did it menacingly or not. It is evident, however, that Capstan construed the action as a sort of challenge, for he vociferated,

"Avast! what is that ere about?"

"What's the matter now, old Surly?" said Bob.

"What is that cutlash exercise about with that ere stick?—blastation!—Stand back!"

"I suppose I have a right to use my cudgel in what way I please," said Bob, sulkily.

"You have no right to flourish that ere stick



athwart my bows," said Capstan, trying to lay hold of it.

"Stand off, you old pirate!" said Bob, "or I'll break thy iron skull!"

"Oh! that's it, is it, my fair-weather Jack? You are for a fight, are ye? By the hookey, but I'll accommodate thee—and that in the twinkling of a bowline."

So saying, he laid his hand on the hilt of his cutlass, and was in the act of unsheathing it, when Bob struck him a tremendous blow on the wrist, so that it fell useless by his side. Following up the advantage thus gained, he seized Capstan round the waist, and hurling him to the ground, knelt on his breast and grasped his throat with both hands. Now, whatever the ulterior intentions of Bob might have been, they were interrupted by the arrival of Morgan and Binny. "Hilloa, there!" shouted Morgan, "hur is going it finely." Sinclair no sooner heard this apostrophe than he sprung to his feet and precipitately left the glen. Capstan, half throttled, was a long time ere he came to himself. He looked wildly around and uttered the single word "blastation."

"Hur had better not curse: hur has nearly been in the other world."

"What are you jabbering at?" inquired Capstan, surlily.

"Why, young Mr. Sinclair gave you a good thrashing: that's what I am jabbering at."

"It's a lie!" growled Capstan: "he capsized me—that's all!"

"I am not disposed for a quarrel," replied Morgan: "you are plainly in a doldrum. I never quarrel' with people in a doldrum."

"In course not," chimed in Binny: "oh, no! that would never do: you are a good un—oh, yes!"

"Which way did that brimstone galley steer,—I'll follow in his wake,—I'll rake him yet!"

"He went up the glen, towards the Castle, and is doubtless ensconced there long ago—you had better not go there."

"I think so too," replied Capstan; "but the time *will* come when we two shall meet again; then let him take heed to his bowlines;—I'll pepper him between wind and water;—I'll make him stand in need of caulking."

Capstan now took a survey of his two companions. Morgan was a little thicker and more grey than when first introduced to the reader; and the eyes of Binny

more red, and her hair more stubbly, her gnome-like attributes had largely increased. The donkey, too, was more stumpy, and his ears more elongated. On the whole the group was novel and picturesque. A little farther down, and in a retired grassy nook over-shadowed with gigantic beech trees, their tent was pitched, into which they pressingly invited Capstan to rest awhile, which the veteran, as he was still rather out of sorts from his late encounter, willingly agreed to.

No sooner were they seated on a sort of bank covered with primroses than Morgan said:—

“Wales is a capital place for wind, Snowdon for that.”

“I’m blowed if I hav’n’t had too much of wind in my time: have been in a regglar Biscayner, and a West Hingy nadoe, and wracked on the cussed coast of Hiceland, through a wind!”

“That’s all very well in its way,” observed Morgan.

“It is so: then blastation! if you know what wind is,—very well, is it? Very well to be in a Hingy nadoe, is it?—very well to be wracked, is it? You don’t know what wind is, I tell ye!”

“Don’t hur, by gor! don’t hur? I have been in a

Snowdon wind, in a Cader Idris wind, in a Plinlimmon wind: great winds, sir,—very great Welsh winds, sir,—thorough Welsh: what are your winds to mine—mere puckfoist winds: give me Welsh wind, sir—there is nothing like it!”

“Why, blastation!” said Capstan, looking up in the greatest surprise, “you don’t mean to say that your paltry inland wind beats a Hingy nadoe, or a Biscayner?”

“In course I do,” said Morgan.

“In course he do,” chimed in Binny: “oh, yes! why not? Can anything beat Welsh? everything? oh, no!”

“Well, if ever I seed such a brace of fools in my born days, I’m blowed!”

“You are very impudent,” said Binny: “oh, yes! you be a foreigner. I would have treated you to a dance, but not now—oh, no! you like not our wind—oh, no! Father would have treated you to a tune on the harp—not now—oh, no! you be a foreigner; father would have treated you to a glass of metheglin—oh, yes!—not now—oh no!”

“I can’t miss what I never had in the locker,” said Capstan.

"Hur is not shure of that," said Morgan, doggedly. "He who misses anything Welsh, misses a good thing, whether it be metheglin, mutton, wind, or music, I care not which—all are good—first-rate!"

"'Spose so," said Capstan; "but that's not here or there. I must weigh anchor—good bye t'ye." So saying he arose to depart.

Binny, however, glided to the entrance of the tent, so as to prevent his exit. "You have not paid for your commodations—oh, no! can't give house-room for nought—oh, no! hand over a few browns, sir."

"You be a rum craft," said Capstan; "howsome-dever, here be a brace of browns."

"That'll do," said Binny: "oh, yes! now you may go." So saying she cut a summerset and allowed him to depart, and he arrived at his ship without further accident.

## CHAPTER LIII.

## BOB SINCLAIR'S MANŒUVRES.

IN the meantime Bob Sinclair proceeded to Llandynydrod Castle, where he experienced a warm reception from Sir Leoline. Sinclair, with the appearance of much John-bullism and bluntness, was cunning and crafty, and full of crooked devices; and if he ever got into a scrape, he had the art of shifting it from his own shoulders. Thus, in his encounter with Frank, he made it appear that our hero was a kind of old man of the mountain—the very Corypheus of assassins; and so well had he played his cards, that, with the exception of Capstan and Winifred, everybody believed that Bob was the injured person.

After partaking of a substantial refection Bob requested a private interview with Sir Leoline, which being granted, the following dialogue took place:—

SIR LEOLINE.—So that one-eyed old mariner assailed you, did he?

BOB.—He did, Sir Leoline, in the most cowardly

manner. He drew his cutlass and strove to cut me down.

SIR LEOLINE.—I wonder Mr. Ogilby keeps such a ruffian in his establishment. Would you believe it? he actually called my ancestors—yes, he actually called my ancestors, curmudgeons!

BOB.—Monstrous! unheard of!

SIR LEOLINE.—Yes, it is monstrous, it is unheard of: I wonder they did not walk down from the canvass to avenge the insult.

BOB.—Would you believe it? this said Capstan—this said impudent varlet! him who so insulted your ancestors! I say, him who so insulted your ancestors! him, I say, this varlet Capstan! had an interview with Miss Winifred—a friendly interview, sir!

SIR LEOLINE.—Oh! I wonder the stones, the paneling of the great hall, the top beam itself—I wonder they did not cry out against it.

BOB.—I wonder they did not; but the worst of it is, he persuaded her that Frank is living—he was always a kind of go-between.

SIR LEOLINE (musingly).—He persuaded her that Frank was living, and he was always a kind of go-between—I do not understand this: pray enter into an explanation, Mr. Sinclair.

BOB.—Why, Frank actually had the impudence to pay his addresses to Miss Winifred. Capstan carried messages from one to the other. I am sorry to state these facts; they are, nevertheless, true.

SIR LEOLINE.—Could Frank possibly be so presumptuous? Him! who came to Llandynydrod Castle with his toes on the ground! him!!

BOB.—It is a fact, Sir Leoline; and I am afraid she was too favourably inclined towards him. I am fearful she is so still.

SIR LEOLINE.—And Frank is living?

BOB.—He is so, and is coming home.

SIR LEOLINE.—And Winifred is well-inclined towards him?

BOB.—She is so: I am certain of it.

SIR LEOLINE.—I must take some steps in this matter. My ancestors will expect me so to do.

BOB.—I know what my advice would be, if you would allow me to offer it.

SIR LEOLINE.—Speak, Mr. Sinclair: I believe you are shrewd and clever—speak, sir!

BOB.—Marry her to another.

SIR LEOLINE.—Perhaps that might be a good plan; but the question is, who is worthy to be received into



the house of Rhys? who is there whom my ancestors would approve? Those are the questions.

BOB (fawningly).—Suppose, Sir Leoline, I knew a person descended from one of the most ancient families in the principality: suppose he had even a spice of the Rhys blood flowing in his veins: suppose he was unexceptionable in character and fortune: suppose he was willing to lay it at your daughter's feet:—what then?

SIR LEOLINE.—I might probably think favourably of his suit:—do you know such a one?

BOB.—I do, sir.

SIR LEOLINE.—Name him.

BOB (apparently with reluctance).—Mr. Robert Sinclair.

SIR LEOLINE.—In an affair of such importance as the marriage of the heiress of Llandynyddrod, the worthy scion of a long line of loyal ancestors, things require to be examined in all their bearings. I do not give my consent that you should tie the connubial knot—neither do I withhold it: many collateral circumstances must be considered in any negotiation which may result from your proposition.

BOB.—The consent of Winifred being, I suppose, one of those collateral circumstances.

SIR LEOLINE.—It is not, sir: I am the top beam of the great hall. I arrange and apportionate my own household fixtures as seemeth best in my own eyes. Winifred must and shall marry whom I please; I shall allow of no rebellion in my domains.

BOB (still fawningly).—Perhaps Sir Leoline will have the great kindness to tell me when he will give an answer to my demand.

SIR LEOLINE.—To-morrow, at twelve o'clock, in the great hall, surrounded by my ancestors, meet witnesses of such an important act.

Punctual to the appointed time, Bob waited on Sir Leoline. He was seated on the dais, dressed in his state dress, and looked as solemn and magnificent as possible. He formally desired Sinclair to be seated, and then addressed him as follows:—

“Mr. Sinclair! you have propounded to me a matter of the greatest importance: one affecting the very vitals of the house of Llandynydrod, and you now come into the presence of me and my ancestors to receive the replication. Sir, I have looked into the pros and cons of the matter; looked at it in this light, and in that light; then turned it round, as it were. After much contemplation and cogitation, I have arrived at

the conclusion, that the affair deserves to be encouraged; that you are a fit and proper person to be received into the loyal, old-standing line of Rhys. Sir, Winifred, in due season, shall be yours."

"And she consents!" inquired Bob, rather eagerly.

"She does not," said Sir Leoline; "nay, she positively rejects you! But that is neither here nor there; she *shall* consent! The whims of young girls *must* not, and *shall* not, be petted by me! I told her so, and then she seemed more quiet and tame. She shall be thine, and in the course of the year. My ancestors look upon the step with anxious interest. The line of Llandynyddrod must be perpetuated. And now I recollect, I have one condition—a necessary condition—to impose."

"Name it," said Bob.

"You must relinquish the name of Sinclair, and take that of Rhys."

"Most willingly, Sir Leoline, and shall feel positive pleasure in doing so."

"Well, then, as far as matters have hitherto progressed, all is favourable, for the restiveness of Winifred I take not into the account. Future negotiations must, of course, take place with your father and Mr.

Ogilby. If you wish for an interview with Winifred, you can have one; she is walking on the terrace of the eastern garden."

Sinclair now left Sir Leoline and proceeded in search of Winifred. Somehow or other, however, his habitual effrontery gave way as he drew near to her. He knew she disliked him, and that she was aware of the sinister crooks in his character. Free, open, and frank in her disposition, she had more than once told him so. Masking, however, his inward misgivings under an assumed carelessness, he deferentially approached her, and whiffled out, "I hope I am not an intruder?"

"If I should say you were not, I should utter a falsehood."

"You would not say so to Frank."

"I should not."

"And yet Frank is a complete scapegrace, a wild renegadoe, devoid of filial and all other affection, and a confirmed libertine."

"Frank is not! He is noble, and chivalric, and generous; but even if he *was* all which thou hast asserted, he would still be ten times better than thee!"

"Very bitter, Winifred! very bitter! I suppose,

however, you are aware that your father has affianced you to me, in spite of all my defects!"

"I *am* aware of it; but I now tell thee—and mark well what I say—that sooner than be married to thee, I would become a houseless wanderer, and beg from door to door!—leave me, sir!"

Quite dum-founded, Sinclair slunk off. He had had quite enough of courtship for one day. He sought Sir Leoline, and related, with several sly touches of his own, the particulars of his interview with Winifred. The consequence was, that the pride of the knight was touched, and he became more resolved than ever to carry out the match; and Sinclair, with his usual astuteness, seeing that he had done every thing which could be done for the nonce, on the following day bade a temporary adieu to Llandynydrod.

## CHAPTER LIV.

## CAPSTAN'S DISMISSAL.

I HAVE already mentioned that the Sinclairs had enclosed Ogilby in a mesh, from which he could not extricate himself. Although a good man of business, as far as its common, daily routine was concerned, yet he was far from possessing a comprehensive mind. He was, likewise, wanting in self-confidence, and it was easy for any astute person to lead him by the nose. As long as Mrs. Ogilby lived, things went on well, for, like Frank, she was clever as well as firm; but after her death Mrs. Sinclair acquired a complete mastery over him; and when Sinclair and Bob, through her influence, were installed in office, he became a mere cipher. It is true, he often formed resolutions to break asunder the spell which enthralled him; but those resolutions were never carried out to their legitimate consequences; something or other always happened to counteract his intentions. This perpetual mental conflict, however, naturally engendered pet-

tishness and irritability; and the once rough, good-humoured, neatly-dressed Ogilby was transformed into a maundering sloven.

In proportion, however, as the reins fell from his own hands, so were they seized upon and tightened by Sinclair, or rather Mrs. Sinclair, as she was the Mephistopheles of the piece; she pulled the wires and controlled the machinery. There was one person in the household of Ogilby who had long been an eyesore to her, to wit, Capstan. She had endeavoured to fleech him as she had done the rest, but the honest old tar was incorruptible—he was not to be cajoled. Foiled in her endeavours to corrupt him, she looked about to find a hole in his gaberdine, and, if possible, to obtain his dismissal. Now Capstan's quarrel with Sir Leoline, and his subsequent conflict with Bob, might, if judiciously and properly worked up, lead to that much-desired event. She was considerably aided in her benevolent project by a letter which Bob had brought on his return from the knight.

Having, therefore, made herself perfectly master of the subject, with Sir Leoline's missive in her hand, she requested and obtained an interview with Ogilby.

Ogilby, who had been vainly endeavouring to un-

ravel a complicated knot in his accounts, had just flung down his ledger in despair, and had seized upon a long Turkey pipe, the gift of his old servant, or rather friend, Capstan, and had commenced puffing away most resolutely. He seemed as though determined to stifle the bugbear trouble which oppressed his mind in a superabundance of smoke. Scarcely, however, had the narcotic weed begun to have its accustomed sedative effect, and to permeate the system with a somnolent tendency, than discord entered in the shape of Mrs. Sinclair, who, drawing forward one of the chairs, and sitting prim and erect in it, thus began:—

MRS. SINCLAIR.—I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news, Mr. Ogilby: very sorry.

MR. OGILBY (after taking the pipe from his mouth, and then emitting from the same oscular apparatus a huge volume of smoke.)—The firm of Tomkins, Stoggers, & Co. stopped payment, eh?

MRS. SINCLAIR.—Something much worse than that—much worse.

MR. OGILBY.—Young Nap landed—funds down to 50, eh?

MRS. SINCLAIR.—I do not much like to tell you what it is, but I suppose I must:—Capstan—



MR. OGILBY (interrupting her vehemently.)—Is drowned!—my best,—my only friend! and this is his pipe,—poor fellow! (here he again put it to his lips, and smoked violently).

MRS. SINCLAIR.—He is not dead, but he is a villain!—a villain in grain!

OGILBY (more pacified.)—Then I suppose Rigby, the cornfactor, has accused him of not accounting for certain sacks of wheat:—Rigby is a liar! Capstan is honest!

MRS. SINCLAIR.—Rigby has done no such thing: you are altogether out in your reckoning; he has done something worse than this. First of all I will read a letter I have received from Sir Leoline:—

“Llandynydrod Castle,

“July 18

“My dear sister Sinclair,

“Greeting and health. I am in much perturbation. Ogilby’s servant, Capstan, has been here, and has grossly misconducted himself. He has insulted me, much more so our ancestors. Would you believe it? He called them “black curmudgeons!” yes, he called “Llewellyn” a black curmudgeon! Upon being remonstrated with on the enormity of his

offence, he drew his cutlass and flourished it in the faces of our ancestors! yes, actually flourished it! What must they have thought of such prestidigious behaviour! what must have been their feelings!! It is my particular request that the whole enormous matter may be placed in a proper light before Ogilby; and unless suitable and adequate punishment be awarded on the delinquent without delay, all intercourse must cease between that gentleman and me.

“I beg to remain,

“Your very faithful brother,

“LEOLINE RHYA.”

OGILBY.—Well! I could not have thought it.

MRS. SINCLAIR.—In course you could not; none of us could have thought it, it is so very culpable—so very vile; but that is not all. As he left Landynydrod, flourishing his cutlass, he met Bob, whom we all know is as gentle as a lamb, and honourable-minded as clever. Bob remonstrated with him on the enormity of his offence, when the old wretch flew at him cutlass in hand, and would have slain him, if it had not have been for some passers by, who interfered for his protection.

OGILBY.—Capstan must have been in drink, otherwise he could not have behaved so.

MRS. SINCLAIR.—That only aggravates his offences. That he is an habitual drunkard we all know, and, as such, is unfit for the responsible trust he holds in our—I mean your—establishment. But, when to this unconquerable vice is added his other enormities, it would be downright fatuity to retain him any longer.

MR. OGILBY.—You wish me to dismiss him—my tried Capstan—a servant of thirty years.

MRS. SINCLAIR.—There is a necessity for you so to do: there is no alternative.

OGILBY.—It is grievous to do so; but if he has done the things laid to his charge I cannot see how I can avoid it; and yet poor Capstan was the favourite of my wife, of my lost child—he was too fond of grog; but yet we believed him honest; but then to draw his cutlass, and to attempt murder—he was a capital supercargo,—knew how to stow a ship,—a first-rate stevedore; and yet, I suppose, I must part with him—so demands Sir Leoline.

MRS. SINCLAIR (peremptorily).—So I demand: so Sinclair and Bob demand: so common sense demands.

OGILBY (yielding.)—Well, if it must be, it must; but it will be a heavy blow to me.—Leave me alone! I must comfort myself as well as I can with my pipe and my grog.

Mrs. Sinclair, having thus gained her point, arose and precipitately left the room. She seemed determined not to let the grass grow under her feet, but hastened to the counting-house, and told Sinclair of the reluctant consent she had wrung from Ogilby for the dismissal of Capstan. "Do not let us give the weak, vacillating old hunks," said she, "time to change his mind, but let us hasten at once to cut his old favourite adrift; and lo! here he comes, unwittingly, to receive his discharge.

Capstan, who had only returned the day before from Holyhead, entered the counting-house with his usual rough-and-ready demeanour. Having briefly related the mercantile proceedings of his late voyage, he laid his bills of lading on the table, and was about to retire as usual, when Sinclair thus addressed him:

"It is with much regret I have to inform you, that, in consequence of your bad conduct, you will no longer consider yourself as a servant of this establishment."

Capstan at first appeared thunder-struck, but soon

recovered himself, and said, squirting a jet of "baccy-juice" at the end of every pause, "Oh! that's the ticket, is it? I have despected that ere some time; you are a set of —— pirates! and I despected it, I say! and be blowed if I be sorry for it—for I wor ashamed to sail with such a blastation crew! You are a lazy, lubberly, loblolly set! and as sure as my name is Caleb Capstan, you will sink the ship Ogilby! Even at this ere blessed time, that ere ship be rolling in the breakers!—Thieves! fair-weather Jacks! and lubbers as ye be, ye will sink that ship, I tell ye!—Good b'we t'ye, and may a Hingy nadoe speedily capsize the whole blasted set!" So saying, Capstan turned on his heel, and indignantly left the room. He then proceeded to his stance and made up his scanty wardrobe into a little bundle. He took a last survey of that room which had been his for thirty years; and as he did so his eyes fell on the little ship he had made for his pet Frank, and a throng of recollections came crowding on his mind. He could not part with that last memorial of the past; he wrapped it carefully in his outer gaberdine, and screwed his face about in many a grotesque combination as he did so; and as he descended from his old stance, a tear twinkled in his only eye.

## CHAPTER LV.

## CAPSTAN AND HIS SHIP.

CAPSTAN was not blessed with a very large stock of worldly goods when he was so unceremoniously turned adrift. He was thus compelled to seek out for a fresh berth—for the procuring of which his age and infirmities were much against him. The Sinclairs, likewise, did every thing they could to his prejudice, and refused to give him a character. The old veteran was, in consequence, soon reduced to great straits, and was obliged to cast about in his mind for some occupation by which to make the pot boil.

Now it chanced that Capstan had a loud, if not a melodious, voice: he could roar like a very bull of Basan,—it was a regular salt-water, boisterous roar, smacking of the rattle of the hurricane and the boom of the surges. Why should he not, then, turn this unique gift to use? How *could* he turn it to use? Why, the mode was as plain as a pike-staff. He must take up with the ballad singing trade,—his voice was

cut out for the very purpose; it would echo and re-echo from one end of the street to the other; it would fill all the sinuosities, all the obscure nooks and corners with resistless brattle; it would drown the voices of all competitors—from the costermonger to the chimney-sweep; it would rise above the roar and clash of the cabs and busses; in fine, it would be unique and irresistible.

Capstan, therefore, determined to turn street-ballad-singer, and to make his *début* in the “Bay of Biscay O.” It was a very hurricane of a song, and suited his blatant powers to a T. Having lashed his favourite ship to the crown of his head, and put on his blue jacket, “tarry trousers,” and a flare-up red waistcoat, he sallied out into the streets and commenced his song. He walked at a very slow and deliberate pace, sometimes facing to the right, sometimes to the left, so that every portion of the street might have the full benefit of his melody. Capstan thus stemmed the whole length of the street without receiving a single copper. It is true, a whole crowd of men, women, and children followed him, drinking in, with greedy ears, his mellifluous periods; but, alas! it is almost a dead certainty that the whole troop had not a copper to give. Still he roared on, and had

better luck in the next street, for a sailor's widow, with half-a-dozen children to maintain by her unremitting hard labour, threw him a penny-piece, and a blessing at the same time. Encouraged by this good luck, Capstan threw an additional roar into his volley of song, and in the end pocketed fifteen-pence half-penny.

Capstan erected his household lares in a solitary hut in the most unfrequented part of the Isle of Dogs. It had formerly been inhabited by a French refugee, and in fact built by him. It consisted of two rooms, about eight foot square, one over the other, like the compartments of a card-house, built by children. It was close to the Thames, and the lower room was occasionally overflowed by its waves. On those occasions he was obliged to take refuge in his upper room, and it is supposed he was better pleased when thus driven to quarters than when not, for he had been so accustomed to water all his life, that he loved to hear it plashing about him,—in other words, he loved the mystic music of the waves. In order to get to his castle, or fortalice, or whatever you may choose to denominate it, he had to wade through a kind of lagoon—a mixed melange of water and mud. If he



had been in the heart of the desert of Zahara he could not have been more isolated from the busy world. No one scarcely ever visited that part of the island; it bore a bad reputation, and was considered the head-quarters of malaria. Capstan was undisputed lord of his fortalice and its accompanying lagoon, not even the ghost of its founder, Michael Ridean, disputed his right; it seemed to prefer even the equivocal pro-lusions of Hades to the gloomy precincts of the Tower.

Sometimes, after a successful day's ballad singing, Capstan would manufacture a glass of grog; and in winter time would light such a fire, that it would rattle and roar up the chimney like mad. He would then place two glasses on the table—one for Frank and one for himself; nay, sometimes a third for Winifred. He would then drink Frank's health—draining his own glass to the dregs; and then, as Frank's representative, drink his own health—taking care to drain *his* glass likewise. Then he drank to Miss Winifred, and emptied her glass to his own health as before. He would repeat this ceremony more than once, if his day's singing had been very productive. He would then hold imaginary conversations with his brace of pets. I will subjoin a specimen, not,

however, at all wishing to intrude on the province of Walter Savage Landor.

CAPSTAN.—I'm blowed, if this aint capital grog!

FRANK.—Double grog, I b'lieve—none of your lob-lolly tricks—double!

CAPSTAN.—And what says the bawtiful cutter, the smacking little Winn?

WINIFRED.—Rayther not speechify in that ere matter—not wery proper for young gals to gi'e their 'pinions on grog.

CAPSTAN.—What a keen neb that ere gal have: knows a marling-spike from a caboose, as well as here and there one.

FRANK.—Well, old boy, and how goes on Bob Sinclair?

CAPSTAN.—B'lieve that old Davy have grabbed him, leastways I spect so. That ere is a Barbry pirut—a rigglar corsur.

WINIFRED.—That ere fair-weather Jack made prosals to me; I turned my quid and made game of the lubber.—Blast him! did I?

CAPSTAN.—In course you did, and bully-ragged him into the bargain.

FRANK.—I'm wery glad of that ere, for I 'mire the

neat cutter Winn above a bit, and I wor afeard of that leaky tub Bob. I thowt he wor making way in her 'fections,—blow me tight, if I didn't!

CAPSTAN.—What a simple Simon you must be to think that ere thing despecting Miss Winn. Why, sooner than give her 'fections that ere way, she would quilt six-water grog for a twel'month.

WINIFRED.—All right! I would, by gomm! friend Capstan.

CAPSTAN.—Friend? I should say so: true as the niddle to the powl:—here's your health, Miss Winn, in a bumper. — ye, I'm true.

FRANK (aside).—I wonder if Winifred would have any 'jection to be spliced to me, eh?

CAPSTAN.—What a faint-hearted shaver! afeard to pop the question! Well, I never!

FRANK.—She be sich a first-rater: carries sich a whelming broadside, and sich flying sky-scrapers! by gor, I be afeard to tackle her!

WINIFRED.—What is that shy cock scraughing about, eh, Capstan?

CAPSTAN.—Why, the lubber be fifty fadom deep in love, and he be afeard to pop the question.

WINIFRED.—Well, then, if he be sich a gomeril, it

would sarve him right to send him fifty fadom deep elsewhere.

CAPSTAN (aside to Frank.)—Speak up, sir! — ye, sir, speak up!

FRANK.—For more bells than I can ricken, I have been despetately in love with you, Miss Winn,—will ye be spliced?—blastation, speak up!—no funking!

WINIFRED.—That's speaking purpose-like, and to the pint: I have not the least 'jection any ways:—no, by the hookey!—none!

CAPSTAN.—There, now! didn't I say so? There, you see, all is put to rights in the twinkling of a bed-post.

WINIFRED.—Pray, friend Capstan, give us a song on the strength on't.

CAPSTAN.—Sartanly: what ull e have, "Tom Tough," or the "Bay of Biscay O?"

WINIFRED.—Oh! "Tom Tough" by all manner of means, there be someat so fecting and sprack in that ere ditty.

Here Capstan would throw himself back in his old gouty arm-chair, and roar "Tom Tough" till he made every obscure nook and cranny resound again. When he had finished he would call on Winifred for

a song, and in a squeaking tone of voice—a palpable imitation of Punch, would whine out a stave or two of “The old house at home.” Then he would call upon Frank to sing “Britannia rules the waves.” The vocal part of the evening’s entertainment being concluded, he would arise, bid Frank and Winifred a hearty good night, and then turn into his berth.

Thus in bearing about his ship, and singing by day, and holding imaginary conversations by night with his two pets, did Capstan keep on the even tenor of his way. Whether or not he came, in the end, to believe in the bodily presence of Winifred and Frank at those symposiums cannot be accurately ascertained: the balance of opinion, however, inclines to the side that he did so. We all know that persons constantly reiterating a lie come in the end to believe it an actual truth; and there is not much room for doubt but what Capstan similarly cheated himself.

## CHAPTER LVI.

## DOINGS AT LLANDYNYDROD, AND FLIGHT OF WINIFRED.

SIR LEOLINE having made up his mind to coerce Winifred into a match with young Sinclair, was perpetually knagging at her on the subject. He thought at first it might only be a maidenly reluctance, which would soon give way; but when he found, after repeated remonstrances, that she still remained firm and determined in her refusal, he looked round for other means to aid him in carrying his point.

In the beginning of this history, Cadwallader, the Bard, has been already cursorily mentioned. His hair was long, white, and silky, flowing over his shoulders; and when in full dress, appeared in a long white tunic, and blue vest. He was tall, thin, and pale; his hollow eyes of a faint gray. Altogether his appearance was spectral in the extreme. His mind was richly imbued with bardic lore; and his language was generally expressive, often figurative. He possessed prodigious influence over the mind of Winifred,

and Sir Leoline determined to use that influence to further his own views.

Ninety summers had rolled over the head of Cadwallader, still his step was firm and his form erect. To say he loved Winifred would be a weak word, he absolutely idolised her. He lived in the past, and she was to him the incarnation of the past in beauty and in power. She was more than his child, she was a little divinity in a crystal shrine of purity.

Cadwallader's study was in the topmost room of the western tower. It was dimly lighted by one single window, painted with Bardic stories. An antique vase stood beneath, profusely stored with the mistletoe. Round three sides of the room, on dark blue painted shelves, were ranged the works of the Bards; and the Institutes of Bardism were emblazoned on the dark-grained panelling of the fourth. The *tout ensemble* had a solemn, if not mystic, appearance.

It was seldom that Winifred ventured of her own accord to this apartment. Sometimes, however, she received special invitations from Cadwallader; and on one of those occasions the following dialogue took place.

CADWALLADER.—Well, darling, I am glad to see thee. I wished to confer with thee on a very important subject; a subject peculiarly affecting the house of Llandynydrod.

WINIFRED.—Speak, father Cadwallader; I am all attention.

CADWALLADER.—I have lived far beyond the years generally allotted to man, and have thereby acquired many well-worth-knowing lessons of experience. I can judge of the future by the past, or, in other words, I possess the gift of prophecy. I see before thee a dark yawning gulf: I would instruct thee how to avoid it.

WINIFRED.—Your language is mysterious.

CADWALLADER.—It is so, because it relates to the future; a cloud always envelopes the future; we are like travellers in a mist, we can see nothing distinctly but a few objects in a narrow circle around us; the more distant, the more distorted all things loom; by experience, we can reduce those unnatural distortions to their proper shape.

WINIFRED.—Speak, father Cadwallader; thy darling heareth.

CADWALLADER.—Thou art the last scion in a direct



line of the house of Llandynydrod; that house has ever been famed for the heroism of its sons, and the virtues of its daughters; and among those virtues none was more conspicuous than filial obedience. I call upon thee to follow, in this respect, their bright example—I call upon thee to be obedient.

WINIFRED.—In other words, you call upon me to be miserable!

CADWALLADER.—Not so, my darling; I call upon thee to be happy. A union with Frank would be misery; a union with Mr. Robert Sinclair would be happiness. Here experience comes to my aid; and from the past I judge of the future. Frank, under the appearance of much openness and suavity, hides a depraved, a cunning spirit; Sinclair is what he professes to be, boldness and candour, and generosity itself.

WINIFRED.—O! blind infatuation! what evil genius thus influences you, thus to reverse the characters?

CADWALLADER.—It is thou who art infatuated; love blinds thee!

WINIFRED.—There shall be no mistake in this matter: tortures shall not compel me to wed young Sinclair.

CADWALLADER.—Pause, ere it be too late; launch not on a rough sea of future trouble; the storm is brewing, the barque is unsteady. Pause, and beware.

WINIFRED.—Then let it brew and let it burst; I am ready and willing to brave it all.

CADWALLADER.—Child of my soul! my heart is wrung with bitter anguish on thy account: severed affections and a broken heart await thee.

WINIFRED (interrupting him.)—If I wed young Sinclair.

CADWALLADER.—I see thou art incorrigible; I leave thee sorrowfully—leave thee to thy doom. Farewell. Pause! and beware!

Here Cadwallader left the room, and, to the surprise of Winifred, locked the door on the outside.

“They are about to attempt coercion,” said Winifred, mentally; “let them beware, or I give them leg bail.”

And Winifred meant what she said: she was no squeamish, lackadaisical dame, but as bold and true as steel. She was, likewise, of an adventurous spirit, and had a large spice of the romantic in her idiosyncrasy, in other words, she was an exact softened counterpart of her cousin Frank. A few days before

her interview with Cadwallader she had received, by a very circuitous channel, a letter from Capstan, of which we subjoin a copy.

ISLE OF DOGS, LUNNUN,  
Fry-day.

Miss Winyfried,

“Them ere rigglar fire-ships, Bob and old Mother Carey, wiz Sinclair, have got me oisted out of my berth. Blastation! I be now living in this ere place, and rum it be, plenty of weter. I get my living by Frank’s ship, and hold discours with him and you every night, Miss Winn. Frank be alive, that be sartain sure, and I spliced you two the other night; and you will be spliced. Keep up, Miss Winn, and if ever hard times come round, member, that I have a few coppers and a locker at your sarvice. I know how to handle a cutlash better nor a pen. So no more,

From your servant to command,

CALIB CAPSTAN.

This letter was enigmatical enough in all conscience, yet Winifred gathered enough from it to be

assured, that Capstan had a home which was at her service, if times of trial should come on. She also had her conviction that Frank was still living strengthened in some degree. No sooner, therefore, did Cadwallader imprudently lock the door, and thus convert her into a prisoner, than her high spirit revolted against such unjust treatment, and she resolved, as she herself expressed it, to give them leg bail; and with whom could she find shelter, except with her old tried friend, Capstan? And, Miss Winn, did not some sly thought flash across your mind, that there would be the likeliest place to hear tidings of your cousin Frank? You cannot answer 'no,' to that home question, and you would not, for your bosom is the throne of truth.

For many hours Winifred remained alone in her prison-chamber, when a servant thrust in a letter from Sir Leoline, of which a copy is subjoined.

CHAMBER OF MY ANCESTORS,

Wednesday, 3 P.M.

Dear, though refractory Child,

I learn from Cadwallader of your continued rebellion, and it has imposed upon me the

absolute necessity of coercion. My ancestors must not, and shall not, be insulted. Mr. Robert Sinclair will arrive at Llandynyddrod to-morrow. I command you to receive him as your affianced lord; I will be bearded no longer; I will be obeyed; my ancestors look down from their several niches and compartments, and *they* shall be obeyed.

Farewell, disobedient Child,

LEOLINE.

This imprudent missive set the seal to the determination of Winifred, and she resolved to quit Llandynyddrod that very night, and to seek out the domicile of Capstan, and having once so resolved, the difficulties and dangers of the attempt faded away like mist before the eye of morn. She was of an adventurous as well as a romantic temperament; and a sort of Boadicea in boldness and daring. Now it chanced that in the chamber in which she was confined there was a door concealed in the tapestry, opening on a staircase descending to the castle gardens. It was sometimes locked, but not always, for the passage was used by Cadwallader as a short cut, when disposed for horticultural meditation. No sooner, therefore,

did the shades of evening descend, than our heroine rapidly descended this staircase, and passed into a secluded alley of the garden, completely hidden from the castle by a thick hedge of intermingled holly and wild-briar. She sped along, like a startled antelope, in the direction of a postern which would admit her into the open country. This postern was always locked at night, and her object in hurrying on so rapidly was to pass through it before it was barred against her further progress. And she had need of all her activity in gaining this object, for when she arrived in its immediate neighbourhood, the sentinel on duty arrived at the same time, and scarcely had she sprung through, ere it was closed for the night.

It was a beautiful night when Winifred found herself a free denizen of the world. All was still, calm, and peaceful; the trees, the clouds, the stars were in sweet repose. No sound broke on the ear except the *Æolian* melody of a distant brook. The Spirit of Nature spoke to her spirit, and imparted to it a portion of its holy balm. There is a mystic union—cavillers may say what they will—between our consciousness, and the consciousness of

universal nature—a kind of mesmeric, electric, and galvanic union, or all three in one. Is it that we are only a part or parcel of the universal spirit, and that death is merely a re-union with it?

## CHAPTER LVII.

## ADVENTURES OF WINIFRED.

ON sped Winifred, only anxious to get as far from Llandynydrod and Bob Sinclair as possible. Whether a qualm did not momentarily twitch her spirit as the last turret of her father faded from her view may be doubted, but if it did she soon brushed it aside and passed on.

About a mile from Llandynydrod the village of Llantyre lifted its quaint front. It was the village in which Frank slept the night before he arrived at the castle of his uncle, and where he made such a delicious supper. The name of his rustic entertainers was Roberts, and that of the little Hebe, Ruth, their only child. The latter was a particular favourite with Winifred; she was simple and honest-minded. To the cottage of those good people our heroine resolved in, the first instance, to go, and the reasons which induced her so to do will be shown as we go on.

When Winifred arrived at the cottage of Roberts she



lifted the latch, as was her custom, and walked into the kitchen. Mrs. Roberts was busily engaged plying her spinning-wheel, and Ruth in milking Crombie, who was licking, in return, the white forehead of the subtractor of her balmy treasures. Both ceased their respective occupations as our heroine thus unexpectedly entered, and rose to greet her. After the usual compliments had passed, pro and con, Winifred requested a private audience with Ruth, which being granted with the greatest alacrity, they entered the adjoining apartment, where Frank had enjoyed such a delicious night's sleep, when the following dialogue took place.

WINIFRED.—Ruth, dear, I think you love me.

RUTH.—I do, and dearly too.

WINIFRED.—And you would willingly serve me?

RUTH.—I would, my sweet young lady, in everything I could.

WINIFRED.—I have left Llandynydd. All of them rose against me, all of them compacted together to force me to marry young Sinclair, whom I detest, for I know him to be an hypocritical villain. I would not consent to marry him; tortures should not compel me to do so; they prepared to coerce me. Strange things have been done by our ancestors in

that old castle ere now: my father imitates those ancestors even in their vices, and I verily believe he contemplated coercion. He is imperious, and not very strong-minded; ingredients which ever form the staple of the petty tyrant. As a prelude to their plan of compulsion they locked me in old Cadwallader's room, but they forgot to barricade the private door in the tapestry, through which thou and I have so often played at hide and seek when children; so I even played at hide and seek with my father and his satellites, and so far the game has been successful, and here I am.

RUTH.—I am main glad to see you so spiritfule. I would have served them the same sauce myself!

WINIFRED.—Now, my dear Ruth, it will not do for us to stand prating here, for the divan at the castle will speedily discover my exit, and will be after me in full cry. I am now too fine for a wayfarer. I must borrow one of thy felt hats, and one of thy short striped linsey-woolsey gowns. 'These I must put on over my ordinary dress. It will make me look a veritable dandy; we must not mind that. I must then go to the three cross-roads a little beyond Llantyre, and await the arrival of the coach to

London, whither I am bound. My other things I must tie up in a bundle. I must pass for a country girl going up to town in search of service; and my felt hat, homespun gown, and little parcel will aid me in sustaining my assumed character.

Ruth now tripped lightly into her little bedchamber, and brought forthwith her best hat and gown, with which she quickly arrayed her young lady, who looked peculiarly fascinating when dressed therein. They then passed on to the three cross-roads, and had scarcely arrived there ere the coach came in sight. Fortunately there chanced to be an outside place vacant, into which Winifred, after taking an affectionate leave of her young companion, quickly clambered, the coachman cracked his whip, and on and away to London.

The old Jarvie was of the old race of Jehus, now extinct. He wore a whitybrown dreadnought, buttoned up to his throat, round which was wound, in many plies, a plaid shawl. On his head was stuck, rather jauntily, a broad-breeded hat, cased in oilskin. His face was broad, red, and bloated. His body thick and corpulent, and his voice hoarse and guttural, sounding like a cracked gong. He had a merry leer, and jocular word for all, whether passengers or wayfarers.

For the first mile or two after Winifred had taken her seat he did not speak to her; occasionally, however, glancing at her with the tail of his eye. He seemed to be cogitating within himself who or what she might be, her antecedents and sequelarities. Those leers and glances were generally accompanied with a gee-up to his horses, with sometimes an occasional lash, gently delivered, as though casting a line. It seemed as though those gee-ups and lashes were delivered as aids or adjuncts to the progress of ratiocination going forward in his mind, of which our heroine was the theme or thesis. For the next two miles his glances grew more frequent, accompanied with a short husky noise in the throat, as though pumping up words unwilling to be dragged from their cosy quarters, and at the end of the fifth mile he had so worked up his vocal apparatus as to utter the following words :

“Well, Miss, that be a prime hat, I shouldn’t think.”

Winifred did not know what to reply to this proposition,—it was self-evident and required no corroboration.

“And that be a perty face in that ere hat,” continued the excited Jehu; “and you be a

gwain to Lunnun, be'est? Well, Lunnun be a fine place for perty gals, I shouldn't think :—good for trade."

"I am of no trade," said Winifred.

"In course not," said Jehu, who seemed to be one of those eccentrics whose vocal mills seem difficult to set in motion at first, but when once started clack on to all eternity. "In course not: perty gals never confess to those things—cannot expect them to do so; they seem wery mealy-mouthed to them ere matters, but will take the bit well enough for all that. Don't tell me: I know a jibbing mare from a thorough roadster. That ere hat be a perty hat, but it won't do for Lunnun. It will do for a Welsh mountain, but not for the streets o' Lunnun."

"By cot!" said a passenger, seated behind Winifred, "what will do for a Welsh mountain will do for Lunnun. A Welsh mountain bangs it all to whips!—don't run down a Welsh mountain!"

"It would be a hard matter to do that," said the Jarvie: "much harder to run up one,—blow me tight, if it wouldn't!"

"Talking about blowing," said the traveller who had before spoken, "give me a Welsh mountain for

that:—it beats all other mountains for wind: yes, by hur cot does it!”

“In course it does,” said a female, so muffled up in a shawl that hardly a feature could be seen. “In course it does,—oh, yes!—no mountain can be compared to it in nothink,—oh, no!”

From the two last speeches the reader will perceive that he has again fallen into the company of Morgan and Binney.

“Yes,” resumed Morgan, “every thing Welsh be prime—mountains, wind, and all. Now that ere pretty gal in the Welsh hat be Welsh too:—where will you see such a pretty gal?—nowhere! Don’t blush so, my little dear,—I know ye; but, never mind, mum’s the word: I won’t peach: I am Welsh to the backbone.”

“Oh, yes!” said Binney, “and to the midriff too,—oh, yes!”

“Well, old Taffy,” said the Jehu, “you seem to know that ere chick, and she be a prime filly—slap up, and fit for the market she is going to: no stringhalt, spavin, or a single blemish—she’ll do.” And here he gave a knowing wink.

Fortunately for Winifred she did not know the

exact meaning of those inuendoes, still she knew it meant something sinister. She was likewise aware that Morgan and Binney were not highly respectable characters. She was, consequently, rendered highly uncomfortable, and shrunk into herself, and shunned companionship as much as she could.

"That ere gal be main shy, or main proud—I don't know which," observed the coachman.

"She is Welsh, coachman, and of good Welsh blood and pedigree. What blood can be compared to Welsh blood? What pedigree to Welsh pedigree? Saesonaeg? No. Celt? No. Give me Welsh mountains, music, and pedigree,—yes, and by cot, Welsh wind too!"

"Well!" observed the Jehu, "if thou besn't one of the rummest coves ever fashioned! and so that gal be of a pedigreed family?" Here he put his mouth close to Morgan's ear, and whispered, "who be she? do tell me!"

Light as the whisper was, it was overheard by Binney, who chimed in, "do not tell him for nothink,—oh, no! a few coppers would be ticklary useful,—oh, yes! hand over some coppers: don't tell him nothink 'till he hands over some coppers, pa, don't,—oh, no!"

Winifred had heard the question too, and pulling Morgan by the sleeve earnestly implored him not to say who she was.

"He won't, if you come down andsomely,—will ye, pa?" said Binney. "You must fork out something jonnek—brown's won't do: you must post bobs, then pa won't tell,—oh, no!"

"I will give him all that I possess, if he won't tell," said the alarmed Winifred.

"That be speaking to the pint," said Morgan; "that will do." Then turning to the coachman he continued, "Stubbs, she be Welsh; I won't peach; hawks must not peck out hawks' eyes."

Stubbs, however, could not keep his eyes off Winifred. Although drink had made him muddle-headed and obtuse, still he seemed to feel a twilight consciousness that there was some mystery connected with her. He looked at his horses, then back to Winifred, then gave a loud "gee-up," then whistled "Jem Crow." After he had executed this instrumental solo, his eyes would again revert to Winifred; then "gee-up," the instrumental solo, and *da capo*.

After the usual stoppages at wayside inns, hurried



refreshments, horn tootings, some passengers taken up, others put down, slang chaff to coaches passing along, and no less slang repartees, Stubbs and his passengers arrived safely at the Saracen's Head, Skinner Street. Here Stubbs again essayed to worm out of Morgan the name of his mysterious passenger, but without effect; and giving him a hearty curse, he turned about, malcontent, and entered the inn.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

## FURTHER ADVENTURES OF WINIFRED.

WINIFRED left the Saracen's Head with a beating heart; she gazed around her with the utmost trepidation, and seemed astounded at the bustle and tumult around her. She passed along in an almost unconscious state; but was, nevertheless, aware that wherever she went she was dogged by her fellow-travellers, Morgan and Binney—they stuck to her like leeches. By dint of inquiries she pursued her way to the Isle of Dogs; but many a gay gallant she addressed smirked at her, uttering rude jests; and many of the rollicking street girls directed her wrong. At length, after many devious windings, she found herself in Charter-House Square. It is a silent and solitary spot, in the heart of the city, a frigid and benumbing spot. Until their arrival at this place her pertinacious followers had kept at a rather respectful distance; but now they closed

upon her, and Morgan, standing in front, so as to impede her further progress, thus spoke:—

“Well, young lady, ye seem to be in a main hurry; why so?”

“Because I wish to place myself under the safeguard of a friend. London seems a wild place.”

“Ben’t we friends, then? Ben’t we Welsh—thorough Welsh? Ben’t you Welsh too? eh?—speak up! What better friends can you desire?”

“She can’t desire better,” chimed in Binney, laying hold of her gown: “in course not.”

“I have a particular friend to whom I am going: pray let me go! I do not know much of you.”

“Oh! you wan’t to cut our acquaintance, do you! —that’s all very fine,” said Morgan.

“Unhand me! Move aside! Pray let me go!”, said Winifred, with increased vehemence.

“You promised to pay us well: we kept your secret. You have not paid us. You want to shuffle off without payment.”

By this time a large crowd, attracted by the altercation, had assembled around them, who, as is invariably the custom in those street assemblages, commenced pushing and jostling one another rudely

about. At length Winifred found herself forced into a narrow passage without a thoroughfare. Here, in the confusion, she was pushed violently against the wall, and she found a hand in her pocket, which was quickly withdrawn. On searching, she found her purse, with all its contents, abstracted, and she was alone in the great metropolis without a farthing in her pocket.

The crowd had by this time vanished, and Morgan and Binney had vanished with them. Her purse was not only gone, but her little bundle of necessaries too, so she had no articles of wearing apparel except those she had on; of which the round felt hat and linsey-woolsey short gown seemed truly preposterous to a metropolitan eye; and those who know what slight events will attract a crowd in London will not wonder that wherever she went she was attended upon by a host of idlers, of all ages and all professions. "That be a wery nice gal," one would say; "and what a wery natty caster she sports," chimed in another; "and what a spruce gown and lark heel. Oh! wouldn't she make a sprack opera dancer? I should think so." In vain she used her utmost endeavours to free herself from the

crowd; for no sooner had one set gratified their curiosity by gazing upon her and moved away, than another took their places. Notwithstanding, however, all those obstructions, our heroine gradually approached the Isle of Dogs; and night closed upon her as she found herself in Gravel Lane, Wapping.

This lane is the chosen retreat of all kinds of disorderly characters, nymphs of the *pave* and pick-pockets. Into the brothels of this locality many an honest, rollicking Jack Tar, just returned from sea with his pockets more full of money than his head of brains, is inveigled, hocussed, and robbed, sometimes murdered. It is the theatre of constant brawls and riots. The police force is obliged to be doubled, and yet order can seldom be maintained.

When Winifred entered this dangerous street a foreign sailor had just been ejected from a brothel, minus all his cash. Furious with rage, he, with his naked fists, commenced a furious assault upon the windows of the house, and smashed every pane to atoms. In executing these reprisals, however, he cut his knuckles with the broken pieces of glass, so that the blood flowed down in torrents. A policeman, on his beat, strove to take the delinquent into custody, but was

immediately set upon by the bystanders, shouting and yelling, "Down with the Bobby! kill him where he stands!" In a trice he was set upon, and, notwithstanding he drew his truncheon and laid about him with all his might, his prisoner was rescued. Not contented with this, the assailants still kept belabouring him, till at length, fearful for his life, he sprang his rattle. In a short time a whole troop of his comrades arrived on the spot. A battle royal ensued, and as, from time to time each party was reinforced, the whole area of the street was entirely filled with struggling combatants. Winifred, who chanced to be in the middle of the street when the conflict began, was tossed about hither and thither like a feather in a whirlwind. She soon lost her shoes, anon her hat, and her gown was torn into various picturesque rents and slashes. Her feet were also trampled upon and bruised, and her hair, losing its braids, fell down over her shoulders. In this pitiable state she was tossed about from one side of the street to the other, and at length jammed against the door of a house, which, owing to the pressure of the crowd, was forced open, and she fell headlong into the middle of the passage. She must have re-

mained in a state of unconsciousness for some time, for when she recovered the tumult in the street had ceased, and all around was still and silent. She was about to emerge from her retreat, when a short, stout woman, with a broad red face, stood in the doorway. "Hilloa!" said she, addressing our heroine, "what brought you here, eh?" "I was forced in here by the crowd," replied she. "A very likely story that there: no tricks, if you please: I am too old a traveller to be tricked. You be on the thieving lay." "Indeed! indeed! I am not!" said Winifred, much alarmed. "Well, we shall soon see that:—walk in, and I will overhaul ye."

She here laid hold of Winifred and forced her into a back parlour, furnished in a very tawdry style. A Grecian couch was placed at the upper end, much faded and bruised; and a table and several chairs were strewn about, all in a dilapidated state. The stout woman, after locking the parlour door, threw herself on the couch, and beckoned our heroine to sit down on a chair by her.

"Well, my dear, you are in a sad rumpled state: your hair all about your ears like a maid-marian,—ah! ah! I see two wery perty hyes peeping through

the curls; and, as sure as my name is Stubbs, you be a fine gal!"

Notwithstanding the uncomfortable plight she was in, she remembered that the name of the coachman who drove her to town was Stubbs too, and she was greatly surprised at the coincidence.

"Yes, you be a wery fine, slap-up haffair altogether," continued Mrs. Stubbs; "and what a foot,—oh my! won't the gents be taken with it? Now I dare say you would like a sweetheart."

Winifred, disgusted at the vulgar familiarity of her hostess, replied not.

"Well, they say silence gives consent. Wery well, my dear, you shall have a sweetheart, and a nice one too, and a rich. You be come to the right market for that ere. But you seem tired and jaded: you shall have some 'freshment.'" Here she arose, waddled across the room with as much alacrity as her extreme obesity would admit, and opened a cupboard, from which she took a large black bottle, and a tumbler, which she filled to the brim with gin. This she proffered to our heroine, at the same time observing that "it would do her good."

"Pray excuse me," replied Winifred: "I am not thirsty."



"Lord bless thee, little simpleton! it be not to slake thirst, but to elevate the heart. Thinkest thou no one drinks till he be thirsty? People in these ere parts drink to prevent thirst coming on,—drink!"

Winifred still refused.

"Well!" said Mrs. Stubbs, rather chagrined, "you be a stupid little fool! I be not thirsty; but look here, see how I will drink for all that: learn from me to drink before thirst:—look!" Here Mrs. Stubbs put the glass to her lips, and swallowed the whole at a gulp. "There!" said she: "what d'ye think of that? was it not well done, eh?"

"Madam!" said Winifred, rising, "you will allow me to leave this place!"

"Ah! ah! my little chick, you want to leave the perch, do you? Look here!" Here she pulled the key of the door out of her pocket, and held it up tauntingly. "There now, there! if you hop off you must bore a hole through that door:—windows, we have none! Look! we do not want daylight in this room,—this be the room of Wenus! Now sit ye down: put up your hair, and be content!"

"What right have you to detain me here against my consent?"

"What right had you to break open my door, and to enter my premises? Did I not find my door broken open, and you—and you only—on the premises? Couldn't I, if I please, give you in charge as a house-breaker?"

"My good woman, it was the crowd broke open your door, and forced me in unwillingly."

"Aye! aye! so all of you say: that's all wery fine; the magistrates and perlis know how to deal with them stories:—they have lots of 'em every day."

"Surely you would not be cruel enough to give me in charge?"

"Now sit down, my good gal: don't put yourself in sich a fantague; be quiet, and no arm will happen to thee: drink a glass, and be quiet."

It may here be remarked, that during this colloquy, Mrs. Stubbs had paid repeated visits to her gin-bottle. Her voice grew husky, and her face redder and redder still. She also, at times, gave evident signs of somnolency; and when she arose to replenish her glass, her legs seemed unable to bear the superincumbent weight. Winifred watched those symptoms with some degree of hope, and if they increased, as there was appearance every that

they would, she resolved to attempt an escape. She accordingly again sat down for the present.

“That’s it, my good gal; I like thee for that: I see you be coming round: now drink a drop, and be sociable.”

Here Winifred, to humour her, and still further to gain her confidence, put the glass to her lips.

“That’s it! that’s right! I never sawd a gal what come to this ere place, let her be ever so squeamish at first, but what soon came round,—yes, yes! soon come round:—here’s to ye.” So saying she again drained her glass, which had such an effect upon her that she fell sideways upon the couch, with closed eyes, and remained motionless.

Winifred now thought it a good opportunity to attempt an escape, and her first move was to get possession of the key of the door. Now when Mrs. Stubbs took it out of her pocket and held it up so exultingly before our heroine, she laid it down on the couch; so that when she fell, as above related, she fell upon it, but so as only partially to cover it. Quietly, then, and on tiptoe, our heroine crept to the couch, and by a sudden jerk succeeded in getting it in her possession. In doing so, however,

she aroused Mrs. Stubbs, who opened her eyes and sat up; but she did it so slowly, and with so much difficulty, that Winifred had regained her seat ere she had accomplished her difficult feat.

“Well, my dear, I see you be getting wery contented,—that’s it, I like to see gals contented. I see you have put your hair to rights, and made yourself tidy. Now put your feet into them list slippers,—they belong to my good ’usband, who ha’ been driving a coach to Wales and back for Jack Wightwick, who is knocked up with the reumatics.—Specks my husband in soon—never mind, put your feet into the slippers,—that’s a good gal. I see you be coming round:—you shall see a gent to-morrow, who have lots of tin.” Here her head fell forward on her bosom, and she again fell asleep.

Winifred was not at all satisfied with the speech of Mrs. Stubbs. She gleaned from it, that, by a series of singular accidents, she had taken refuge in the house of the Jehu who had driven her up to town, and that he was expected home immediately; likewise, that she was to be introduced to a gent to-morrow. This latter circumstance filled her with a kind of indefinite alarm, and she again rose and

moved towards the door with the intention of getting out; and putting the key in the lock turned it without much difficulty, opened the door, and stepped into the passage. Two nymphs, rather tawdriily dressed, were standing at the other end, gazing into the street, and jeering or becking the passers by. They so filled the narrow way, that our heroine could not get out without jostling them. She, however, did get out, and, being once in the street, she flew like a lapwing up the stoney causeway. The girls hallooed after, and even chased her for a small distance, but she speedily got out of sight. She was still urging on her flight, when she saw approaching, in a waving, lumbering manner, a stout, obese personage, muffled up in a plaid shawl, and with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, covered with oil-skin, whom she instantly recognised as Stubbs, the coachman. Rather startled at the untoward occurrence, she slipped aside under an archway, thinking to elude him; but in this she soon found herself deceived, for he came directly up to her, and, seizing her by the arm, said: "Ah! ah! my dainty filly! you thought to bolt, did ye? Got too good an eye for a gal to 'low that ere to come to pass.

Got rid of your castor, eh? Pretty black locks them ere! prettier nor the mane of Jenny Lind what won the Darby! Slipped into pretty slippers too? By gor, gal! how come 'e by them slippers?"

"Oh! let me go, good Stubbs: pray let me go?"

"What the devil art thou jibbing at, foolish gal! it is skittish you are, is it? I know how to break in a skittish colt,—yes, do I, full well!" So saying, he grasped her more tightly, and Winifred, alarmed, uttered a loud scream. This scream attracted the notice of a man who was passing along the street, who immediately interfered for her protection. Stubbs immediately released our heroine, and engaged in a struggle with the new comer, and both rolled on the ground. Taking advantage of this lucky interference, she again hastened onwards, and soon got out of sight of the combatants.

It was now past midnight, and a fierce wind and heavy rain had set in. The streets were nearly deserted, and all things around and about her wore a gloomy and melancholy aspect. She was soon wet to the skin, and shivered with cold. Still she pressed onwards, occasionally inquiring her way to the Isle of Dogs. Some answered her civilly, and others with a curse, evidently mistaking her for one of those un-

fortunates who have no home. Sometimes she sobbed with agony; then she would console herself by reflecting that it was better to endure all, and ten times more, rather than be tied to young Sinclair. Still the unwonted fatigue began to tell fearfully upon her physical powers, and her steps grew more and more flagging. She reeled as she walked, and her feet seemed like lumps of lead—she could hardly lift them from the ground. At length she felt herself compelled to rest, and sat, or rather sunk down, on the step of a door; her head fell forward on her lap, and she soon sank into a sound sleep.

It chanced that evening that Capstan had been making his hebdomadal rounds, bearing his ship on his head, and roaring, at the top of his lungs, "Tom Tough." He had made a highly successful day, and was returning home full of glee, still roaring his Borean lay. When he arrived opposite our sleeping heroine, he made a dead pause, and gazed full upon her. Her hair, in dishevelled masses, hung down over her head and knees, even to the ground, and threw a kind of cloud over her whole form. Little did Capstan think the forlorn object before him was his pet Winifred. Little did he think that she,

with whom, on the preceding evening, he had held an imaginary conversation was present in *propria persona*. Still he felt compassion for her; he saw that she was young, perhaps beautiful. He, therefore, shouted out, "ahoy, there! What thereaway? What cheer, eh!"

Winifred still remained silent and motionless.

"A rigglar wrack, I spect: waterlogged to a dead sartainty:—better hail the perlis."

Here Capstan made a step or two in advance, and was about to leave, probably for ever, what he would have willingly given his all to see. He made a step or two, I say, in advance, and then faced about and stood stock still. "Blow me!" soliloquised he, "if I shouldn't like to see the figure-head of that ere punt, something Wenus-like in the neb; and, by my taffril, I *will* see!—can't sink me for that ere!" So saying he returned, and, stooping down, drew her hair gently aside: her countenance, however, was still hidden in the palms of her hands; one of those he took in his own horny fingers, and by degrees moved it aside; gradually, and as her face became more and more exposed to view, his own countenance expressed more and more intense emotion; at length he stood,



as it were, paralysed; his whole body seemed rigid, changed to stone. No motion could be seen except about the region of the mouth, which contained an immense quid of tobacco, which he turned from one side to the other with amazing volubility. At length he squirted forth an immense jet of saliva, and then shouted out, "Split my timbers! Dowse my toplights! here's a precious go! Blastation! Ahoy, there! Winifred, ahoy!"

The last words were uttered in such a stentorian tone of voice, as though hailing a ship, that Winifred was roused by it. Slowly she lifted up her head, and gazed around her with a bewildered air. No sooner, however, did her eyes rest on Capstan, than she instantly recognized him, and, starting to her feet, hid her face in his honest old bosom, and wept aloud.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

## WINIFRED AT CAPSTAN'S.

IT has already been mentioned that Capstan's domicile consisted of two rooms, one over the other, like the compartments of a card house built by children. Access to the upper room was had by means of a ladder through a trap-door. It is to the uppermost of these rooms that the reader is about to be introduced. It looked on the Thames, and at high-water nothing could be seen but a wide estuary. At low-water, however, the waves so retired as to leave a considerable stretch of lagoon, or mingled mud and sludge. As far, therefore, as outward things went, the situation was not very inviting. Still, however, as every thing smacked of the sea, and seemed in some degree associated with her cousin Frank, it was far from being disagreeable to Winifred, and she would sit for hours and gaze from her little window on the gliding ships—for this upper room was her sanctum, her sitting-room and bed-

room in one. And now let us see how the indefatigable Capstan had furnished it for her use; and be ye well assured, gentle reader, that he has done it in an original style. In the first place, then, he had placed two marlinespikes parallel to each other, at about four feet distance, supported at one end by a broken binnacle, at the other by the figure-head of a defunct schooner, representing no less a personage than Meg Merrilies. This formed the bedstead. Over this frame-work he stretched a piece of tarpauling, rather dipping in the middle: this was a substitute for sacking. The bed was formed of two pieces of sail, washed white as the driven snow, sewn together with tar-twine, and stuffed with very thin carpenters' shavings, and was, in fact, a luxurious couch. The sheets and blankets were certainly not of a very fine quality, but were perfectly clean and redolent of tar—a scent not assuredly disagreeable to our heroine. But the counterpane was the *ne-plus-ultra* of Capstan's ingenuity. It consisted of several square pieces of canvass, lashed together with ship's colours cut into stripes, and so tied that the colours formed bows, bosses, and rude rosettes, at those points where they were

lashed. It was a truly unique concern, and gave an air of liveliness to the otherwise monotonous affair. Her table was round, probably a rude imitation of that of the knights so called. Her chair was an old gouty-legged concern, with a high and stiff perpendicular back. This was all her furniture. But then she had a little shell-work basket full of those articles necessary to her as a domestic sempstress; and over her fire-place was a portrait of Vice-Admiral Collingwood—rather a staring one certainly. Under this, and to her the gem of her boudoir, was a black profile of Frank, taken by one of those itinerant artists who go about to take accurate likenesses for a penny a piece, in his fifteenth year. It certainly required an excessive stretch of imagination to see any resemblance to our hero; but, nevertheless, Frank had sat for it; Frank had gazed upon it; Frank had handled it, and that was enough for Winifred. Round the walls of the room, on pegs, placed without any regard to symmetry, but all at sixes and sevens, were hung sundry miscellaneous articles, among which shone, conspicuous, a sailor's tarpauling-hat, begirt with a broad blue ribbon, a pair of white duck trousers, a sailor's jacket and check

shirt, a gown, a bonnet, a pair of bellows, a bird-cage, with a linnet in it, and a mandoline. What business the sailor's paraphernalia had there we shall see by and by.

The accidental meeting of Capstan and Winifred has been already mentioned. Capstan had some difficulty in conveying her to his domicile, for she was faint and weary. He placed her on his own couch, when she soon fell into a sound sleep, and awoke in the morning in tolerable good spirits, and much refreshed. She was soon installed by Capstan in the upper chamber, and he gradually accumulated all the comforts above enumerated. I need not say how happy the good old veteran was when he exchanged his imaginary for real conversations. Winifred would sometimes sing to him, and play on the mandoline, and then Capstan would roar out "Tom Tough," or some other equally enticing sea-melody. Thus they would heave their melliferous lays from one to the other, like a brace of linnets. And now I will inform thee, oh! gentle reader, for what purpose the sailor's paraphernalia was suspended from the pegs, and for whose use should it be but for our Winifred, our little rosy-cheeked, lily-bosomed darling! It

was not very likely that she could, with her exuberant spirits, stay mumchancing in that upper chamber all day, consequently she sallied out, dressed in that very identical hat, trousers, and jacket already mentioned. And when she was so dressed, didn't she look charming? oh! yes, and as she went jauntily along, swinging her little silver-nobbed cane about, many a pretty black, blue, or hazel-eyed damsel, as the case might be, made a full halt, and gazed after her; others, more shy, looked askance at her with the tail of her eye. It was, likewise, one of her merry conceits to trip sily behind Capstan as he was going on his hebdomadal round, and peep at him from behind some obscure nook or corner; she would then shout "encore! encore!" and throw him a copper or two, (by the way, the gift of the veteran,) taking care, however, not to let him see the least portion of her face. This feat she would perform two or three times in the course of his round, so that Capstan would say, when he returned in the evening, "it be wery hodd, but I be blowed if I aint had lots of browns drown after me, and I spose, by the same dividual, for twor the same woice, and hisderday and the day afore twor the same. Why this dividual should thus

hang in my wake, I can't cumstumble at all ; sometimes inclined to spect it be a sea tritten or maremaid, but then flection tells me there be no coppers in the sea ; by gor, I don't know what to make of it." Then would Winifred run up into the upper chamber, and laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks.

We must now leave Winifred and Capstan in their snug domicile, and look after other *dramatis personæ*.

## CHAPTER LIX.

## SEARCH AFTER WINIFRED.

Bob Sinclair arrived at the castle the day after the flight of Winifred, full of self-gratification and high hopes. How was he disappointed to find all things at sixes and sevens, and the bird he thought to encage flown away.

The flight of Winifred had been discovered about two hours after she had left, and persons were dispatched in all directions after her. The first intelligence they received of her was from the sly Ruth, who sent them in a wrong direction; and it was not until the following night that they ascertained from Stubbs she had gone up to London. Sir Leoline then sent an express to the Sinclairs to commence a vigorous search, and the Knight himself and Bob hastened up to town to join it.

They had a vague impression that Frank had returned, and was at the bottom of the elopement, and they first of all made inquiries among the ships



recently returned from foreign parts. Not the least trace of the fugitive could be discovered for a long time. At length Bob Sinclair encountered Morgan and Binney, and from them heard a garbled statement of her adventure in Carthusian Street. He subsequently traced her to the house of Stubbs, and there the clue snapped asunder: she seemed to have flown into the air, or have sunk into the bowels of the earth. Sir Leoline returned, malcontent, to his castle, and old Sinclair and his better half pursued, with increased avidity, their accustomed occupations.

Bob, however, with his usual astuteness, did not give up his researches so easily: although light and elastic, he knew Winifred was too ponderous to fly aloft like a sylph, and too human to sink into the bowels of the earth like a gnome; he knew she must be perdu somewhere, in some out-of-the-way corner or other; so he peeped into every secret nook and retired recess, and surveyed every blind court and dingy alley, with curious eye. Landynydrod Castle, its appurtenances, and a pretty girl were not to be given up without a furious struggle. It is true the castle and its appurtenances bore a higher figure in his estimation than the girl; still he had a real liking for

her, besides, he would fain win and wear her, if only to spite his detested rival, Frank.

One day, as he was walking down Ratcliff Highway, he saw before him, a young sailor, dressed in a tarpauling hat, begirt with a broad blue ribbon, a white duck trousers, a blue jacket, check shirt, and bearing in his hand a silver nobbed cane, which he swung about in a jaunty manner. Now, somehow or other, one would imagine there was nothing very particular in seeing a smart young sailor sauntering down Ratcliff Highway, swinging a cane, more especially when we consider how that locality swarms with them; but yet, in spite of that, there was something in this sailor that drew upon him the eyes of Bob Sinclair. He fancied he had seen the face under the tarpauling hat somewhere before, and he strove to recollect where. He, likewise, observed that the neck and hands of the seaman were excessively white. "I presume," said Bob mentally, "that spruce shaver is a mid just launched on the ocean, and an effeminate looking animal it is; but where the deuce can I have seen him! for seen him I have somewhere?" Then Bob would pause, and corrugate his brows, and look down on the ground, and think. Now, it chanced

that while he thus looked down, and pondered on the matter, the strange sailor happened to catch sight of him, and no sooner had he done so, than he fled precipitately up one of the side streets, and was so soon out of sight, that when Bob, after a long cogitation, again lifted up his eyes, the object of his solicitude was gone.

Bob, in much surprise, looked up the street, and down the street; but the mysterious sailor had vanished, like a meteor or will-o'-the-wisp. It now, for the first time, struck his naturally astute mind that the young mid (as he classed him) bore a strong resemblance to Winifred, and the more he pondered the more he became confirmed in that opinion. "Ah! ah! my neat girl," soliloquised he, "you are masquerading it finely, but you are no longer incognito, at least to me; I will keep a sharp look out, my little sailor; I will track you in all your windings, like a regular trained bloodhound; look to yourself, my young sailor!"

## CHAPTER LX.

## THE HISTORY REVERTS TO FRANK.

HAVING thus comfortably placed Winifred in the upper chamber, accommodated her with a sailor's paraphernalia, and invested veteran Capstan with his ship, we will leave *her* to rollick away in her male attire as much as she pleases, and *him* to roar "Tom Tough," to the top of his bent, and in the meantime pursue the adventures of our famous hero, the gallant Frank.

We left him, then, at the famous town of San Francisco, just landed on his way to the diggings, with a full determination to achieve an immeasurable nugget of gold, and then return to Albion and fling it with a bang at the feet of his own Winifred. Ah! little did you think, friend Frank, that there was no need of a nugget or nuggets to win that young unsophisticated heart; little didst thou think she was awaiting thy return in the upper chamber, and that whether thou returnedst in gold trappings or in rags she would press thee alike to her guileless bosom.

Frank had worked his passage from the Cape to San Francisco, so that he had a small store of coin at his command. It was evening when he landed, and the first step he had to take was to get lodgings for the night, so he moved quietly along, looking about him curiously for that purpose; and here he was struck with the strange intermixture of all kinds and orders of architecture in the buildings around him. The ornate Chinese was in juxtaposition with the Indian wigwam, and the substantial English and American with the light and fantastic Peruvian and oriental Spanish. And if the houses were thus strangely blended, the intermixture of races was more strange and diversified still. Here were to be seen Armenians, 'Mericans from the far west, Afghans, Japanese, Chinese, Jews from Cyrene, Paphlagonians, Spaniards, Turks, Russians, Circassians, Laplanders, Frenchmen, Otaheitans, Britishers in shoals, and, in fine, contingents from every country under the sun, and the tongue clattering and jabbering, nasal, guttural, and bronchial, from this unique assemblage was deafening in the extreme. Through this crowd of blatant tongue-contenders, Frank forced an unwilling way. He understood but very little of what was

said around him, but that little was redolent of the diggings and gold; all were gold-worshippers, all worshipped the golden calf; all came from their several points of the compass in search of gold: gold was the universal cry, nothing was thought about but gold. The Spaniards had come from the rose-bowers of Granada; the Englishmen from the glittering palaces of the great city; the American from the banks of the majestic Ohio; the Chinese from his land of flowers; in spite of want, hardships innumerable, all kinds of privation, even death itself, all had, all had met together to bend down and worship at the glittering shrine of Mammon.

Ah! ah! gentle reader! what think ye of that now? Is not that a bit of fine writing, dragged very neatly in by the neck and shoulders? Is not that cutting it fat with a vengeance? eh?

And so, by'r lady, Frank wound his course hither and thither through this motley crowd of Cyrenians, Lybians, Paphlagonians, etc., etc., in search of a homestead for the night. It chanced, however, that a Liverpool ship had just belched forth a wholesale consignment for the diggings, consisting principally of Hibernians, and consequently all the Franciscan

lodging-houses were literally crammed. He traversed, therefore, the greater part of the teeming city, but found no resting place. At length he attracted the notice of a little yellow man, lightly clad in a tunic of white cotton, and with a broad-brimmed, shallow-crowned hat on his head.

"Sir Englishman," said Chilpicki, for by such gnome-like name he announced himself, "you seem just fresh come in: you seem a stranger—lost."

"I am looking for a lodging: can you direct me to one?"

"That is a difficult matter: lodgings not easily to be got: all snatched up by the diggers,—confound them!"

"You seem not to like the diggers."

"I do not! a set of vile dirt eaters they are! murderers and robbers! You, perhaps, are going to be a digger,—mind your nuggets, or you will lose them, and get a sly stab into the bargain."

"You seem to understand the matter well."

"I do, and too well for my comfort. I was a digger myself: for thirty days I dug away, my hands were blistered, and my very marrow soaked with perspiration and sudden thunder storms. And what do you think I got?"

“A nugget, worth a thousand pounds.”

The yellow man burst into a bitter laugh. “I caught a fever, sir, and lay for weeks at the point of death. No more digging for me, sir.”

By this time Frank and Chilpicki had arrived in the centre of a low and dirty suburb. Shoals of the recently imported Paddylanders were lying about the streets in hordes, like Don Cossacs; others engaged in getting up rows in divers places. The voyage out had not at all lowered their combativeness a single peg; and if they had been at home at Donnybrook they could not have exhibited it in richer colours. At length they stood opposite a low, shed-like looking building, or rather tent, as it was merely a light cane awning stretched over slender bamboo poles, falling in loose folds to the ground. A stout mulatto was seated on a yellow-coloured mat at the entrance, and was the owner or proprietor of the shed, whom Chilpicki thus addressed:—

“Well, Lobos, any room left? here’s an Englishman wants a lodging.”

“Blieve dere be one, massa,—not sure,—me see.” Here he lifted up one of the folds of the tent and looked in. After a considerable pause he let it down



and thus continued: "yes, massa, dere be one, and but one—all full,—speck a fair pay for dat dere one: what can you 'ford to give, massa?"

"Perhaps two shillings would satisfy you?"

"One big nonsense, massa!—two shillings! not 'ficient by one half. Cannot let you have de lodging under five shillings."

Now it chanced that Frank was tired and inclined to sleep; he also remembered the old adage about going further and faring worse: he was fully aware of the extortionate nature of the charge; but then he recollected, that when there is a great demand for an article, and a small supply, that article naturally rises in the market; so laying this political-economical axiom as a soothing unction to his soul, he passed under the awning, and walked in.

And here a scene of the strangest character burst on his view. Two double rows of individuals lay round the shed on mats of divers colours, male and female, promiscuously. The feet of those nearest the outer hangings touched the heads of those in the inner row. There was a small space, just wide enough to walk along, up the centre of the tent; but you were obliged to tread very gingerly and

cautiously lest you should tread on the feet of those to the right and left of you. Up this space our hero walked, not without a few curses from those whose toes he had maltreated in his advance. When he arrived about the middle he found a vacant place between a middle-aged Frenchman and an atrabilious Javanese. He threw himself down incontinently, and tried to sleep; but the nasal trumpeting around him, in every key, precluded him. Besides, immediately behind him there was a fat negress, whose elephantine foot just touched his head; and she was ever fistling about, and scratching his powl with her toe-nails. Besides this, two or three Irishmen had effected a lodgment, and were endeavouring, with might and main, to kick up a row. At length our hero fell into a sort of doze, from which he was aroused by the fat negress thrusting her great toe into his mouth. He started up and looked daggers at the unwelcome disturber of his peace; but she was firm asleep, and had lashed out in a dream. Again he lay down and tried to sleep, but now a dreadful row arose in the farther extremity of the shed—the Irishmen had succeeded in effecting their object, and had raised a “rigglar shindy.” A promiscuous

fight had commenced, and everybody struck at everybody without cause or discrimination. It was a complete hurricane of fight, and it gradually rolled on till it overspread the whole sleeping area. Even the fat negress was roused from her somnolent state, and pegged away as the best of them. Frank, of course, fell to, and gave and received many trenchant digs, without knowing or caring wherefore. At length, after the whole assemblage had pounded away to their hearts' content, they gradually subsided into peace, like a fire for want of fuel, and, lying down in their several lairs, again wooed old blink-eyed Somnus; and Frank having, by good luck, got rid of the fat negress, wooed not the dingy god in vain.

In the morning Frank arose much refreshed, and, in common with the other guests, breakfasted, seated up in their common lairs, of dry bread, soaked in tea, or rather an apology for tea, for it was regular wishy-washy cat-lap. For this meagre breakfast, however, Chilpicki's friend charged half-a-crown a head. They were certainly arrived at the land of gold, and there was obviously a pressing necessity for being so,—for at this rate they would require money in both

pockets. But the best fun of it was, that it was not Chilpicki's friend who was the owner of the hospice, but Chilpicki himself, who was accustomed, on the advent of every ship, to waylay every likely-looking passenger, and entice them to his lodging-house, in precisely the same way in which he had hooked our hero.

## CHAPTER LXI.

## FRANK PROCEEDS TO THE DIGGINGS.

WHEN our hero had satisfied the demand of the exorbitant Chilpicki, he, in company with an Irishman and a Cockney, proceeded for the diggings. The name of the Irishman was Dennis O'Rourke, from Tipperary; that of the Cockney, Harry Snooks, from Bethnal Green New Town. Rourke was a rough, rollicking fellow, six-feet-two on his stocking-soles; Snooks, a dapper, pale-visaged little shrimp, apparently not able to contend with a gander. He had attached himself to the Hibernian for a similar reason that a parasitical plant attaches itself to the trees of the forest, namely, for support and protection. It was a fine sunny morning when they commenced their expedition to the Californian El Dorado. Snooks smiled with hope; O'Rourke whistled vehemently "Donnybrook Fair;" and Frank, calm and silent, moved on, thought on his distant

Winifred, and for her sake resolved to dare and to do.

As they passed along the sun-dried route, several groupes, bent on the same errand as themselves, passed by or were passed. These groupes presented a singular medley of individuals. Among a troop of tatterdemalions might not unfrequently be seen two or three bearing the appearance of gentlemen, and who actually were such, and had left their homes and its luxuries to court hardships, perils, perhaps death itself, in search of what, in most instances, proved a delusive shadow. Some of those men, thus gently nurtured, returned with blighted hopes and ruined constitutions; others never returned, but fell victims to the pestiferous climate, or the dagger of the assassin; and some who succeeded, and were on their return with their nuggets, were robbed on the way and cast forth pennyless in a land of strangers.

The above is a lugubrious passage enough, but as true as it is lugubrious. However, the Irishman did not seem to let those things trouble him, but went on whistling and whistling again, Snooks smiling and smiling, and Frank cogitat-

ing on the probability of finding a huge nugget to lay at the feet of his fair cousin. All at once the Irishman broke the common silence, and thus spoke:—

“By Jasus! but that wor a pretty scrimmage last night!”

“Lauks, don’t say that ere, sir. Oh! bean’t my ribs sore: frightened me into fits.”

“What a spalpeen! Why did you leave your mammy’s apron-string?—not fit for Californie, at all! at all!”

“Oh! don’t be hangry now with your Snooky: don’t lay it on him too thick:—don’t now!”

“Why, then, by the holy poker! don’t screw and twist about your face like a half-baked taty!—It is a man we ought to be out here.”

“Ah! but then them ere black-muzzled gents, with them ere daggers.”

“Why, then, by Pathrick! give ’em black looks for black muzzles, shillalehs for daggers! What say you, Saxon?” turning to Frank.

Frank, who was in a deep reverie, thinking of Winifred, replied, “Why, I say she is a high-spirited girl.”

O'Rourke broke out into a yell of laughter. "Well," said he, as soon as he could get his facial muscles into repose, "that beats Banagher,—ha! ha! ha!"

"You are merry," said Frank.

"It *is* merry I am."

They took up their lodgings for the night in a hollow under a projecting bank, and fatigue soon sent them asleep. About midnight, however, they were aroused by a rumbling noise, succeeded by a terrific crash, as though the foundations of earth were cracking and giving way. A terrific thunder storm raged around them, the lightnings were luridly vivid, the claps astoundingly loud and reiterated, in fact, almost an unintermitted roar. Presently the rain began to descend in torrents, and soon wetted our gold diggers to the skin, to the bones, to the marrow. Anon, the torrents of water washed large fragments of the bank about their ears, and as by this time the earthy matter was liquified to the consistence of batter pudding, it clung about their persons in picturesque blobs. At length, after having its whim out, it died away in the distance, like a musical swan.



Poor Snooky looked out from the circlet of mud in which he was embedded, and said—  
“Lorra me ! oh, lorra me ! I’m a dead chap,—dead ! dead !”

“And by Jasus,” said O’Rourke, “but this bangs the bogs of Tipperary all to smithereens ; it is enough mud on my jolly body I have to load a bog shandry-dan wid peat.”

Frank escaped much better, as he had chosen his lodging under a rocky projection, which did not send forth much mud. As his person was, therefore, not superabundantly besmirched, he could afford to laugh at the lugubrious complaints of his companions, and their no less lugubrious appearance. Poor Snooky was pale as death, and resembled a spaniel dog which had been rolled in a miry road, and O’Rourke was a gigantic pillar of the choicest mud. Frank laughed, and laughed again ; he certainly was uncomfortable enough, and his clothes clung to him as tenaciously as a strait waistcoat ; yet still he laughed. There was a pool of water close at hand, into which O’Rourke plunged, clothes and all ; and, after rolling and plunging about in it for a long time, emerged comparatively clean. Poor Snooky stood shivering

on the banks, afraid to tempt the perils of the deep. This pusillanimity aroused the ire of O'Rourke, who, cursing him for a "cowardly spalpeen," seized him by the collar, and threw him into the middle of the pool, in the same way as we often see men serve spaniels. Snooks sunk for a space, then rose, sputtering and beating the water with his hands, and roaring out as well as he could, "Oh, dear me! I shall be drown-ded! Oh, lauks! Oh, lorra! save me,—oh! *do* save me! Oh, Polly Bates, I shall never see e more!—farewell, Bethnal Green! farewell, Polly Bates! I shall never see e more!—never, never more!"

O'Rourke and Frank stood looking on, and listening to the wild exclamations of Snooks. Sometimes he would stumble head foremost beneath the water, then arise and eject the fluid from his mouth with a sputtering noise. At length he paddled to shore—much cleaner than when immersed by O'Rourke.

It was the grand object of Snooky's ambition to be considered a lad of spirit, and numerous were the stories he told of his prowess, both in love and war. He was a sort of Orlando and Lothario in

one—a hydra-headed fast man. Among his other peculiarities he strove to cherish mustachios and a beard, and had so far succeeded as to get a few straggling hairs on his chin, and about half-a-dozen on his upper lip. These he cherished with the fondest affection, and protruded on every occasion. O'Rourke was a regular Orson, and his visage was almost entirely hidden in a thick mass of black hair; yet Snooks had the insufferable vanity to imagine that in hirsute qualifications he was on a par with O'Rourke.

We may often observe instances of similar vanity in our progress through this wide waste of life. Thus Tommy Tapson, because he can string together a few slashes of doggerel rhyme, thinks himself a second Milton. Billy Bannister, because he has written a novel in three volumes, thinks himself, at least, on a par with Scott; neither will he be convinced to the contrary, notwithstanding portions of his great work revert to him daily, wrapped round his cheese and butter; and Charlie Gosling, who has been admitted by the editor of the "Critical Mousetrap" to do an occasional literary notice for that celebrated bathotic periodical, thinks himself not half a degree behind Johnson or Scaliger. But whither, oh, erratic

pen, art thou rambling? At this discursive rate we shall never get to the diggings; and when we do get there, if Snooky's whiskers occasion such an aberration, what will nuggets of gold and all their El-Doradian appliances do?

## CHAPTER LXII.

## FRANK AT THE DIGGINGS.

WELL, we are in sight of the diggings at last. We see a precipitous country, overspread with groupes of men in all kinds of curious combinations, and all manner of singular tents and rickety mud or log houses. Some have worked themselves into holes, with the debris thrown up on one side, like the mounds of moles; others are in the bed of that dried-up rivulet, working away, wriggling in the mud like eels. Others, again, have taken a fancy to, and are undermining, yonder overhanging bank, or rather precipice, which seems to frown upon them, and threaten to overwhelm and crash them, like so many egg shells. Wherever we look—to whichever point of the compass we cast our eyes—all are at work—all are busy delving away.

If lodgings were scarce and dear at St Francisco, they were much more so here. In fact, those who had not brought tent materials were obliged to

sleep in the open air, under banks or trees, or whatever shelter they could procure. The diggers, for the most part, looked sallow, dirty, and worn out. They were obliged to labour incessantly, and, for the most part, without effect. Fevers were ever rife among them, and murmurings and discontents resounded on every side.

As our adventurers advanced, they came to a curious, but characteristic, scene. A digger had died the preceding night, and an auction was going forward of his goods and chattels. One of the assembled multitude, mounted on a rough, jagged stone, was performing the functions of auctioneer. The chattels and garments held up for sale were in every stage of dilapidation; and as each was separately exhibited, loud bursts of jeers and laughter broke forth from the audience. When Frank and his companions arrived on the skirts of the crowd, a shirt without a tail had just been knocked down; and now a breeches, with one leg torn off, was under the hammer, which consisted merely of a large rough stone. This was knocked down for one shilling. Other articles were exhibited in succession, scarcely worth picking up in the streets, all of which, however, were sold

at a high price. In fact, wearing apparel at the diggings were at a premium, and could scarcely be obtained for love or money.

Frank attached himself to a party, chiefly Americans, who were working in the bed of a dried-up rivulet. He had, however, to give a kind of housewarming, in order to be made free of the company. This rendered him almost penniless. He, however, set to work with right good will, and succeeded in dislodging a fair-sized nugget. This he placed under his head when he lay down to sleep. He had made a capital day's work, and was full of self-congratulation. In the morning when he awoke his nugget was gone, surreptitiously conveyed away in the night. He did not blame his ill star for this purloinment, but he blamed some one of the company to which he was attached. They, in the most strenuous manner, repudiated the soft impeachment, and threatened, if he did not withdraw his charge, to expel him from their party. To be robbed, and then threatened for complaining of the robbery, was too much, even for Frank's habitual good-humour, so he bade adieu to the party and commenced work alone.

For many days' he delved away, but turned up

nothing but grit and sand; and if, perchance, a glittering grain or two appeared, on close examination it turned out to be worthless. His fingers were worked to the bone: he grew thin and attenuated, and his scanty stock of money was nearly gone. Provisions were at an enormous rate, and he was obliged to subsist scantily on the most primitive fare. The more necessary it became for him to labour, the less able he was to do so; he could scarcely stagger along; and his position was very little superior to that he held in the African sands, or when, with Lanky and Jupiter, he so greedily feasted on the stale dog-fish.

In the party which he had lately repudiated there was a Lascar. He was a wiry, large sinewed man, with keen, glittering eyes, like those of a snake. This man was perpetually hovering about our hero's path, and he strongly suspected him of having stolen his nugget. Even after he had separated from the party, the Lascar kept up the same tantalizing system of surveillance.

This Lascar generally slept in a sort of cave, in the right bank of the dried-up rivulet already mentioned. It was damp and unwholesome, and no



one else slept there. Frank, who had narrowly watched the proceedings of this man, strongly suspected he had some secret recess behind the ostensible cave in which he took up his abode, as he considered him too astute to choose such an unpleasant lair without some secret cause. One evening, therefore, when the Lascar was engaged at the diggings, he crept secretly to the cave and entered it. It was carefully excavated, and in one corner was a heap of fern and dried furze. On removing that, he found it concealed the entrance to another cave, much more commodious, and filled with a variety of stolen articles, among which our hero recognised his lost nugget. He instantly pounced upon it, and carried it off unperceived.

Now there was scarcely a person in this portion of the diggings but what had had some article or other stolen. The thief had long been searched for, but could not be found. It was, therefore, a matter of great congratulation when Frank related his discovery at head-quarters. The stolen property was immediately unearthed, and the culprit seized and tried on the spot by those whose property he had unjustly appropriated. He was unanimously

found guilty, and, notwithstanding his prayers and entreaties, hanged on the nearest tree. Such was an example of that Lynch law universally prevalent at the diggings at this period.

Frank still followed up his nugget search through all kinds of privations. He was literally in rags, barefooted, and his hands covered with blisters. He was constantly exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather, and his bones and sinews racked with rheumatism. His skin was excoriated by the sun; and his countenance thin, and of a sickly yellow. The only consolation he had—and that a sorry one—was, that others were more miserable than himself; that if he could scarcely drag himself along, there were many who could not do even that, and had laid themselves down to die. When he had thus reached almost the *ne plus ultra* of misery, a lucky chance rewarded all his exertions with complete success.

He was working in an abandoned quarry, and had been delving all day without unearthing a single grain of gold. He was so weak, with toil and fasting, that he could scarcely lift his mallet. Despair had laid hold of him, and he had resolved to abandon

his seemingly Quixotic expedition, and, throwing down his instrument of toil, he seated himself on a fragment of rock, and gave way to gloomy thought. The day had been unusually fine, and not a cloud hovered in the sky. His thoughts wandered homeward; and Winifred and Capstan occupied the foreground. On a sudden he felt a tremulous motion of the earth, which aroused him from his reverie. He looked abroad, and saw the whole surface of the country agitated, and undulating in tumultuous ridges like the waves of the ocean. A lurid darkness overspread the earth like a dark curtain, from which emanated jagged flashes of lightning. The people were flying hither and thither in wild affright, and many were swallowed up in the yawning fissures of the ground. Trees were uprooted, houses overturned, and mountains reft asunder. Heaven and earth seemed to commingle, and blend in one unextricable maze of disorder and confusion.

Our hero, as a child on a rocking-horse, was tossed up and down like a feather: sometimes on the top of an earthy wave, then down in an abyss; then, just as he thought the gulf about to close and shut him in, tossed swiftly up again, like a racket-

ball. His gyrations were manifold, and Grimaldi never cut so many odd capers. The earthquake rendered him, in an inconceivably short space of time, a perfect master of gymnastics. It not only conferred on him that unique accomplishment, but it presented to him a large nugget of gold—for during the terrible commotion the bank under which he had been sitting was rent asunder, and from the rift tumbled out one of immense size, and of immense value. It was almost entirely pure gold, scarcely any earthy particles in its composition.

Now, as though the earthquake had walked abroad merely to accomplish the above-mentioned feat, viz., to unearth the nugget, it ceased as suddenly as it had commenced. It had bestowed on Frank a fortune; but it had not bestowed peace of mind—for now he was in the utmost perplexity in what manner to conceal his prize from his brother diggers. He had much fine gold, and in co-partnership with it much care. He had won the prize of his toilsome calling; and now he had nothing to do but to lay it at the feet of his Winifred. But how could he do this? He was surrounded by thousands of wild spirits; the off-scourings of many lands,—all in

eager search of that very gold which he possessed in abundance. Those spirits were as lawless as wild; and possessed keen daggers, or bowie knives, or stilettoes, and who would, without the slightest compunction, make a way to fortune through Frank's heart. His first object, therefore, was to escape out of the rugged circle in which he was enclosed. First of all he sat down and tore his only shirt into shreds and patches, and did the same with his only coat. These he wrapped round his prize in such a manner, tying it round and about with string, that it exactly resembled a bundle of old clothes. This bundle he tied to his shoulder, in the same way as soldiers fasten their knapsacks, and about midnight he commenced his journey seaward.

He travelled the whole of the night without let or hinderance—people were in too much confusion, on account of the earthquake, to attend to matters not connected with themselves. He thus by day-break had got through the main body of diggers, and, feeling himself tired, lay down under a hedge, throwing his nugget over on the other side, as though a thing of no value. He slept soundly. Many passed by without heeding him; some, however,

noticed the parcel on the other side of the hedge, but thinking it a bundle of filthy rags, wended onwards without disturbing it. By pursuing a similar method, he at length arrived safely at St. Francisco, and soon after engaged a passage in an English ship bound for London.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

## MORGAN, BINNEY, AND A VISITOR.

OUR story again reverts to that ever-increasing ocean of houses, London.

Sweetbriar Court, Whitechapel, is a congregation of small houses only one storey high. It is inhabited by weekly lodgers, consisting principally of costermongers and tramps. It has no garden attached, and the area between the houses so very narrow that a full-sized person can with difficulty squeeze through.

It was a gloomy morning, and the smoke from the several houses, spouting forth in dense volumes, hung in heavy wreaths in the air. Now this smoke did not make its exit from the parent hearth in the customary way, *via* the chimney, but through the doors, converting the front of the houses into a galaxy of soot and smudge. In one of those cottages, the last in Sweetbriar Court, Morgan and the gnome had taken up their temporary abode, and, it is

to the interior of this cottage we are now about to introduce the reader.

A rickety table, a broken-backed chair, a three-legged stool, a teapot without a spout, a cup, a saucer, and a long toasting-fork with one prong, were the sole furniture of this unique apartment. An apology for a fire sent forth alternate flashes of flame and thick spouts of smoke, and on opposite sides of the hearth were seated Morgan and Binney.

Morgan was fingering his harp, breaking out occasionally into a fancy prelude. Something or other, however, went agee; he could not please himself, and at length placed, with a bang, his instrument against the wall, saying:—

“By cot, the harp isn’t like the same thing it wer on Cader Idris. It misses the wind, and the heather. Yes, this smoke-dried Lunnun scomfishes us all—thee, me, and the harp; we all want the mountains and the wind.”

“In course we do,” said Binney; “who says no? Not I, oh no!”

Binney was more sallow than when we last saw her; her hair fell over her shoulders in uncombed masses; and she looked more gnome-like than ever, as her bizarre



countenance glared through the occasional dingy vistas of smoke curling around.

"And my voice is got thicker too," continued Morgan, "as thick as butter; my droat is dry—my bones rattle one against the other."

"All zackly as it should be," said Binney.

"The devil it is! well, that is a good un,—be'est mad?"

"You had no business here. What have Lunnun to do with you, or you with Lunnun? Nothink."

"I thought we might do a little here and there in the way of business."

"Lunnuners not so easily done, oh no! Better have stuck to the mountains, oh yes!"

"Well, but this chap as was to call this evening, what of him?"

"Why," said Binney, "we may make amends in that quarter; screw him tight, make him come down, ten pounds at the lowest figure; try fifteen; try hard, hard."

"How lucky we happened to stumble on the old man and the girl."

"Oh yes! in course it was, but who found out it was a girl? who found out it was *the* [girl, eh? answer that?"

"Who should it be, but my own pretty Binney."

"Pretty! in course I am, who says not? I should be glad to know who says not."

Here a low knock at the door interrupted their converse.

"That is he," said Binney; "screw him tight. Walk in."

Here the door slowly moved on its hinges, and Bob Sinclair walked in.

"Pray sit down on that windy seat, sir; we be poor people, chairs none to offer, oh no! sit down there."

"Never mind about sitting down, I can stand. Well, and what about the old man and girl?"

"We give nothink for nothink," said Binney, screwing her mouth into a purse; "do not think it."

"That is to say, you expect a reward."

"Never gives information for nothink," said Morgan; "'tis not in the course of things; the labourer is worthy of his hire."

"Well, and what do you expect?"

"Fifteen pounds," replied Morgan.

"And dog cheap too," chimed in Binney, "oh yes!"

"If you can give me the promised information, I will place in your hands the sum you require."

"Try it on thicker," whispered Binney, "he seems willing to bleed; ask twenty, we shall get it—try it on."

"Well, sir, and when will the twenty pounds be paid?" said Morgan.

"Fifteen, you mean!"

"He means twenty, sir; twenty is an even number. I like even numbers—twenty!" said Binney

"Well, well, I will give you twenty," said Bob, with a sinister smile.

"And when?"

"When you have earned it; first of all, you say my cousin Winifred is in London."

"I have seen her."

"And sojourning with an old sea-faring man, who walks the streets bearing a ship on his head, and roaring ditties for pence."

"It is true."

"And this Winifred gallivants about the town, dressed as a sailor?"

"I have seen her so dressed."

"And you know where they reside?"

"I do."

"And you will take me to the place?"

"Oh yes!" chimed in Binney, "for twenty pounds."

"I have promised you the money; you shall have it when you have earned it, by showing me Capstan's crib."

"Half now, and half then," said the pertinacious Binney.

"Well," said Sinclair, "I never! Here's a ten pound note—lead on."

The party now left Sweetbriar Court. In the street they found a stout, stalwart man, to whom Sinclair made a private sign, and who followed in their wake as they moved along.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

## AN ASSAULT AND BATTERY

CAPSTAN was in his sanctum. He had made a very respectable foray, and was singing "Tom Tough" to the top of his bent.

A gentle rap at the door broke in upon his melody; the latch was gently lifted, and Winifred, in her sailor's gear, entered.

"My dear child, you seem flurried," said Capstan.

"Alas! I have reason. I have again seen Morgan and Binney, accompanied by Bob Sinclair, and I think they saw and knew me. They are coming this way."

"By my taffrel, are they? They had better not. Howsomedever, we must clear decks and look out for squalls." So saying, he barricaded the door, and taking down his cutlass furbished it up as well as he could.

"Now, Miss Winn," said he, "if the enemy come to a gagement you must retire to your berth aloft, and leave me to settle scores wid em."

"I shall play no such craven part; I shall not desert my kind old protector."

"But you are only a fair-weather galley, not cut out for foul weather."

"We shall see all about that. I shall not go aloft."

"A mutiny! a mutiny!" roared Capstan, "put her in irons!"

Capstan now went to his only window, and looked out. It was a dark, gloomy evening, and the fog hung in dense folds here and there and everywhere. The river could be heard murmuring along, but not seen. Nothing met the eye but a black, thick, immovable curtain. No breeze stirred, and the voices of men, sounding from the Thames, reverberated strange and unnatural. It was an evening fit for deeds of violence and wrong. For a long time Capstan remained looking forth; at length, he fancied he saw something moving cautiously along—four or five dark objects. It was no illusion; gradually they became more distinct, and Sinclair and his party stood confessed.

"Avast heaving there!" shouted Capstan; "what cheer? what cheer?"

"Open the door, and you will see."

"I'll see thee —— first."

"I hold in my hand a warrant for the apprehension of Caleb Capstan and Winifred Rhys," said the man who accompanied Sinclair, approaching the door; "you had better surrender quietly."

"Stand back there, ahoy! Surrender! surrender to a fair-weather Jack like thee, never b'lieve it."

"Why, you won't resist the law, will you?" growled Sinclair.

"The law has nought to do with me in this ere matter; I stand upon my own quarter-deck; let the law go on a voyage to the Nor Powl."

"Well, old boy," said Sinclair, "I see you are disposed to be obstinate: if you do not give up quietly, there are means at our disposal to compel you."

"Dog of a pirate!" replied Capstan, "dare to come athwart my bows, and I'll cut thee in two amidships, as sure as my name is Caleb Capstan!"

Here the third party, or constable, laid hold of his stave and strove to break in the door by repeated blows; but it resisted his utmost efforts.

Capstan, in the meantime, walked up and down, growling like an angry bull. He at length lashed

himself up into an ungovernable rage, and forthwith ejected, from his only window, upon the heads of his assailants, every thing movable he could lay his hands upon,—saucepans, kettles, crockery of all kinds, the three-legged stool, lumps of coal, were all and sundry converted into shot; but when he cast forth a crock of flour, which fell plump on the head of Sinclair, and thereby turned him into a miller, Winifred, maugre her alarm, could not help bursting into a hearty laugh.

“A capital broadside, that ere,” said Capstan.

“It is capital,” said Winifred, still laughing; “you are a first-rate man-of-war.

“Well, I’m capsized, if ever I seed the like of that ere. Why, some gals would ha’ wallopped into sterics seeing sich a out-and-out larum. You be a wery spirity, first-rate punt.”

By this time Sinclair, having cleared his eyes, mouth, and nostrils of the insinuating flour, in conjunction with his allies, made another more sustained and desperate attack on the obstinate door. The bangs, rattle, and clatter, were prodigious, awakening all the echoes of the Isle of Dogs. Now Winifred, at the commencement of the siege, had placed the



copper kettle on the fire, and filled it with water, which was now at boiling point. Filling a large jug with the fiery fluid, she forthwith flew to the window and poured it on the heads of the besiegers. Now it so chanced that a large portion of the contents of the jug fell directly on the rather up-turned visage of Sinclair, and there still being a large modicum of flour remaining about his eyebrows and lashes, this flour was incontinently converted into paste of so adhesive a nature that he could not open his eyes; at the same moment a huge jet went down the back of the constable, who, roaring with pain, absolutely took to flight, dragging his blind comrade with him. Morgan and Binney, seeing this manœuvre, followed in the wake of their companions.

“Hurray! hurray!” shouted Capstan. “Wictory! wictory! And who gained this wictory? Who, but the neat little punt Winny. She be a first-rate war-galley from stem to stern,—hurray!”

## CHAPTER LXV.

## ANOTHER ENCOUNTER AND AN ARRIVAL.

Do not, however, boast too much of thy victory, friend Capstan, for lo! through the fog, I see approaching several tall, indistinct figures. It is Bob Sinclair, who has rubbed the paste out of his eyes, accompanied by his band of heroes, and a reinforcement of two constables; their staves are drawn, their looks are truculent. Boast not of thy victory too much, O, friend Capstan!

Again the assailants rattle at the door; and, alas! the shot of Capstan was all used up, not even a pepper-box or cream-jug in the arsenal, and his redoubtable ally, the heroine Winifred, had expended all her Greek fire. What was to be done? What *could* be done in this emergency? The heart of Capstan was as tough as hickory, that of Winifred as heroic as that of Boadicea, or Zenobia. But then, what could they do without powder, shot, or missiles?

Capstan, however, still possessed his cutlass, and he took up a defensive position behind the barricade of his door; and Winifred stood a little in the rear of his right wing, with old Capstan's ship firmly grasped in her dexter hand. That old hero looked as fierce as fury, "terrible as hell." Winifred looked calm, but resolute, as though determined to launch her ship on the ocean of her foes as soon as they gave her the opportunity.

Ram stam! bang! whitter! and whiz! goes the door in a hundred splinters before the ponderous blows of the Achilles Sinclair and his buzzing myrmidons; and they were rushing in, when Capstan whirled his flashing brand around. It was about to descend on the head of the chief constable, and would, doubtless, have split it to the chin, when the deed of blood was intercepted by a very curious incident. We have already stated, that Winifred stood prepared to launch her ship, and as soon as the door was beaten in she did so. Now the very moment the cutlass was about to descend on the cranium of the constable, the ship had encountered it; so that the well-aimed weapon, instead of splitting asunder the skull of the enemy, cut

the vessel in two amidships. Taking advantage of this fortunate occurrence, Sinclair and his party rushed forward, and ere Capstan could disengage his weapon he was seized and disarmed. Winifred was likewise pounced upon and secured. But at this moment, when all seemed lost, an unexpected ally appeared in the person of a young sailor, bearing upon his shoulders a curious-shaped bundle. No sooner did this sailor perceive Winifred struggling in the arms of Sinclair than he uttered an exclamation of surprise, threw his bundle at the head of the would-be abductor, and, with such good aim, that it felled him senseless to the ground, and the bundle rolled incontinently to the feet of Winifred. It was Frank, who had thus literally cast his nugget at the feet of his beloved. Seizing the cutlass of Capstan, he laid about him with such good-will, that the chief constable and his allies soon took to flight.

I need not expatiate on the joy of old Capstan when his imaginary conversations with his pets Frank and Winifred were converted into *bond fide* real. The trio sat up all night in happy converse.

The wheels of time slid round with a swift and equable motion greased with happiness; and that heavy-visaged god, old Somnus, was kicked out of that society in which he would willingly have intruded.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

AT the foot of Haverstock Hill, about two miles from the Alpine regions of Hampstead, is situated a pretty suburban cottage. It is almost buried in a superabundance of laburnums, lilacs, and honeysuckles. In front is a small green lawn, sprinkled with moss-roses; and the windows of the cottage, reaching even to the ground, are partially shaded with jasmine and sweetbriar.

Now who should be on this green lawn, and busily engaged in binding up a moss-rose, but our own Winifred. The rose and the maid are both comely to look upon—both transcending in beauty. A little to the right looms old Capstan, clearing the gravel-walk which winds about in a semi-circular sweep. And who would have thought it? but as sure as fate, there is little Ruth, the Welsh mountain girl, polishing up the brass knocker; and lo! (wonders will surely never cease) master Frank has sprung from the parlour-window; and, without

ceremony, gives Winifred a buss, and flings in her face a handful of rose-blossoms at the same time. And now he clasps her slender waist, and, whistling a favourite polka tune, whirls her, willy-nilly, around the smooth-shaven lawn. Fine doings these, master Frank! And what renders the matter finer still, is this, that Winifred is not at all displeased with the enormous liberties thus taken with her person, but smiles all over her face, and her white teeth shine through her partially-opened coral lips like polished ivory. She likewise seems to enjoy the polka to the very top of her bent, and skims and whirls about like a sylph; and look, sir, or madam, as the case may be, Capstan has ceased grubbing at the gravel-walk, stands erect, and gazes through his one peeper on the adroit nimble twain; and Ruth has suspended her knocker operation and gazes too, and both utter an involuntary "God bless them!" All of a sudden, however, Winifred takes a fresh crotchet in her head, breaks away from the encircling arm of her dearly beloved, gives him a hearty slap on the face, and then, laughing and giggling, jumps through the window, and Frank jumps in after her.

Strange doings, these! Not at all, sir or madam!

Winifred has been transformed by the Rev. Theophilus Burdock into Mrs. Frank Ogilby: they were married last Thursday, at Wapping church, and they, consequently, have a right to toy and play with one another as much as they please,—shut up chattering!

Ruth is their parlour maid, Capstan their man of all work. They are all very happy,—long may they continue so. I only wish Capstan was fifty years younger, and had two eyes, for the sake of Ruth.

Bob Sinclair never recovered the blow inflicted on him by the nugget. It produced concussion of the brain, and rendered him idiotic for life. Mrs. Sinclair died suddenly of cholera; and old Ogilby, thus delivered from his incubus, arose a new and more assured man. He soon got reconciled to his son, and soon got rid of old Sinclair. Frank and Winifred also went to see Sir Leoline; and, after much pooh-pooing, and many appeals to his ancestors, he received both, more especially as our hero appeared dressed in the most gentlemanly manner, and not a toe to be seen. Morgan and Binney still perambulate the country; and I could never ascertain what became of Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs.

THE END.



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